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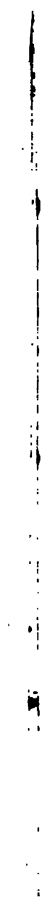
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The Carthusian,
A MISCELLANY IN PROSE AND VERSE.

IN TWO VOLUMES.
VOL. II.



LONDON:
PRINTED BY
RICHARD AND JOHN E. TAYLOR, RED LION COURT, FLEET STREET.
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1839.



ERRATA.

Page 256, line 17, *for love read lose.*

Page 260, line 6, *for woes read wars.*

Page 482, line 1, *for bring-root, read black bryony.*

"Explain," replied, in an authoritative tone, the dignitary addressed.

"Why, look ye, Master, it was not a year ago that our Table here was the quietest and most retired symposium that met within the sound of Bow-bells. Save an occasional visit from a truant cricket-ball or a mis-directed stone, no stranger ever 'dropped in' to the penetralia of Brooke Hall. Placed in the very centre of this huge metropolis, midway between the antagonist principles of May-fair and the Minorities, our humble obscurity left us unmolested yet content. While thousands of the Western empire were daily and nightly revelling in all the excitements and enchantments of the Court and the Crush-room, of Morning Posts and maroon chariots, Duvernay's pirouettes and Grisi's polaccas, of Morning concerts and Evening debates; and while equal thousands of the Eastern division were as fully and as heartily occupied in American bonds and Dutch bottoms, Railroad shares and refined sugars, and otherwise worshipping in the countless little temples which Mammon is daily building up for himself in the Oriental quarters of this city,—unconscious of the din with which we were surrounded, unconcerned with their speculations, undisturbed by their politics, and unchanged by their fashions, our little party met, if not in primæval, at least in monastic simplicity, eating the bread of contentedness with the salt of sociality. Who, among the thousands of the giddy and the gaining crowds around us, ever dreamt of our unobtrusive table? Yet each day, as regularly as the bell tolled, did our Collegium, not without a blessing on the liberal hand that supplied us, assemble in peace and quietness; nor could the old monks, our predecessors on this classic ground, wind along the cloisters in more unostentatious guise than we."

"Not but that our banquet," interposed the Usher, "was at times enlivened with the merry tale of some old Carthusian guest, who made our sides ache again as he told of schoolboy tricks played off upon the worthy men, the former occupants of our seats and offices."

"Nor," adjoined the Schoolmaster, "that we were so far removed from the world as not to discuss the politics of our more busy countrymen over the House newspaper, which invariably made its appearance at our board."

"I will allow," resumed the Preacher, "that rays from the outer world were reflected on our table, as on that of a camera-obscura, exhibited in an atmosphere of our own,—a 'purpureum lumen' if you will,—but still differing from the glaring light of the world around; and whatever were the images depicted, they were solely for our private amusement, and not as a show for the world at large; and I repeat, that however little we might be 'the world forgetting,' we certainly were 'by the world forgot.' But what is the case now? Go where I will, no sooner is my connection with Charterhouse known, than I am beset with endless inquiries, which show that fame has been busy with the privacy of Brooke Hall. Some, indeed, doubt its reality, and ask whether our conclave has any substantial existence;—whether the story of Master Brooke be not apocryphal: others, whether we are not a most agreeable party; and whether I ever entertain the company with long stories. Some, again, attack me to know if we are not rather prosy, and at times dull;—whether we do not occasionally doze over our dessert;—whether we are each really allowed a bottle of wine a day, and if one of the Governors is not reported to have said, 'and little enough too!' Others ask me the name of the Auditor

—whether I remember a Townshend at school; and though I see that they are all driving the same way, only a few are bold enough to conclude with, ‘Do you really admit guests?’ and, ‘*Could* you introduce me to your most interesting assembly?’ It—is—quite—true, Master,” continued the speaker with an emphatic pause between each word, “it—is—quite true; we *were* the most exclusive, we *are* the most common; we *were* the most unknown, we *are* the most notorious; we were the most secluded coterie of the most secluded establishment in London; but I do assure you that I now never enter a salon of the most moderate pretensions to the knowledge of ‘Life in London,’ where the name of Brooke Hall does not absolutely pall on one’s ears from the repetition.”

“Oh yes!” said the Assistant, “it is *the* one topic of the season; and one is perfectly bored at one’s club by school and college friends begging to be initiated into our mysteries.”

“And there is not,” added the Registrar, “an ‘intelligent foreigner’ who arrives in London that is not recommended by his friends at the Museum to endeavour to get a peep at the most unique, *recherché*, original, intelligent, polyprofessional ménage in the metropolis.”

“And the result is,” threw in the Receiver, “that our expenses are exceeding our income, and such is the influx of strangers that many of the junior officers come off with very short commons upon ordinary days.”

“You astonish me,” exclaimed the Patriarch of the table; “I had no conception of the facts you state, and the cause is yet further beyond my comprehension.”

“Easy enough to explain, Master,” said the Preacher; “it is from *that* department of the house;”—and the deic-

tic finger of the speaker as he said this glanced round the table, making full spots at the Schoolmaster, the Usher, and their coadjutors ;—" *thence* it is, *thence*

‘ the direful spring
Of woes unnumber’d.’

We lived once as unknown as those brave spirits who died unknelled before Agamemnon ; but it is to the pages of the CARTHUSIAN that we now owe the fame for which that worthy hero is indebted to the verses of Homer. The boys, Master, the boys have set on foot—”

“ Oh, I know, I know, good Mr. Preacher,” said the Master, smiling, “ I have heard of—seen, I may say,—something of their follies, though I never suspected that their pastime would have had the effect on our Founder’s trenchers which you describe. But if to be heard of hereafter was one of the motives, as undoubtedly it was, that led the good old man to establish our Hospital, he could hardly but rejoice in this additional and unexpected notoriety. Be that as it may, if report speaks true, the accuracy with which your conversations here are given in those papers leads many to suspect that there is a traitor somewhere within your own camp. Is it true, gentlemen, that you do occasionally enliven your evenings with a tale of olden times ?”

With some little diffidence they assured the Master that it was so ; and after the challenge to follow the Preacher’s example had been bandied several times round the table, the Auditor at length drew his chair in closer, and said, “ I may take up a quotation from their last number, and exclaim,

‘ Semper ego AUDITOR tantum, nunquamne reponam ?’

Shall I not have my story as the rest ?”

“Ay, and you may follow up the satirist’s words,” interposed the Assistant:

“ ‘Impune ergo mihi recitaverit ille *Togatos*?’

Shall he tell of Gown-boys, and have you no tale of the Boarders?”

The applause which followed this sally threw the whole company into good humour, and while the smiles of the elder gentlemen, who laughed the longer to show that they had not yet forgotten their classics, were yet lingering upon their features, commenced

The Auditor’s Tale.

“Victory! Defeat! What soul-stirring words are those! How the feelings they give rise to utterly annihilate all the philosophical definitions of man! What becomes of the ‘animal rationale’ when under the influence of the heart-magic of Triumph? It is not that one part of man’s nature gains the ascendant, that the judgment attains a majestic influence over the passions, or that the passions in tumultuous revelry reign over the judgment; but the whole man,—mind and body,—heart and soul,—every pulse and every passion,—every feature and every feeling,—all the vocabulary of psychology and somatology must be exhausted to describe the perfect entireness with which the being Man is transported by a downright victory.

“In these dull days we are content—or at least obliged—to turn this current of our feelings to a horse-race or a county election. The winner of the Derby or the elected of Middlesex claims the same high point of interest with our countrymen that in my youth was awarded to the heroes of Trafalgar and Waterloo. And

now there is such a mixture of conflicting feelings;—our personal and political predilections may be so different;—our own house may be divided against itself;—we back our neighbour's horse instead of our own;—and 'hedge off' the heart's tablet as we do our betting-book.

“ ‘Oh! ’twas *not* ever thus!’ Towards the close of that war which baffled England's hopes so long, with what an intensity of expectation men watched for every breath which wafted over from the Continent the news of our weal or woe! There was no division of families; no father against son, and son against father; no mother-in-law against her daughter-in-law, and daughter-in-law against her mother-in-law; no winning and losing party; no compromise of feelings; no pity for our neighbours' losses; no threatenings of disappointed pride on the one hand, and chuckling of petty partisanship on the other; but the whole people, as one man, lifted up an overpowering and thrilling huzza, in which the coldest and sourest malignant dared not refuse to join.

“ To those who are too young to remember the pealing of the Tower guns and the parish bells, the horns of the newsmen, with VICTORY in their hats and broadsides in their hands; the flurry and flutter and joy-lighted countenances of every man we met, that followed the publication of the Gazette Extraordinary, it is hopeless to attempt to give a full understanding of them now. We, who were then at school, well remember the rush from the cricket-ground or the cloisters when some fortunate Upper, mounted on a chair, read aloud to the anxious group around him the last news which he had purchased through the bars of ——'s long-room.

“ It was an excitement which we shall never know—which I, for one, never wish to know—again; for

nothing but the overwhelming interest of a European war can ever restore it. I never think of that time without recurring to the words of Scott,—

‘ O, who, that shared them, ever shall forget
 The emotions of the spirit-rousing time
 When breathless in the mart the couriers met
 Early and late, at evening and at prime ;
 When the loud cannon and the merry chime
 Hail’d news on news, as field on field was won ;
 When Hope, long doubtful, soar’d at length sublime,
 And our glad eyes, awake as day begun,
 Watch’d Joy’s broad banner rise, to meet the rising sun !’

“ It was about three years before the peace of —, when the hopes of England were directed to the Continent, in daily expectation of some finishing *coup de main*, by which peace was to be restored and national prosperity complete, that Blake and myself were reposing on our arm-chairs before the dying embers of the Long-room fire, and recounting (for it was Sunday evening) the various adventures of our leave-out. The newspapers had of late been holding out hopes of speedy success, which the letters of Blake’s brother, who was in the service, had confirmed ; and we were doubly interested in the fortune of the British arms, as, besides the national glory, which we rated very high, there followed also the *douceur* of a whole holiday. Being unprepared for the school business of the next morning, it was no wonder that the sum of our wishes was at that moment bounded by the hope that some news might burst forth with the morning’s light to redeem us from the necessity of consulting our dictionaries and graduses for one day at least.

“ All in a moment I saw Blake’s eye light up with a mixture of fun and triumph,—a sort of *ευρηκα*-ness, if

I may use the word*. I was sure that some bright idea had struck him, nor was it long before the communication of his plan assured me I was right. 'We will have a holiday, by Jove!' he exclaimed; and accommodating his body to the lightness of his spirits, he vaulted over the chairs and tables in a style that Grimaldi might have envied, or those most salient urchins who bound over the Smithfield sheep-pens might have emulated in vain. When the first ebullition of his feelings had evaporated, he seated himself down for a few pensive minutes in his chair, went to his cupboard, and having written a few lines, folded up the paper letter-wise, put it in his pocket, and rushing up the narrow staircase in some two and a half strides, banged his bed-room door, leaving me below in amazement at what all this might mean. I soon followed to bed, and how long I might have been dreaming I know not; but while I was waiting the charge of a troop of cavalry, and in vain searching for my sword, the trumpet sounded so loud and close to my ear, that I started up, and found that noble and warlike instrument changed into a newsman's horn in Charterhouse-square. The sun had now mounted on high, and whether it was in honour of the event, or that the fires were not lighted, or that everything that morn was rose-colour and sunshine to me, that usually beclouded and copper-covered luminary,—hear it, Carthusian sceptics!—actually shone brightly on the pavement below. The very square, *cul de sac* as it is, was enlivened, and the busy faces of the passengers, and the Clerkenwell bells, added to the cry of News, News! seemed to realize the very wish of the past evening. I rubbed my eyes again and again. Could I be awake? It was indeed true; a victory had been won, it mattered

* A modest request, indeed!—PRINTER'S DEVIL.

not where or when. The good fortune of the day was sufficient for us—a whole holiday was the necessary result; and throwing the Virgil, whose lines I had been conning, at my opposite neighbour's nightcap, which was just emerging from the sheets (I hope his head was not in it), I hurried my toilette with more than ordinary expedition, and hastened to learn the full particulars below. I encountered Blake at the foot of the staircase, his red round face absolutely bubbling over with laughter. 'My dear fellow,'—and he pulled me aside, while, as well as interrupting roars of laughter would admit, he briefly recounted to me his tale. He had tumbled out he knew not how early in the morning, splashed himself well over, in breathless haste had dropped the paper he last night wrote at the Morning Post, left a confused account with a sleepy clerk at Downing-street of a courier broken down and despatch lost, repaired to the Seven Dials with an account in the style of the St. Giles's newsmen, and was now returned already secure of the success of his exploit, the fame of his victory seeming almost to have outstripped him in his very travels.

"I was thunderstruck at the boldness of his plan, but could not help hinting my doubts, that though he might have deceived the newsmen, the newspaper editors might yet be too sharp for him. 'Impossible,' said he; 'I inclosed the despatch in an envelope of my brother's last letter, altering the date from 5 to 15, and put such a plausible face on the matter, that they must by this time (if not the most irrational of beings) have printed off five thousand extra copies for the morning's consumption.'

"We awaited with no little anxiety the arrival of the morning papers; the damp steaming sheet was at length

unfolded, and lo! in mighty letters at the leader's corner was written,

“ ‘ Morning Post Office, half past 5 o'clock.

“ ‘ GLORIOUS VICTORY.

“ ‘ Monday, 15th July. Plains of Tordesillas.

“ ‘The enemy advanced from Almeida last night. By daylight the engagement commenced, and continued with scarcely a position gained or lost till one o'clock P.M. The right wing under Marshal Victor was the first to give way, and the whole of the French army is now (3 o'clock) in precipitate retreat. The victory is complete!’

“ Second editions of the other papers soon followed, each with the same account, varied only in expression, and each of course ‘from their own correspondent.’ The evidence was now conclusive, and the penny-aliners for the 3rd and 4th editions had already furnished the most ample details of the engagement.

“ I now began to tremble for the discovery of the author, and begged Blake to repress the very exuberant patriotism with which he seemed possessed. It was all out of the question. There was some mischief still a brewing, and I saw that he was determined that I should have a hand in the vat. Perfectly content with the present success of his scheme I was conning over some plan for turning our holiday to account by a visit to Peerless Pool or Sadler's Wells. Not so my friend. He had far higher objects in view. It was a little thing to dupe the public, and the Doctor, unless he could pursue the triumph to our further advantage and his own great glory. Being of too easy a nature, I soon abandoned my own meaner project, and yielded myself up to his

directions. It was not long ere we had outstripped the bounds of the magic circle which the master's—not the magician's—rod drew around us, and were on our way to Blake's home, which was at Wandsworth, on the Portsmouth road. There was no one but an old servant at home; so Blake having dressed himself with all speed in an uniform of his brother's, and giving me an old military coat furred and frogged, we hurried to the nearest inn, and ordering a post-chaise and four set off full gallop, to the imminent danger of the nursemaids and apple-women whom we passed on our way to London.

“ If you have ever observed the sort of dementation that seizes upon a people, who, having heard the vague report of some great news, seek as it were through fire and water for some further confirmation of it, you will be little surprised that as we dashed along Cornhill the multitude seemed already to have anticipated our object. Crowds of happy and excited citizens thronged the streets, looking on this side and on that, and up at the very skies, expecting whence further particulars of the good tidings might come. Each eager to communicate to the ignorant, and to question the better informed,—Athenians for the day, only anxious to tell and hear some new thing—they hailed the approach of a post-chaise and four with two military uniforms as certain indications of the arrival of some fuller intelligence. Our postboys, to whom we had given some mysterious hints about Portsmouth and Spain, did not fail to impart their information; and this, together with our pretended endeavours to withdraw ourselves from observation, so strengthened the already half-formed conceptions of the crowd, that before we arrived at the Mansion House the whole wisdom of the city, as well Peripatetic as that of the Stoa and the Shades, was ready to welcome us

with uplifted voices as couriers from the late scene of action. Our military guise aided the delusion; and like Pisistratus of old, by the help of our arms and our chariot and a little brass, we made our triumphant entry into the city, taking captive the minds of the gaping and credulous crowd, who cheered our approach as a god-send and a peace-offering to an all-agog and beside-itself city; thus realizing the probability of a story which seemed almost too much even for the gullet of the historian of Halicarnassus. So true is it that the romance of real life is often more extraordinary than that of fiction.

Pushing our way through the anxious crowds that greeted our approach, Blake instantly sought out the Lord Mayor; informed him that we had been sent off by Lord Wellington at the moment of victory; that in the hurry of our departure we had unfortunately lost the despatches, but thought better to proceed home at any rate with the intelligence; that we had forwarded a representation to Downing Street of the same effect; and that we had now lost not a moment to inform the first magistrate of the first city of the world, of the glorious success of the British arms, which without doubt would at length terminate the war, so ruinous to the trading interests of Britain, and by the restoration of peace extend the commerce of this country, and of this city in particular, to the utmost limits of the earth.

‘In this train did my companion run on for nearly ten minutes. Tears ran down the cheeks of the excellent little functionary. His feelings so overpowered him that it was some time before he could do more than wring the hands of both of us in the most fervent and affectionate manner. At length, when he had so far recovered himself as to be able to send for the Town-clerk,

he dictated a general announcement of the victory to be posted up at the Mansion House, and then began to make more particular inquiries of the nature of the action.

“ I was beginning a round-about description, when Blake overwhelmed His Lordship’s inquiries by a concatenation of military terms that equally astonished and delighted him, while I continued to throw in occasional wreaths of smoke and thundering of cannons, convinced that the more indistinct the idea of the battle could be conveyed, the truer it would be to reality. The pressure from without to get at further information now became so importunate that the worthy magistrate deemed it the easiest course to make us face the full tide of inquiry on ’Change. It was in vain we protested against the crowd, and pleaded our fatigues; the tears in the eyes of the bewildered little man began to flow again at our refusal; and out of sheer consideration to his feelings we agreed to accompany him to the great focus of the trade of the world.

“ Our appearance in the streets was again a signal for a loud and general cheering. The Tower guns, silent till now, at length gave out their thunder, the bells that pealed faintly in the morning now tripled their bobs and their majors, business for the morning and variegated lamps for the evening were equally suspended, the funds rose like a spring-tide, and the whole commerce of London was at the command of our breath. We might have made our fortunes in ten minutes; gunpowder was to be given away; pipeclay fell fifty per cent.; the correspondents from Spain who wrote their despatches up four pair of stairs in Grub Street were driven to desperation; tin laurel leaves and transparencies of Victory and Britannia sold for their weight in

gold ; and so confident did the people feel that the continent of England would now be open to them, that in the course of half an hour there was not a French dialogue book to be bought eastward of Temple Bar.

“All this was very flattering, but some little uneasiness remained on my part. I had a maternal uncle of the name of Greaves, one of the most eminent osteocopropolists, or wholesale dealers in bone-manure of his day, and knowing his punctual attendance in the city, I lay for some time under the most awful apprehensions of crossing his path; fortunately, however, having fallen in with his head clerk on our way to the Exchange, I learnt that he was not at his office that morning and would probably not be there in the course of the day.

“Thus far satisfied, under the escort of the Mayor we forced our way to London's great mart, and here new perplexities assailed me. While Blake paced up and down the arcade of the Exchange, with the Governor of the Bank on one arm, and Mr. Levi Goshen—the Rothschild of the day—curvetting round the other, half anticipating his steps that he might catch the meaning of his looks as well as his words, and thus regulate his stock purchases by an eighth or sixteenth more or less, I walked behind with that sort of second-hand courage which arises from despair, rather encouraging the number of querists than attempting to avoid or to answer their questions.

“Underwriters, ships'-husbands, first-rate slopsellers, stock-jobbers and stock-brokers, bulls and bears, what time they heard the sound of this most musical news, thronged round me in such numbers that I could scarcely keep up with my more resolute companion ahead.

"I could tell by the occasional waving of his hand, his elevated tone, and the buzz of satisfaction which ran through his listeners, that he was relating feats of valour and high emprise in no way discreditable to the most glorious achievements of British arms. Occasionally some of the crowd, attracted by the applause which followed his more communicative relations, hastened to catch the last words of his eloquent declamations, and returned to have the commencement of the exploit filled up by myself. This was shaky business for my nerves. I feared lest the discrepancies of our ill-concocted story would at once come out, and the consequences of our discovery at that moment no one could have answered for.

"—'And he fell,' concluded Blake, with an extra flourish of the arm, 'still calling on his men to victory!' 'Who?—who fell?' cried a thousand voices in a breath. I remembered that we had determined to kill gallantly a Captain Graham and three Ensign Smiths.

"'Poor Graham!' was my reply; 'he died at the head'—'What, Colonel Graham?—gallant Graham of the Blues?' 'No, no,—he who led'—'The charge at—' 'Exactly.' I thought this a capital hit, as it seemed to be a sort of chance confirmation of my story.

"'What Graham? Geordie Graham?' cried a fat jovial looking man in the crowd;—and he fainted away in the arms of some seven of his neighbours.

"The fall of so great a man (for he was six feet three in his hessians, and stout in proportion) instantly attracted the attention of Blake's group, and even Mr. Goshen turned round to ask who the 'shentleman' might be. It proved to be the senior partner of the

respectable firm of Graham, Grab, and Co., whose son, as a dapper young stockbroker informed us, was a Colonel of the 73rd regiment.

“As they hurried away the poor merchant to the pump which stood (does it still stand?) in the centre of the court at the rear of the equestrian statue,—perceiving that I was unwittingly the cause of his affliction, I endeavoured to rectify his spirits and my mistake by the most energetic disclaimers ; but it was in vain ; his ear was deaf to my assurances, and nothing but cold water could convince him of the truth. By the powerful machinery of the pump-handle the good citizen’s senses were at length restored. It was sometime before he would fully believe that it was indeed a mistake ; and when, after my repeated affirmations, the pleasure which beamed in the poor man’s eye convinced me that he was undeceived, I own that I felt some qualms of conscience for having trifled, though unintentionally, with feelings so sacred and so warm ; but when he at length rose from the step on which he had been seated, and heartily shook me by the right hand, while he wrung the wet out of his capacious neckcloth with the other, I confess that the ridiculous predominated over the pathetic, and I gladly turned away to hide the gurglings of laughter which had well nigh choked me.

“We would now too willingly have availed ourselves of the confusion which this event occasioned to have made a safe retreat ; but our right honourable friend seized us both by the arm, and marched off in triumph with us to the Mansion House, where he requested the honour of our company to dinner in the Egyptian hall.

“So wonderfully quick had been our passage from Oporto, that not a few of the many inquiries put to us had been concerning the merchant vessels which had

arrived or left the harbour. We had just parted from the Lord Mayor, and Blake's last words were that the *blue Peter* was flying off two large ships in the bay.

“‘What?’ said an anxious and business-bound man who was passing at the moment, and catching at the word, ‘*The Jupiter*?—did you say, Sir, that the *Jupiter* had arrived?’ ‘Yes,’ cried Blake, too glad of an apparent confirmation of his shipping intelligence, ‘and a very fine passage she made.’ ‘Excellent indeed!’ said the unknown gentleman; and he hastened off, evidently intent upon some new matter from the information which he had just received.

“Lord Mayors, and greater folks than Lord Mayors, dined in those times at earlier hours than the humblest Common Councilman of the present day. Our invitation was for four o'clock, and the short time that was left us we employed in brushing up our mud-bespattered clothes, and making tidy the counterfeited negligence of our dress, in a small bedroom of an hotel at the back of the Exchange. For my part I thought the joke had been carried far enough, and was all for making our retreat secure while we might yet do so with honour. But Blake would hear nothing of the proposition. ‘What! when victory is just within arm’s reach would you turn without snatching at the prize? Recollect, my dear fellow, that an aldermanic dinner is no thing to be despised. Only think of those little oases of green fat floating in their congenial element, and mocking the grasp of your adventurous spoon! and the delicious draughts of iced punch with which we shall wash those melting masses away!’ Having equipped ourselves as well as the occasion permitted, we were on the point of leaving our room, when a mysterious looking man in black, of the second-rate class of the shabby-genteel,

was ushered up by the waiter ; for it seems our retreat had not escaped detection, and that he had inquired for the two gentlemen who had brought the news from the Continent. Our apprehensions were not a little excited by the singular and cautious demeanour of the stranger ; but they were soon dispelled, when with some little preface he informed us that he had been sent from the establishment of the —— newspaper, and tendering in a most delicate way a five-pound note, requested us to draw up a more detailed account of the glorious day. After some little demur, Blake took up his pen, and having scribbled two sheets of writing paper as full and as fast as he could write, contented himself, to the amazement of our visitor, with receiving two sovereigns for his trouble, which he remarked, as we were going down stairs, would more than cover the post-chaise and any other little expenses we might have to incur.

“When we arrived at the Mansion House, we accounted to the Lord Mayor for our lengthened absence by the necessity of reporting ourselves at head quarters ; and after many apologies for the disorder of our toilette, we were at length summoned into the drawing room, where the great people of the city were met.

“It is needless to say that we were the lions of the party ; in fact all the additional splendour was got up solely for us. Here were assembled all the élite of the city. We were introduced respectively to the Chairman and Honorary Secretary of the Dining Committee, the Chief Commissioner of Sewers, the Chaplain, the Deputy Assistant Pavior, besides several other important looking dignitaries with white wands and enormous nose-gays. The house dinner had been converted into a public one in our honour, and the allied sovereigns themselves could not have entered the Egyptian Hall with

more ceremony than that with which we were ushered in. The places of honour to the right and left of the Lord Mayor were assigned us, and all seemed to be gliding on as smoothly as the turtle punch, when, next to the owner of 'the Jupiter,' who sat at the corner of the head table, I observed a bald head which seemed more than ordinarily directed towards our part of the room. A hasty suspicion glanced across my mind, and taking a second and more scrutinizing glance, my prophetic soul had foreboded all too right—it was indeed my uncle! The report of the victory had reached his little back parlour at Newington Butts, and he had hastened up to town to realize what he could by dabbling in the funds, as his importations of bone manure were now, from the anticipated cessation of the war, likely to be greatly diminished.

"My whole happiness and appetite were now destroyed. It was in vain that the shoulder-knotted footmen offered *coutelettes à la Chinoise* and *Soufflée aux mille fruits*; the glaze of my uncle's spectacles peering round the pickle-dishes of the epergne completely upset my self-possession, and I dreaded the approach of the fatal moment when that screen which had hitherto enabled me to evade his glances should be at length removed. In the mean time dinner proceeded. I excused my fidgetiness to the Lord Mayor as the effect of a violent tooth-ache, and had just enough presence of mind before the cloth was finally withdrawn to tie up the left side of my face, which was most exposed to the fire of my uncle's eyes, with my napkin.

"I was aware how ridiculous I must have looked; but what was to be done? Blake, who knew not the cause, looked daggers at what he thought a bit of gratuitous folly, while it was reported at the further end of the ta-

ble that a slight wound which I had received on the glorious plains of Tordesillas had broken out afresh.

“With the exception of this very considerable ‘raw’ upon my peace of mind, nothing could exceed the hilarity with which everything went off. Compliments and sweetmeats were showered down upon us in the greatest profusion, and more than one alderman seriously injured his health by the honours which he paid to mine. At length, after the usual loyal toasts, the Lord Mayor arose, and amid the intensest interest of the assembled company, proposed what he might call the toast of the evening, the healths of the gallant guests who had honoured him with their company to-day. He would not enlarge, he said, upon the gratification he felt, that the first object of these messengers of victory, after having rendered their official account, should be the city of London. They rightly estimated the interest which the citizens of the first city in the world took in the campaign which was now so splendidly terminated. It was only yesterday that, looking at the position of the armies on the map, he had remarked to his friend Alderman Slocoach, that the plains of Tordesillas must be the point on which they would meet. He had not been disappointed in his prophecies, and looking to the effects which this victory would produce over the whole of civilized Europe, he doubted not that hereafter the battle of Tordesillas would rank with those of Marathon and Blenheim. He should conclude with proposing ‘the battle of Tordesillas, and the Couriers who announced the victory.’


“The Lord Mayor had scarcely finished his harangue, in which he proved to demonstration the truth of the victory and the importance of its results, and Blake in returning thanks had more than repaid him in his own

strain, when a letter was brought in to the owner of the Jupiter, the contents of which so violently agitated him, that the attention of the guests was necessarily drawn to the quarter where he sat ensconced between my uncle and the fat gentleman who fainted in the morning. After a little whispering, the anxious ship-owner called across the table to Blake, 'I think I understood you, Sir, that the Jupiter had arrived at Oporto before you left.' 'Certainly,' replied the unruffled Blake. 'Why, I have this moment had a letter put into my hands from the captain, stating that from stress of weather he had put back into Portsmouth with mizen mast shivered and otherwise dismantled.' 'Singular, indeed!' said my friend. 'Surely it *was* the Jupiter;—a gilt figure head with a crown.' 'Yes, yes,' said the owner, 'with a long beard.' 'To be sure, Sir,' said Blake, 'and a three-pronged sceptre.' 'No, there you are wrong, Sir;—why,' continued he, after some little reflection, 'it must have been the Neptune.' 'Ah! Neptune, I believe it was,' retorted Blake in the coolest possible manner. 'One or other of the heathen gods. I thought it did not much signify which.' 'But it *does* signify, Sir. Why, Sir, in consequence of your information I have sent to cancel the insurance which I had just effected on that vessel to Oporto'; and the fussy gentleman left the table at the same bustling pace with which he parted from us in the morning.

"This conversation did not seem to leave a very favourable impression upon the company. My uncle stared more inquisitively than ever, several common-councilmen began to whisper to their neighbours, and I fancied the Lord Mayor himself did not sit quite so easy between us as heretofore. Several questions were put across the table which I felt it not very easy to parry; and I saw

a gentleman with a crimped-up mouth, not seven places off, passing up a map of Spain for some explanation of the army's last movements. Moreover the time began to advance, and Cinderella could not have been more tied down to depart at midnight than we were at nine. I considered that we should be but too lucky to get off clear at once before suspicions were converted into certainty, and did not fail to hint this to Blake as well as my muffled face would allow my eyes to be eloquent.

"We had already risen from our chairs and had taken leave as quietly as might be of the Lord Mayor, when a paper was placed in his hands with some remark about a Gentleman from the Horse Guards waiting in the anteroom. We saw now that not a moment was to be lost. The Lord Mayor, having made an apology to the company for his short absence, began as we walked down the hall to break open the portentous-looking seal of the official note; but Blake, seizing him by the right hand, shook it so heartily and unceasingly, that when we arrived at the door of the anteroom the envelope was yet unremoved. Here, in spite of the entreaties of His Lordship to wait for his carriage, or at least till he had seen the messenger, whom he doubted not came upon our business, we hurried down the steps, fortunately unrecognised by the servants or the mob, and calling the first jarvey that was to be met with, bid him drive to the hotel for our proper clothes, and then off to Charterhouse Square as fast as his horses could carry us. As we drove through the illuminated streets, the crackers we heard around us reminded us of those which we had ourselves let off in the morning, though we saw not among all the transparencies any device that might have been so easily seen through as our own, if the people's reason had not been blinded by their wishes.



“The metamorphose we effected as we rolled along in the coach by exchanging our uniforms for our ordinaries, sufficiently astonished the be-addled jarvey; but as I believe that he himself was also a little ‘disguised,’ he said nothing, but seemed too glad to take his fare and drive off as fast as he could from a region which he evidently considered to be enchanted.

“When we once found ourselves again within the walls of Charterhouse, we were far too happy either to eat or drink or sleep for the next two days and nights. I know not how we got over our school business, but I know that we never looked at our books. For some time our singular behaviour—for we never met in the day without, as it were, our concussion striking out a roar of laughter, and kept our rooms awake half the night by the extreme boisterosity of our dreams—made the fellows think that we were quite bewitched; but as there was little real pleasure as long as we kept the secret to ourselves, at the next select committee of the library meeting we told the whole story from beginning to end, to our own great éclat and our friends’ amusement. And I must say that they kept the secret well. I never dared breathe a syllable of this prank to my family. My uncle to his dying day continued to shake his head at those ‘infernal scamps’ who had deluded him out of two thousand seven hundred and eighteen pounds by his purchases in the funds that morning. In this case indeed I might be said to have been ‘hoisted on my own petar,’ for as I came into all the old gentleman’s property at his death, if his fortune suffered, I was in fact the loser; but I verily believe that from his savings in order to make up this deficiency, he died in reality a richer man by many thousands than if he had never met with the loss.

“For the rest, the papers next day were indignant be-

yond every thing that could be conceived. Several unhappy wights were had up to Bow Street on suspicion of having been the parties concerned in the hoax, but as we had not left the slightest clue to detection behind us we never felt any uneasiness lest we should ever be discovered as the culprits. I found out that the owner of the 'Jupiter' had not really suffered at all, as some circumstance or other had delayed the cancelling of the insurance that day, and he took care not to repeat his application on the morrow. The only person whom we knew to have suffered in any degree from our folly was the Lieutenant at the Tower, who was reprimanded for firing off the guns without strict official orders from head quarters. On the other hand, many a hard-working man enjoyed a happy holiday, many a schoolboy got an extra game at cricket; and though some few feelings of disappointment came with the next morning, yet in a short time the cup of England's hopes and wishes was crowned to the full by the hand of Wellington—the glories of Tordesillas were eclipsed in those of Waterloo;—and none more heartily joined in the rejoicings over our real victory than they who in a pardonable freak of youth had before got up the machinery of a fictitious one."

SONG.

To the Ocean! to the Ocean! there is music in its roar,
 As its billows sweep in revelry their rocky caverns o'er:
 There is terror in its mountain-crest, its white and blinding
 foam,
 As it dasheth in its stormy wrath round many an island-
 home:

There are gallant hearts, all silently, in its coral cells asleep ;
Oh ! who shall brave the Majesty, the Glory of the Deep ?

To the Greenwood ! to the Greenwood ! there is gladness in
its shade,

With the free-bird in its leafy bower, the wild deer in the
glade :

There are volumes in its quiet heart, with thought and beauty
stored,

Ye may read them in the rugged bark of many a Sylvan-
Lord :

There are voices in its whispering leaves to Fancy's ear,
which say,

" Would'st thou learn of Nature's loveliness ?—to the forest-
depths away !"

To the Valley ! to the Valley ! where the streamlet leapeth by,
To the music of its own blithe waves, that merry melody !

Where the young turf hath a greener dye, the flower a brighter
hue,

And fitfully, like playful swain, the sun-light peepeth
through :

There is soothing in its solitude, there is fragrance in its
gale :

Who loves to muse, who loves to dream,—let him seek the
quiet vale !

To the Mountains ! to the Mountains ! there is roaming un-
confined,

On the summits of those mighty ones the wild and rushing
wind :

Earth's gardens wide and busy hives are stretching far below,
With the deep, deep blue of Ocean's hue to bound the glorious
show :

There is health upon their sunny sides, there is Freedom on
their brow,

Away ! whose flagging spirit droops, to the Mountains follow
now !

Is there not loveliness abroad, like a garment on the earth ?
 Where'er Creation's steps have pass'd the beautiful hath birth :
 It bounds upon the Ocean wave, it rides the Mountain breeze,
 It haunts the Valley's quietness, it whispers in the Trees.
 ——Alas ! that man's own spirit-blight should taint his fairest
 bowers,
 And Sin, and Shame, and Sorrow mar this beauteous world of
 ours.

“ COLE REGEM.”

“ Old King Cole.”

Anon. Trans.

AMONG the multitudinous anomalies which daily exercise the ingenuity and puzzle the brains of mankind, by no means least is the singular fact, that we are often doomed to remain in almost total ignorance of those very persons whose exploits, and sometimes even names, are “familiar in our mouths as household words”—yet whose actual when and whereabouts have baffled alike the researches of the Antiquary, and the penetration of the Police. “Who murdered Begbie?” is a question which, seeing that it has already waited for upwards of thirty years, seems now never likely to obtain a satisfactory answer:—yet that Begbie *was* murdered, and that consequently there must have been some person or persons unknown who murdered him, is a conclusion which no one has been found hardy enough to dispute.

“Who wrote Junius?” is another poser, equally important in its way:—Author after author has been set up like a ninepin in a pot-house yard, merely to be

knocked down again ; but the right, the veritable Junius is still "found wanting"—(so we suppose would run the verdict of a modern jury, impanelled to discover the archer who so effectually "shot his arrows in darkness"). "Who *was* Junius?" we exclaim, as having reached the closing page, we inwardly congratulate ourselves that we were not the unhappy devils whom he so unsparingly lashes,—“Who was Junius?” and Echo answers, “who?”

It has been reserved for the present year to make one bold and vigorous attempt to penetrate whatever mystery may have hitherto hung around the person of any individual among us. The originator of the straightforward John-Bullish interrogation, “Who are you?” deserves, in our humble opinion, the most heartfelt thanks of every lover of honesty and open-heartedness. But what shall we say of the, we had almost called him, wretch, who has supplied the miscreant and the evil-designing with a too easy evasion,—who has robbed society of the incalculable advantages which it must necessarily have acquired,—who has suffered his facetiousness to triumph so far over his philanthropy, as to give birth to the pitiful and unmanly rejoinder, “Strike a light and see.”

Into this rather melancholy than otherwise strain of reflection we were the other morning led by hearing a little urchin (busily engaged in calculating the respective chances of heads and tails, on what our footman, who attends a debating society, called an Eleemosynary half-penny,) troll forth with a voice as merry as if he himself were the worthy commemorated in his song, the ancient and time-honoured ditty of

“ Old King Cole was a jolly old soul,

“ And a jolly old soul was he !

“ He call'd for his pipe, and he call'd for his glass,

“ And he call'd for his fiddlers three !”

“And who,” said we to ourselves, (as the juvenile minstrel, perceiving a charitable looking nursery maid at a three pair of stairs window in No. 15, commenced a new species of assault upon her feelings, by performing with extreme accuracy that singular evolution known among the initiated by the title of the *monkey’s* horn-pipe,)—“and who *was* old King Cole?”—and we repeated the whole verse, in order if possible to answer our own question: but, alas! there was but little to be extracted from it, there was nothing satisfactory in such vague generalities: and the mind, panting as it was for some information more definite and tangible, was forced to desist from the search in weariness and disappointment. A single quality, a single action, are all that remain to throw any light upon the history of this evidently extraordinary individual. But that single quality is depicted with such startling energy of language, that none who reads can repress the involuntary wish that the monarch so described were at this present moment alive and kicking in the unrestrained plenitude of his jollity. Pause for a moment, gentle reader, over the intensive force of the repetition, “*and* a jolly old soul was he!”—and confess that the author of this interesting fragment possessed in no slight degree the power to awake our warmest sympathies for the object of his heartfelt eulogy, “*And* a jolly old soul was he!” It bursts upon the ear with an effect, scarcely to be paralleled in the whole range of lyric poetry: it is a collocation on which the heart of Hermann, the pen of Porson, and the spirit of Schütz would have delighted to expatiate!

But we are digressing. The single fact then, or rather the first clause of the single fact, “He call’d for his pipe,” what a vast field for inquiry does this lay open to our view! Reader, we perceive that the contemplation

of its extent makes you serious: here is a story for you to start you in good humour. "Shepherd," said an enthusiastic and poetical Miss, fresh from a finishing school, to a cow-boy who was 'chawing' fat bacon by the side of a muddy pond, "Shepherd, where is your pipe?"—"Please marm, I left it at hoam, 'cause I aint got no backy," was the anti-Arcadian reply. Now it must be evident to every reflecting mind that King Cole was considerably better off than the cow-boy; he must have had some "backy" somewhere or other, or he would never have called for his pipe: and tobacco, as historians inform us, "sublime tobacco," was introduced to our notice in England by that somewhat fantastic, but withal very clever gentleman Sir Walter Raleigh, in the reign of her whom Will Shakspeare, at a considerable sacrifice of truth to politeness, (at least if we may believe her portrait,) called the "*fair* vestal throned in the west." Now we do not recollect that among all the kings of England since Elizabeth, (which by the by looks rather like a bull,) or indeed among any other Dynasty, European, Asiatic, or African, of which we "did ever read in tale or history," there occurs any one who is distinguished by the name, style and title of the Monarch under our consideration. He must then have been one of the potentates of that far western land, where "wild in woods the noble savage ran;" (perchance, gentle reader, you have by this time discovered that we are rather partial to a quotation now and then) perhaps it was he who first made known to our enterprising countryman the virtues of that wondrous weed, which under the three categories of smoking, chewing and snuffing, continues, even to the present day, to find employment for a large majority of the civilised and uncivilised world. We have him at this moment in our mind's eye, seated

à la Turc upon the mud carpet of his forest wigwam, and surrounded by a dozen copper-coloured squaws, with his pipe in his right hand, quietly ejecting from the corner of his mouth a volume of smoke, all but miraculous to the astounded eyes of the knight and his followers. But alas! for our castle, or rather our picture in the air! Who ever heard of an Indian Chief, whose name was not Chingachgook or Matlalzinco, or some still more mouth-distorting and jaw-cracking assemblage of syllables?—And who ever heard of any gentleman with such an appellation who possessed in his service either a glass or a fiddler?—Something indeed we may here and there read of a naked, red-skinned, tattooed gentleman of the bed-chamber, making “triumphant harmony of glorious discords,” on a conch whose tones expressed any thing but “mysterious union with its native sea;” but judging from all descriptions of the sound thus produced, we are of opinion that the most zealous Highlander who ever filled bagpipes would have stopped his ears and fled in dismay from the American minstrel with the most energetic imprecation, to which the indignation of a bard and the vocabulary of a Gael could give utterance. But if King Cole was not an American, who, in the name of all that is undiscoverable, was he? We know not; we must give up this line of our inquiry in despair. We are met at every step by increasing difficulties, nor can we help comparing ourselves to a cockney with a weak stomach, who, for the first time in his smoke-dried existence, starts from Ramsgate pier on a trip to the Downs; the further we get out the worse we become.

But to proceed, “He call’d for his glass!”—Here surely we have the clue which will enable us to discover the father-land of this Bacchus-worshipping monarch. It would be in diametrical opposition to every idea of King

Cole, which we derive from the first two lines of his legend, to suppose that a jolly old soul like his could have been content with the sour stomach-disturbing wines of France, or the execrably small and bitter 'bonne bière' of Flanders. We do not suspect that he would have felt any peculiar relish for the sour butter-milk of the Calmucs, or the sanguinary potations of the Cannibals. But oh! too short-sighted that we are! We begin to find that we might stretch out the long catalogue of abominations even till "the crack of doom;" and yet leave unmentioned so many good liquors that we should be as badly off as ever. We could not find in our hearts to utter a syllable against the generous beverages of Spain or Portugal: not even in our most secret thoughts could we presume to disparage that mirth-inspiring favourite of John Bull, his October-born namesake, the time-honoured John Barleycorn! Each or all of these liquids might King Cole have imbibed, and have been in the fullest sense of the word, "a jolly old soul." But the unknown author has in the present instance unhappily departed from that minuteness of detail which so often characterises the older ballad-writers. To be sure there is quite enough of obscurity about the minstrel who tells us how

"The King sat in Dunfermline town,

"Drinking the blood-red wine:"

inasmuch, as the so-designated liquor may have been either port, claret, or burgundy; but here there appears to be a premeditated mystification, a determinate obscurity on the part of the writer; we could almost set him down as a regular cur in the manger for unnecessarily depriving us of such an interesting circumstance relating to such an interesting personage. Well, we must take what we can get, and be thankful. King Cole "call'd for his glass," he doubtless put something

into it; and in all human probability what he thus put into his glass, he immediately, or within a very short period, transferred to his stomach; but of its name, its quantity, and its strength, we must be contented to remain for ever profoundly ignorant. One hint alone, bearing upon the last of the three, we will venture to throw out: we would stake our existence upon the opinion, could it possibly admit of proof, that King Cole, to the day on which he “shuffled off this mortal coil,” neither was, nor intended ever to become, a member of any Temperance Society whatsoever. We are convinced—we think nobody can fail of being convinced with us—that not even Mordecai at the king’s gate could have been a greater evil in the eyes of Haman than was the blue, thin, lanky form of the parish pump in those of the thirsty and thirst-quenching Cole. Yet, Tories as we are, reverencing as we do things old for their antiquity, we are sorry here to feel it our duty to contradict and disprove a maxim universally acknowledged (as our old nurse used to say) “before we were either born or thought of.” “In vino veritas,” said some pitiful ancient who had not the spirit to get drunk; in the present inquiry it is very evident that there is nothing whatever to be gotten from the glass.

We have yet one chance left: “He call’d for his fiddlers three!” Now might we, if we chose, fly off into abstruse and long-winded speculations concerning the various species of fiddles, and the various excellencies of various fiddlers; and now might we institute a learned discussion, whether from the nature of the case it is more probable that his Majesty of Cole-land (for so, for want of a better name, must we call his kingdom), delighted most to regale his royal ears with the care-dispelling strain of “a jolly full bottle,” or with the equally con-

genial and inspiriting melody denominated "drops of brandy." But we must not suffer ourselves to be led astray by such "Delilahs of the imagination," while we have such serious business upon our hands. There is yet among the things undiscovered and (we fear) undiscoverable, the answer to the all-momentous question, "who *was* King Cole?" Seriously then, the three fiddlers, considered in conjunction with the glass, afford incontrovertible evidence of his having belonged to some civilised country; but to which? "ay, there's the rub." The circumstance of the three fiddles might at first sight incline us to suspect either Germany or Italy, (a would-be waggish friend at our elbow suggests that *Bow-hemia* would be more "*German* to the matter,") but we have only to look to the legend to refute the notion; he was evidently far too jolly for the phlegmatic German, and not half gloomy enough for the Italian whose soul disputes with his skin the palm of darkness. He would equally have held in sovereign contempt the solemn taciturnity of the one, and the impertinent loquacity of the other. His description is not altogether unlike that of the feasting, fiddling, frolicking, and penniless monarch of "sunny Provence." But then again we know the "joyous" René to have belonged to the kingdom of Lilliput rather than to that of Brobdignag; and we have no certain evidence that he was addicted to smoking; while we cannot read the four lines above-quoted without a mental vision of a "fair round belly with good capon lined," nay, almost of "a gross fat man," and of a breeches pocket in which no broad piece was ever hypochondriacal for lack of society. We have even an indistinct dreamy notion of certain boots, with tops of a decidedly mahogany tint, surmounted by a huge pair of drab cord-du-roy inexpressibles. Alas! we are no more in a condition than

we were at starting to give any satisfactory reply to our self-proposed question, "Who *was* King Cole?"

And now, "what men could do we've done." Sleep King Cole undiscovered through all eternity, no feelings more painful than those of curiosity will ever rankle in our breast. We have sounded *our* challenge, we have set up *our* banner, we have broken *our* lance with the false knight obscurity; we retire from the lists, if not with honour, at least without disgrace. Yet as we have observed that learned and laborious critics, when they arrive at any passage which baffles all their ingenuity to explain in a straight-forward way, do for the most part favour the studious with certain crotchets and conjectures of their own upon the matter; so we also should be unwilling to lay aside our pen without setting forth our own acumen in such matters, by a guess or two as to the habits and manner of life of the potentate under consideration. We should be inclined to surmise then that the venerable monarch had a red nose; that he had no great antipathy to a well-stuffed arm chair; and that he entertained a peculiar affection for a spacious chimney corner. We should say, if not too presumptuous, that he not unfrequently indulged in a nap in the course of a warm summer's afternoon; and we should be apt to express, by a noun of multitude, the flies which were wont to bask upon his nasal organ during the above-mentioned relaxation of his faculties. We have an idea that he laughed often, sang sometimes, and swore now and then. Lastly, we feel morally certified that whenever his Majesty commenced those sittings at which he was accustomed to call for his pipe, his glass, and his fiddlers, he invariably had at his feet two unchanging attendants; the *first* of which most probably looked up to *him*, to the *second* of which *he* most undoubtedly

looked down ; we mean, without further circumlocution, a dog and a spitting pan.

Gentle, patient, enduring, (we hope not weary) reader ! buoyed up, as we cannot allow ourselves to doubt, by the inspiring hope of acquiring some definite information concerning the venerable Cole, you have journeyed on with us thus far with the mind of expectation stretched upon the tenter hooks of anxiety. "Whether," (we quote the language of the inimitable and immortal "Boz,") "whether it's worth while going through so much to get so little, as the charity-boy said when he got to the end of the alphabet," we humbly leave with you to decide.

THE GIPSIES.

IN the following lines no attempt has been made to pursue the long-agitated inquiry into the origin of the singular race who form their subject ; although, perhaps, a slight leaning to the opinion which assigns to them an Egyptian origin may be discoverable throughout. To the historian and the philosopher the duty of laborious and minute investigation belongs more properly than to the poet, to whom it must be more congenial to receive them as the wandering wreck of one of the mightiest nations of antiquity, than as the representatives of the most degraded class of a debased and contemptible people.

For several parts of the Gipsy's speech the Author has to confess great obligations to Mr. G. P. R. James's admirable novel.

Oh, Thou ! who, careless of the outward frame,
 Still sway'st the Soul in ev'ry clime the same;
 Aw'd by no Power, by no Dominion quell'd,
 Crush'd, yet not slain ; uptorn, yet unexpell'd ;
 Great Nature, hear !—If e'er my raptur'd eye
 Hath lov'd to read thy page of mystery,—
 Hath dwelt on bubbling fount or sunny hill
 The livelong day, yet dwelt unsated still ;
 Hath mark'd full oft, with ever-new delight,
 The countless gems which deck the brow of night ;
 Or watch'd afar, o'er Eastern summits borne,
 The roseate hues which tell the birth of morn ;
 And more,—if e'er my soul hath dared to scan
 Thy proudest, noblest throne, the heart of man,
 Hath mark'd each high and Heav'nward yearning rise
 Ere yet the world hath taught him to be wise,—
 (Wise in those Schools which will not blush to scorn
 The gen'rous warmth of Life's ecstatic morn,—
 And freeze and mould by hard stern rules of art
 Each better impulse of the plastic heart :)—
 If this, if these, have taught my soul to own
 No purer, holier influence than thine own ;
 For this, O Spirit, grant thine aid to trace
 The wand'ring fortunes of thy fondest race ;
 To win, if such thou canst, from causeless shame
 And slander all too foul, the Gipsy's tainted name.

And thou too, glorious in the olden time,
 Bright, Godlike child of Hellas' sunny clime,
 Nymph of the plain, the fountain, and the grove,
 The Warrior's worship and the Poet's love,
 Fair Liberty ! oh ! aid the bold design,
 Grant the high thought, and nerve the lofty line !

Too fond request ! and dar'd I hope to shame
 The toil-worn Sage's all too-dear-bought fame,—
 And chase the cloud which flings its mystic veil
 Of doubt and darkness o'er the Gipsy's tale ?

No ! patient Science may explore the while
 Where Egypt's bosom woos her welcome Nile,
 (Old Nile whose fount in distant deserts hid,
 Rolls its broad waves by many a Pyramid,)
 And all-inventive Theory may deem
 The secret found by Gunga's hallow'd stream,
 In vain : unpierc'd, unspoken, still must lie
 In his own breast the wand'rer's mystery ;
 For if, indeed, where ancient records fail,
 From sire to son descends the stirring tale,
 There breathes no recreant brother to disclose
 The long sad story of a people's woes !

Yes ! who can doubt, (that e'er hath paused to trace
 The thoughts that breathe in yonder Gipsy's face,
 When some bright scene hath caught his earnest gaze.)—
 He too hath dreams of other happier days?
 For him may memory wing her backward flight
 Far to those times where all to us is night ;
 Before his eye, as in magician's glass,
 Ancestral forms in shadowy pomp may pass ;
 High chiefs who erst, on some far-distant shore,
 O'er a wide realm imperious lordship bore :—
 There too, pale rising from the home of sleep,*
 His Sire's dim phantoms pitying seem to weep
 For him, lone sport of Fate's unkindest things,
 The outcast offspring of a thousand Kings !

And then, perchance, to soothe his weary doom,
 May soaring Hope on golden pinion come,
 And cheering point to better hours, which lie
 Far in the womb of dim Futurity :
 And he will listen, as her silvery tone
 Thrills through his soul with music all its own,
 And promises once more his long-lost home,
 And power, and pride, and glory, yet to come.

* " What found they in *the home of sleep* ?
 " A mouldering urn—a shiver'd sword !"

Mrs. HEMANS, on a Greek Tomb.

Ah ! like those hues on fading Beauty's cheek,
Which oft, ere Death, of health and gladness speak,
Then part delusive from the anxious gaze,
And crush the hopes their transient flushings raise,—
That spell hath pass'd,—the fev'rish dream is o'er !
And the poor exile is alone once more !

And yet they err, the worldling and the cold,
Who hold him cast in Nature's sternest mould ;
Who call it mis'ry, ever thus to roam
O'er earth's wide breast unconscious of a home,
And deem the mite which ostentation flings
The sweetest balm to soothe his sufferings :
Oh ! mark, when such hath dol'd in passing by
His sordid alms, and call'd it charity,
The flashing eye, which tells a soul of pride
Unbroken still, though all is lost beside :
The quiv'ring lip, which can but ill repress
The o'er-fraught soul's long-gather'd bitterness ;
Whence thus to Fancy's ear may well be borne
The low deep tones which breathe intensest scorn :

“ Thanks ! ay, such thanks are ours, as Despots owe
“ The fawning slave who prays their overthrow !
“ Yes ! it is well that ye should thus despise
“ The wand'ring Gipsy's humble mysteries !
“ Yes ! ye may boast, in Splendour's stifling hall,
“ The madd'ning draught, the frantic Bacchanal !
“ Be yours, pale race, to glut the hot desire,
“ All art can frame, or luxury require :
“ Be yours, uncheck'd the crimson path to tread,
“ Ambition points o'er fields of slaughter'd dead :
“ Still, still, be yours to cherish uncontroll'd
“ The vulture-vice, the ceaseless lust of gold *:
“ Yours be the fame from wealth and conquest born,
“ But, oh ! be ours to pity and to scorn !

* “ The craving burning wish that will not rest—

“ The *vulture-passion* of the human breast.”

Author of “ Dartmoor”.—(CAMBRINGTON.)

" Yours be the pedant's useless toil to prize,
 " We better love the thoughtful and the wise :
 " Vers'd in a tongue your art hath sought to gain
 " With eager zeal through many an age in vain :
 " Skill'd in a lore, which, giv'n to us alone,
 " Your vaunted Science may not hope to own !

" For us, hath Nature spread her bounteous store
 " Unceasing still, yet ever lov'd the more :
 " More dear to us doth Earth's green carpet bloom
 " Than India's web, or Persia's gaudy loom ;
 " Gemm'd with the dew distill'd from summer skies,
 " Rich with the radiance of a thousand dyes
 " Of od'rous flow'rs, which spring in myriad companies !
 " For us each breeze, that through the whisp'ring grove
 " Murmurs soft music, hath a voice of love,
 " And the free streamlet, as it hurryeth by
 " Its mimic waves, is rife with melody !
 " For us wild minstrels, in each dewy brake
 " Invisible, the woodland echoes wake ;
 " And each old tree that rears its strength on high
 " Speaks of protection, and of sympathy !

" Yet would ye more ?—for us the lamps, which gleam
 " Thro' yon blue vault, with kindest influence beam ;
 " Those orbs which, couch'd beside his midnight fold,
 " Chaldea's shepherd watch'd entranc'd of old ;
 " Which still alone to Gipsy's ken, relate
 " The deep decrees, the hidden things of Fate,
 " And spread undimm'd before his gifted eye
 " The dark dread page of human Destiny !
 " For us mild regent of the tranquil night,
 " Sheds the pale Moon her calmest, softest light ;
 " That Moon, which erst, in regions far away,
 " Beheld our race in grandeur and decay ;
 " Where yet our sons shall hail her wand'ring fires
 " Bright with the glories of their perish'd Sires !
 " Deep in some cliff which mocks old Ocean's foam
 " The lonely sea-bird seeks her sullen home :

" 'Neath the lone hill-side, hid with wiliest care
 " From human eye, the wild fox hath his lair :
 " Far other, nobler home to us be giv'n,
 " Our walls the forest, and our roof-tree Heaven ! "

Oh ! who shall blame them, if for life like this
 They spurn the hollow world's unreal bliss,
 The faithless friends who in an hour decay,
 The heartless laws which Fashion's slaves obey,
 The drooping spirit, and the envious eye,
 For Peace, and Health, and glorious Liberty,
 Where smiles each glade their roving Fathers trod,
 In the warm radiance of their Fathers' God ?

There ever, 'neath some huge protecting shade
 From storms secure, the humble camp is made ;
 There may ye mark in slender clouds aspire
 The curling smoke that tells the Gipsy's fire,
 Or list, on Eve's soft breezes borne along,
 The simple music of the Gipsy's song !

There too perchance, ere yet declining day
 From the far West hath flung his parting ray,
 With awe her curious soul but ill conceals,
 And noiseless step, the village maiden steals :—
 Thrice happy she, who asks not, if the lore
 Be haply false, which tells of bliss in store,
 Enough to list, undoubting of its pow'r,
 The promis'd hope of many a secret hour,
 And win from that kind Sibyl of the grove
 Long sunny dreams of happiness and love !

And who shall censure, if the chainless soul
 Recks not of laws which tamer minds control ?
 Oh ! is it naught that sland'rous tongues have thrown
 Upon his tribe a venom all their own,
 That iron laws have doom'd him from his birth
 An outlaw'd exile on the face of Earth,
 And Pity's tears have mourn'd thro' many an age
 Contempt and wrong, the Gipsy's heritage ?

Oh, yes ! if thus the hard cold world have wrung
 The rover's breast, to lawless daring stung,

Here be it ours, (whom, rich with Poet's thought
And Sage's lore, full many a page hath taught,)
Ours, who have learn'd with kindlier eye to scan
The various weakness of our fellow-man,

Here be it ours to temper and allay
Stern Justice' wrath with mercy's milder sway ;
To deem the idle legends, which regale
The wond'ring rustic, but a grand-dame's tale ;
The headlong tide of prejudice to stem,
And, if we cannot pardon—not condemn !

Farewell then, simple wand'ers ! yours be still
The careless life, the unrestricted will ;
To hold high commune with the whisp'ring wood,
To talk of Freedom with the mountain flood,
To learn from Nature's wild and wondrous plan
The vanity, the littleness, of Man !

But, oh ! be mine to mark, with prophet gaze,
Bright, cheering scenes—visions of after days,
When India's plains or Egypt's ancient strand
Shall hail the gathering of the scatter'd band ;
When fast and far, from Europe's utmost shore
And Afric's heart, exulting tribes shall pour ;
And float, once more to ev'ry breeze unfurl'd,
The flag which glitter'd o'er an early world !

Yes ! 'tis the Poet's glorious right to stray
At will, thro' Fancy's wild and flow'ry way !
What tho' the worldling sneer, and idly deem
His much-lov'd musings but a baseless dream ?
And, what tho' Reason, teaching all too well,
Chill the young hope, and break the witching spell ?
Not less for that his spirit loves to ride
On warm Imagination's sunny tide ;
To catch each hue which, but a moment seen,
Leaves not a trace to mark where it hath been ;
To woo each ripple, as it curls along,
For the low music of its lulling song ;
And, aye, as on he roves, with eager lip
Rich Inspiration's hallow'd wave to sip ;

That draught, whose charm, in Fortune's fairer day,
Can gild her sunshine with a brighter ray ;
Whose magic aid, in Trial's darker hour,
Can lend the Soul an all-unwonted pow'r ;
And e'en misfortune's keenest pangs employ
To tinge their parting with a brighter joy !

And thus for you, sad Race, the mental eye
Can trace afar a glorious destiny :
A ray more bright than ever Science shed
Round Sage's brow or Poet's laurell'd head :
A joy more pure than Conquest ever gave
Ambition's soul which cannot cease to crave :
Yours be a triumph nobler far to find,
A holier strife, the conquest of the mind !
Yet not by you unaided and alone
May that proud field, that fadeless wreath be won ;
No ! the fierce struggle's fearful might demands
No untaught souls, no inexperienced hands ;
For that high work, from many a distant home
Far o'er the wave, shall gallant warriors come,
And thou perchance, my country, ever first
Where Faith is sown and young Religion nurs'd,
Shalt grave conspicuous in that list of fame,
Bright thro' all time, full many a Briton's name :
But oh ! not theirs, the gleaming arms which wield
The various fate of Battle's crimson field.
Far other weapons, other warriors there,
Meek, humble souls—yet oh ! how much they dare !
See, see, they triumph ! who shall long withstand
The Heav'n-led onset of that ardent band ?
Dark Ignorance flies the Spirit's sword of might,
Beams thro' the gloom the panoply of Light ;
And march, beneath Redemption's flag unfurl'd,
Peace, Virtue, Love, and Truth, to win a willing world !

THE PROPHECY.

THE western breeze, that softly blows,
Sheds perfume on the island shore,
And Nature, waked from deep repose,
Now day's long-lingering glare is o'er,
Opes the closed chalice of each flower
To revel in the twilight hour.
And youthful forms are gathering fast,
Now that the Sun has look'd his last ;
And rife the citron groves along
Are the light dance and festive song ;
And lovers' mutual glances steal,
And tongues will tell what hearts can feel.
In pride of bloom, in beauty's prime,
The maidens of that sunny clime
Need envy not the fairest dame
Whom Europe's courts and castles claim.
And one stood there, of form most rare,
Even where meet the fairest fair.
No eye could mark, nor pause to trace
Her virgin charm and native grace ;
And though had still unrivall'd been
Her easy dignity of mien,
Expression's ever-varying play
Lent beauty's self a brighter ray.

The maiden's laughing eye reveal'd
The mirth it strove to hide ;
An aged crone, till then conceal'd,
Unbidden stood beside.
Her form was bow'd with many a year,
And haggard was her face ;
And well they knew in silent fear
A daughter of the race,
Who joy to work their tyrant's woe
By secret craft and midnight blow.

She gazed on her with hollow eye,
She beckon'd her with ghastly hand,
And few would then have dared defy
That look of stern command.
“ Lady,” she said, and low and clear
Were the few words that met her ear,
“ Lady, no care hath touch'd thee yet ;
No sorrow, thou would'st fain forget ;
Affection, studious to please,
Hath nursed thee in the lap of ease.
The past has been like summer noon ;
Who knows what clouds may dim it soon ?
The future, which thou canst not see,
Is darkly shadow'd forth to me.
Lady, a fearful lot is thine ;
I would not that it could be mine.
The husband of thy plighted love
Shall treason's deepest perils prove ,
I see thee wed one mightier far,
Of peerless fame and dazzling star,
Who bends to place upon that brow
A prouder crown than kings bestow !*
Lady, on *that* fix not thy trust,
Soon shall thy grandeur sink to dust ;
Mourn the transient pomps of state,
Dethroned, dishonour'd, desolate.
Then shall come thy fortune's curse ;
A rival could not wish thee worse.
Time shall these hidden things unfold :
My task is done, my warning told.”

* “ While Josephine was but a child, it was prophesied by a negro sorceress that she should rise to the dignity of a queen, yet fall from it before her death.”—*Sir W. Scott*.

THE ART OF PLUCK*.

“An Art which Nature teaches, not the Schools.”

WITH the works of imagination that float down the stream of literature, and bask their little hour in the sunshine of popular favour, we do not interfere; we care not to break a fly upon a wheel, and forbear to overwhelm with the terrors of our criticism the little barks, which by their very frailty appeal to our compassion. Neither do we feel ourselves called upon to expose the ignorant pretension or the tame mediocrity of those who write in a higher, or at least a duller strain. Such we leave to sink undisturbed into inevitable oblivion. When, however, a work appears attracting notice from its novelty, demanding consideration from the importance of its subject, and challenging investigation from the authority with which that subject is treated, it becomes our duty, in common with the other directors of public opinion, to submit it to the test of the severest scrutiny. Without further preface we proceed to a consideration of the Art of Pluck, happy that our verdict can be conscientiously favourable, and that it will be our task to point out excellencies rather than draw attention to defects: We shall not, however, confine ourselves to a critical examination of each separate part; but rather taking those general views of the subject, in which the author has been prevented from indulging by the strictly argumentative style to which he has limited his treatise.

It is said that there are two animals only that can reach the summit of the Pyramids, the eagle and the

* *A New Art, teaching how to be Plucked, being a Treatise after the fashion of Aristotle; Writ for the Use of Students in the Universities.* By SCRIBLERUS REDIVIVUS, 12mo. Oxford, Vincent.

reptile. In the same manner academical distinction is obtained by the Pluck and the Graduate. To point out the superiority of the former to the latter would, we hope, in the present age of liberality, be superfluous. Still, in the spirit of Alexander's reply to Parmenio, the distinguished Pluck may say, "Were I not what I am, I might condescend to be a Double First." As to the Graduate,

"A breath may make him as a breath has made;"

and, besides, it is notorious, even beyond the walls of All Souls and of Magdalen, that

"Worth makes the man, and want of it the Fellow."

Still we do not deny them some degree of merit; they are doubtless wise after their generation, but how infinitely inferior is their principle of action! how grovelling their ambition! how cold their reward! Who can forbear an admiration, almost amounting to enthusiasm, when he sees one who can despise the empty honours of a college, and disdain to become "small by degrees"; who, instead of being a miserable satellite, sickly reflecting the puny light of an examiner, at once shines forth an independent sun, blazing in all the plenitude of self-derived effulgence? Where shall we find a more noble example of heroism than in him who asserts his intellectual liberty in the very strongholds of oppression, and with no support but the confidence of idleness and the unflinching intrepidity of ignorance, beards the lion of erudition in his very den? These are the heroic champions of mental independence, and, as intellectual republicans, they will hold in the admiration of posterity a higher place even than political revolutionists. Such is the real grandeur of a Pluck; but we grieve to say, the excellence of this character has long been obscured, first, by those who, from their bigoted attachment to a rotten

and worn-out system, are interested in throwing contempt on all that opposes it; and secondly, by the world at large, who entertain the very common mistake of supposing that it may be obtained by mere obtuseness alone.

The pretended disdain of the first-mentioned is the greatest compliment they could pay to the Pluck. "Thank God, they have not besmeared him with the slime of their approbation." To the latter our answer is almost equally short. To those who have never been put to the proof, it may appear a very easy matter to maintain a constant warfare with the giant of *ennui*, to quench with sedulous care every glimmering of an idea, and to smoke upon principle six hours a day, more or less, and this not one day, but every day. But it must be evident that none but a mind originally firm by stupidity, subsequently fortified by habitual indolence, and, above all, supported by a noble ambition, could persist for three long years in a course of such heroic self-devotion. And glorious is the reward of his perseverance, not only in the pluck he obtains, but also in the success that is sure to attend him in the world of fashion. Would not such an one beat a mere book-worm in obtaining the favour of a belle, unless indeed she were a blue-belle? Who could whisper in a lady's ear so soft a *nothing* as one who has confined all his thoughts to this one topic? Who is so well prepared for pigeoning as one who has already been plucked? Who so sure to be well dressed as one that has been properly roasted by an examiner? * A man who theorizes on the races of

* Vide p. viii. The like analogy is to be noted betwixt a man and a bird, not only at his pluck, but also before and after; for he is said to have been well crammed first, and to have been well roasted by the examiner afterwards.

the Pelasgi is a good enough person in his way; but the speculator on the races of Newmarket is a *better*. A person may be quite *au fait* with Manton's guns, who yet knows nothing of Dawes's canons.

But in proportion as we admire the moral elevation of such a character, so must we be on our guard against the claims of contemptible pretenders,—fellows who become plucks because they cannot get a pass, like the disappointed placeman that turns patriot as his only resource. The moment a person swerves from the high and exalted ambition of becoming a distinguished pluck, to entertain a sneaking desire for a miserable pass, he forfeits all claim to the estimation of the noble and high-minded, and is only fit to be classed with rats and trimmers.

Having indulged ourselves in these desultory remarks, we now proceed to examine the Treatise a little more in detail. With regard to Construing, we would add to the rules there laid down the following, viz.:

To preserve the spirit rather than the letter of the original, and to translate, where possible, into idiomatic English, as φοβεροι μὲν ἰδεῖν, δεινοι δὲ μάχην, Odd ones to look at, but good ones to go.

The following examples may also serve as additional guides for attaining proficiency in this branch of the science:

Archias (we quote from memory) *viginti ante annos natus in Asiam processit*. Archias went into Asia twenty years before he was born. Πιάζων κατ' ἄλσος. Sporting over the manor. *Ad Mauros profectus est*. He left town for the moors. *Carpit iter*. He picks his way.

As a poetic pendant to "*summā diligentia*," &c., may be mentioned the speech of Anchises to Æneas, *Venisti tandem*. So you came in a tandem.

Next, in History and Chronology, we would suggest the advantage of coupling events of an equal number of years before and after the Christian æra. Thus the question being put, "Who was contemporary with Sardapalus?" the ready answer is, "Alfred the Great," the date of both being about 888*.

The instances of brilliant replies in geography are so numerous that we shall content ourselves with one specimen. A gentleman being asked "where the Euxine was situated," boldly answered, "in South America, near Boothia Felix;" the examiner proceeding further to interrogate him "whether there was any sea in Asia," the examinee rejoined "that he believed it was usually spelt with an 's'".

For Divinity the following will suffice. To the question, "what difference was there between the *νομικοι* and *γραμματισται*," answer was made, "that the former were gentlemen that had been admitted to the Inner Temple, but that the latter were allowed to appear in the Courts."

Again, "On whom did the care of the Show Bread devolve?" Ans. "On the Master of the Rolls."

Our author, in Book I. chap. viii., has given an imperfect account of the renowned answer concerning the whale; for it is certain that when Mr. H. had stated the whale's words to be "Almost thou persuadest me to be a Christian," he further added, that Moses clenched his cetaceous friend's conviction with the rejoinder, "Thou art the man."

* It is however needless to enlarge on this subject when there is so standard a work as the *Memoria Technica*, which we believe, has had the honour of producing more plucks than any book published for a series of years. As a proof of its efficacy, it will be sufficient to mention the case of a gentleman, who, being asked in what year of the world our Saviour was born, responded, 122 B.C.

We must next notice a little oversight in Chap. XI. concerning Poesy. It is there said "that Virgil, Horace, Juvenal, and Euripides, when they wrote, knew not the high use to which their books would be put." This appears to be directly contradicted by the passage,

Me peritus
Discet Iber Tamesisque potor. *

Now, if so many were to learn him, there would, in all human probability, be some that would not learn him, and thus he would produce plucks; besides, the allusions to feathers, birds, &c., in the same ode, evidently refer to this operation.

In the division of the treatise, Book II., concerning Idleness, we have little to say, except, perhaps, to object to the including Rowing among the list; for rowing includes a knowledge of mathematics and philosophy. Who that has handled an oar has not been through Bridges times innumerable, and is not well acquainted with the works of a Locke? It may, however, be objected, that those who plume themselves on the elegance of their feather, are most likely to be plucked.

Book III., which treats of the proper demeanour at examination, we earnestly recommend to the attention of juvenile aspirants. In addition to the definitions of Examiners there laid down, the following distinction may be useful. The good-natured examiner who giveth thee books with right stops, the good-humoured examiner who giveth thee books with no stops, and the morose examiner that giveth thee books with wrong stops.

* We subjoin the following MS. note of Doering. "Rhodani omnes fere libri. Perperam Thamesis X. M. N. Q. S. Crediderim autem hoc in loco ad eos qui vulgo hodie 'Tea-totalers' nominantur, poetam nostrum respexisse."

Of Questions, the good-natured examiner will put two, the question comprehensive, and the question definite or the leading question, both of which are related of Dr. B., as when he asked, "Come, Mr. I. tell me all you know about Greece;" to which, getting no other reply than a vacant stare, he followed it up by questioning on a particular fact: "Well, who dragged *who* round the walls of what?"

To the list of Answers might be added the answer superfluous: thus Mr. G. being asked "whether the darkness at the crucifixion could have been caused by an eclipse of the sun?" Answereth, "No;—by an eclipse of the moon;" where, had he been content with the simple negative, he might have passed; but being desirous of displaying further knowledge, he thereby gained a pluck.

Of the answer punning, which is a species of the genus impudent, examples are numerous.

Thus, "What difficulty has the use of the phrase *Idea Mater* caused?" answer is made, "The difficulty exists only in idea."

Again, "How was admission to the Athenian theatre regulated, and how was the drama supported?" "All *orders* were admitted."

"What character would you give of Thersites?" "That he was a friend indeed, for he was a friend in-knee'd."

Of the answer indirect, take this example. A gentleman being asked "what peculiarities Thucydides mentions as belonging to the plague at Athens," answers "that it was never known to kill the same person twice*." The same gentleman being interrogated "as to the Pontifical college mentioned by Cicero," replied

* Δι; γὰρ τὸν αὐτὸν ὥστε καὶ κτείνειν οὐκ ἐπελάμβανεν.

“that he presumed it must be at Cambridge, as he had never heard of it at Oxford.”

And now, having taken this cursory survey of the work itself, we return our heartfelt, our enthusiastic thanks to the author for the inestimable service he has thus rendered to the cause of indolence. The big ideas that have long wandered aimless, valueless, and purportless for want of a resting-place on which to settle, he has now collected into one harmonious whole; he has given to airy nothing a local habitation and a name; he has substituted demonstration for speculation, and, in his own words, that will now be done on principle which was before done at random. This treatise is the text-book of a science which is now in its infancy, but which, we feel confident, will extend its influence and shoot forth its ramifications through the whole of the educated world. The Genius of Pluck will take his stand on the very apex of the temple of fame, supported on either side by the guardian spirits of Phrenology and Homœopathy. To say that it is now treated with contempt and derision, is no argument against its truth or its excellence; for when has not learning been subjected to the ridicule of fools,—when has not science been opposed by ignorance,—when has not the fire of genius been damped by the wet blanket of popular obtuseness? We have now the sketch of a system of the Art of Pluck given by an author who is peculiarly qualified for the task by deep and accurate thought, and we hope, too, by personal experience. But, it must be recollected, that however great an effort this treatise may be, it contains but the rudiments of the science; and we conclude by exhorting future writers to fill up, to colour, and to illustrate this outline, by their thoughts, their observations, and their experiences.

THE MODERN LEMPRIERE.

NEW EDITION.

Revised up to the present time for the use of the paulo-post-futurum.

THE subjoined selections are offered as specimens of an edition of Lempriere, about to be put forth by our enterprising publisher, which will be seen to contain a mass of important information not to be found in the American edition of Professor Anthon, or the formidable English reprint of Mr. E. H. Barker. O.T.N.

This work is designed chiefly to supply to posterity that certainty of knowledge in the biography of eminent Modern characters, which is so often sought for in vain in the meagre accounts left us of the lives of the great men of the Ancient world. Many facts have been lost, and many more misstated, from the want of a Lempriere or a Barker contemporary with the heroes of Athens and Rome. Nor has antient Geography and Topography suffered less from the want of a like eminent authority on the particular subject-matter of each.

Whether indeed it has been the fault of his Dictionaries, or his masters, or himself, the Editor must acknowledge that similarity of names has often led him into perplexities, which, if a mistake in matters so serious could ever be an object of ridicule, would be amusing enough.

He is forced in sincerity to confess that he could never well distinguish between the river Tiber and the modern Tivoli, nor correctly lay down the position of the

various Antiochs. He had once, which his better knowledge has since enabled him to overcome, an unhappy knack of making Phocis a town of Asia Minor, and Phocæa a country to the west of Bœotia, while some indistinct notion of sea-calves hovered between the two.

Then with respect to names of people. Who has not, in his researches into ancient history, experienced an "addle" in his attempts to discriminate accurately between the various Cæsars, Herods, Fabii, Scipios and Catos, (if my memory serve me right, even Horace himself has not escaped confusion in the case of the latter family) and found the difficulty of attributing to each individual his own proper act and deed? Many a little boy is believed to have been whipped for calling Pluto the God of riches, and for locating the Heathen representative of Mammon in a much hotter place than Classical ethics admit of.

Nero, before now, has been assigned a conch and sea-green hair, and Nereus been accommodated with the Emperor's fiddle. Most young ladies believe—and some may perhaps doubt whether it is worth while to disturb their bliss—that the Brutus who murdered Cæsar, and sacrificed himself, was the same man who acted idiot, and expelled the Tarquins; and once to his shame—for at the time he was not confident enough in his knowledge to contradict it—the Editor heard an old lady unhesitatingly affirm before a large tea party that Philip the eunuch was the father of Alexander the Great. But if in these cases several gentlemen have been rolled into one, there are not wanting instances on the other hand where a single individual has been chopped up into many pieces. Thus we find that even Diodorus has made as many as three Hercules, Cicero six, and one writer—he

must surely have been a dogs'-meat-man—has had the audacity to cut him up into mere mince-meat, and fritter him away into forty-three ! Of these, however, the son of Jupiter and Alcmene is allowed on all hands to have been (as the Chinamen say) first chop. But we must haste to our specimens.

BRIDGEWATER, Duke of.—An engineer of obscure birth and most eccentric habits, but by his great talents raised at length to the Bishopric of Bristol. When his great success in Canal surveying caused him to be called to the house of Peers, he was so little ashamed of his occupation that he took his title from the subject-matter of his trade. He was a munificent supporter of Cruelty to Animals, and at his death left eight posthumous Treatises to be published by Lord Francis Egerton, which have been wrongly assigned to various authors. A ninth is altogether spurious.

BUONAPARTE.—Chiefly known as the writer of an Epic in twenty-four books. Though a man of some consequence in his day,—for he was successively King of Spain, Naples, Sweden, Rome, France and Holland,—yet he left behind him little but his literary works. He retired into private life sometime before his death, the date of which is uncertain ; but the last time we read of him in history is in an abortive attempt at an insurrection in the reign of Louis Philippe, King of the French. For further account of him see the *Life of Wellington*.

BURKE.—An enlightened philanthropist of the nineteenth century. He was the happy originator and eloquent advocate of a new and capital mode of punishment, which superseded the guillotine in the French revolution. He was remembered for the dignity of his carriage and his chivalrous attachment to his unfortu-

nate but not less celebrated contemporary, the accomplished but too profligate Hare. The splendour of their characters and the ardency of their affection caused the two friends to be named "The Sublime and Beautiful." His statue formerly existed in the Tussaud Gallery in the attitude of the orator holding a pitch-plaster over the recumbent figure of Marie Antoinette.

CARLTON.—A celebrated Club-house no longer existing, its site being occupied by the offices for the new hotel of the "Whole Hog." It was long presided over and enlivened by the suppers of George IV. when Prince Regent. It was remarkable for the extreme beauty of its Portico, which was afterwards converted into a sort of stone *parapluie* to cover a well, with this inscription, "All's well that ends well."

CAROLINE STATUTES.—Answering to the *lex Julia* of the Roman law. They were passed by Convocation at Oxford in the time of George the Fourth out of compliment to his Queen, and were renewed again in 1836 to spite Dr. Hampden.

CHARTERHOUSE.—Latine, *Tabularium*. A building of considerable size and antiquity upon Eel-pie island, in the Hall of which King John on his way to his palace of Westminster stopped to knight several citizens of London, and to sign the *Magna Charta*. Hence its name. Subsequently it was converted into a Nunnery, and several of its innocent inhabitants who survived the Plague were during the Great Rebellion (*proh pudor!*) brought to the block! Some have derived its name from the Cartularies and Charters which are said to have once existed there, but they have not been lately observed. It is still however used as a depository for many curious deeds, Black-letter books, Latin MSS., Cods., &c.; and

the Usher of the black-rod annually delivers a Classical oration on the 12th of December, at which all the Carthusians and Jesuits in London are expected to attend.

CLARENDON, Constitutions of.—The code of a famous law officer in the reign of Charles I. They were meant as a substitute for Parliaments, but failed in their design. It was one of these that King Ernest gave his Hanoverian subjects, and another which the Canadians took to themselves. A very splendid building was erected at Oxford to contain them, where was held an annual meeting of Delegates to discuss them; the additional volumes which they have added to the code have been characterized as rather heavy and dull. Though chiefly aiming at the better ordering of the clergy they were the cause of bringing Bishop Laud and Juxon to the scaffold.

EATON.—A fashionable commercial academy kept by the Marquis of Westminster, sometime Head-master of the last-named school, the duties of which he performed by proxy. It is supposed that on his elevation to the peerage he adopted his title out of affection to the old scene of his domination. He was succeeded in his estates, according to the *lex Salica*, by his second son, who turned the once famous academy into a riding-school, and established a Hippodrome for annual races. And being a native of London he adopted the Cockney dialect, changing the name of the place into Heaton.

HAMILTON.—*ἄπαξ λεγόμενος.*

HAMPDEN.—A remarkably bad rider, being continually noticed as having “fallen in the field.” He resisted the payment of ship-money, and the appointment of Select Preachers. He was persecuted by the bigotry of the Oxford Papists; but having been appointed by the

same party Bampton Lecturer to the Parliamentary army, and Vicar of St. Mary's, he at length suffered martyrdom for High Church principles, being burnt in effigy by the Dissenters and Nonconformists on the anniversary of the Restoration. See '*Tracts for the Times*,' and his life by Lord Nugent.

HUME.—A voluminous writer of Greek extraction, a great parliamentary and constitutional authority. He is said to have spoken "My name is Norval" 376 times in one Session. His real name however was Hum. Though a disbeliever in the miracles of others, he could perform them himself, and was known to declare that he could turn black into white, and vice versâ, as often as it suited his purposes. Hence he was considered by some a great conjuror. Notwithstanding the Toryism of his history and the scepticism of his philosophy, he is believed to have been both a Whig and a Jew. While physician to the Duke of Wellington in India he performed several extraordinary dissections, and was particularly celebrated for his success in cases of *calculus*. He fell in a quarrel with Rousseau on his way to assist in the independence of Greece.

LAMBE—Better known under the name of Elia. More is known of his private than of his public life. He seldom quitted London, his time being chiefly spent between Downing Street, Threadneedle Street, and Norton Folgate. Very considerable talents, which might have been exercised for the good of his country, were greatly impaired by his habits of drunkenness and smoking. He left the immense fortune which he had accumulated in equal shares to his sister Bridget and the Magdalen Hospital.

LAVALETTE—A celebrated French Marechal and

millionaire, who lived to a very great age. He assisted in all the revolutions from that of 1688 to the three glorious days of July. Though an intimate friend of Napoleon's, he aided Sir Robert Wilson in his escape from the Bastille disguised in the folds of a *drapeau blanc*. After marrying a daughter of Marechal Ney's, he entered into the American service, where he realized an immense fortune, which he embarked in a joint stock Banking Company. This however failing in consequence of the laws of September, he died in great poverty in the clothes in which he had escaped from prison. His name is variously spelled, but the above is the correct form.

MACINTOSH.—A noted conversationalist and cape-maker. During his residence at Bombay he became acquainted with the virtues of Indian rubber, and on his way home weathered the Cape on very scientific principles.

MONTAGUE.—A lady of greater literary than moral celebrity, most shockingly marked with the small-pox. She was the first to clothe chimney-sweeps in blue stockings, (hence the term *bas bleu* as applied to Jacks-in-the Green,) and introduced the celebration of the 1st of May among the little blackies of Constantinople. She wrote three volumes of letters to Hannah Moore, many of which are of a most indiscreet character. She had one son by a gentleman named Wortley, who, though a great scamp in his youth, was afterwards elected member for the North Riding of Yorkshire, and gave an annual dinner to the Factory children in Montague Square.

MOORE, HANNAH, née Little, and after the death of her first husband, married to Mr. Thomas Brown, Jun.

From the startling boldness of her subjects, and the masculine vigour of her melodies, she obtained the sobriquet of "Peter," under which appellation she speculated deeply in the bubbles of 1825: subsequently she assumed that of "Tommy;" but at the close of her days, when "the wild freshness of morning" had passed away, she resumed the name of the Saint. She commenced the Cheap Repository with a tract called "the Epicurean; or, Cœlebs in search of a Religion;" followed by "Loves of the Angels," and "Black Giles the Poacher." After a life of considerable dissipation amongst Bishops and booksellers, she became a Pensioner of the Charterhouse, where she obtained great notoriety as the publisher of the *CARTHUSIAN*.

PALMERSTON.—1. The name of a town in the county of Dublin, with a population of 375. 2. Several small barons who derived their title from this place. They were all remarkable for the shortness of their lives, and the variety of their political principles. The first held high Tory, under Lord Liverpool; the second, Liberal, under Mr. Canning; the third, Whig, under Lord Grey; the fourth, Whig Radical, under Lord Melbourne; and the fifth, Radical, under Lord Erin.

PEEL, Sir ROBERT—raised himself to the highest station which a subject could fill in spite of the disadvantages of a neglected education; for as Cincinnatus was summoned from plough, so he was called from Harrow, to take the helm of the state. He was four times married, each time to a Lady Jane, and each lady a spinster; hence the absurd fable that he was the inventor of Spinning Jennies. While yet alive he had the honours of a deity paid to him, and was worshiped in the

chapel of St. Stephen's under the title of "Liber Conservatorius," or "PEEL, the Preserver."

RUSSELL.—A famous statesman and schoolmaster; the historian of Modern Europe, and the purger of the British constitution. Hence his name of "the Doctor." He served for some time under Don Carlos, a sketch of whose life he embodied in the last edition of the Charterhouse Grammars.

SMITH.—A gentleman of most versatile talents and unbounded acquirements. Baker, banker, brewer, &c., &c., &c., he more than realized the omniscient Greek of Juvenal:

Grammaticus, rhetor, geometres, pictor, aliptes,
Augur, schoenobates, medicus, magus; omnia novit.

Some have considered him as altogether an allegorical personage, representing the principle of Panurge, or of Ubiquity. It is more reasonable, however, to suppose that there were two persons of this name, the younger of whom, yclep't Sydney, having distinguished himself at the siege of Acre, was afterwards buried with great pomp amid the Canons of St. Paul's, and the lamentations of the people.

WELLINGTON, Duke of.—There were three extraordinary men of this name, all equally celebrated. 1. A general in the reign of George III. 2. A minister in the reign of George IV. 3. A writer in the reign of William IV. The latter also fought the battle of Victoria. It is doubtful which of the three had the appellation of "Dux," or "The Duke," by excellence. This name, by which he is generally known in history, has led some to conjecture that in England, as in Ireland, there never was more than one such title. There were, how-

ever, other English Dukes, see "*Bridgewater*," and the list of the Sheriffs of London.

LOVELACE'S POEMS.

AMONG the first objects of Sutton's bounty—certainly among its first fruits—stands the name of RICHARD LOVELACE. Believing that some interest would naturally attach in the minds of his fellow-Carthusians to the earliest, if not the best, among the poets whom their common mother has sent forth; and further, urged by the extreme scarcity of his works, I have been induced to lay before them some extracts from his writings, accompanied by a few passing remarks on their nature and style.

But the man and the poet are so intimately connected, that we should be able to understand little of his writings without we knew something of his life.

He was born in 1618, the eldest son of Sir William Lovelace, of Woolwich; and inherited a family estate at Bethesden near Canterbury. His birth, fortune, and above all his disposition, inclined him to take an active part in the civil struggles of the day, and he attached himself with unfailing zeal to the fortunes of the ill-fated Charles. He was indeed in mind, manners, and writings, not less than in name, the very type of the Cavalier.

The courtier's, soldier's, scholar's, eye, tongue, sword,
were his, and are all equally apparent in his productions. Not a page of his writings, nor an incident in his life, but marks the spirit of the times and party to which

he belonged. Attached to the forms of his religion, even to bigotry, yet utterly devoid of its moral influences, beautiful in person beyond the common limit of masculine form, elegant in his scholarship, and scholar-like in his poetry, a courtier in manners and dress, but wholly free from selfishness in his chivalrous attachment to the person of his King, equally undaunted in battle and in prison, Richard Lovelace presents the very exemplar of the English gentleman of the reign of Charles I.

Whether we view him as the Gentleman-commoner of Gloucester Hall, at the early age of sixteen ; where “ he was accounted the most amiable and beautiful person that ever eye beheld, of innate modesty, virtuous, and a courtly deportment : ” — the young M.A., to which dignity, on occasion of a Royal visit, he was raised by the complaisant authorities (it must be feared at the risk or loss of some of the modesty and virtue recorded above) while but of two years’ standing, “ at the request of a great lady belonging to the Queen : ” — the gay courtier inditing sonnets “ to Elinda’s glove : ” — the gallant ensign under the profligate Goring : — the loyal knight of the shire presenting the Kentish petition to the sour-visaged Parliament for the restoration of the King : — the Gatehouse prisoner, bailed upon £40,000, and, what he valued higher, his *parole* : — the soldier of fortune, a voluntary, not a mercenary, in the French service, covered with glory and wounds at Dunkirk : — losing his affianced bride, who believed him dead : — again a prisoner : — and released at last ruined in health, in fortune, and in cause, to drag out an end more miserable than his master’s ; his life extended enough by the ill-spared pittances of his former friends to outlive the murder of one King, and yet not sufficiently prolonged to view the Restoration of another : — in each, and all the phases of

this varied existence, we trace, together with the history of Richard Lovelace, the fortunes of hundreds of the same party, who, had they served their God with half the zeal with which they served their King, might not have been left in their age naked and destitute to their enemies.

The following short extract from Aubrey tells an eloquent tale of his desolate end :—" Richard Lovelace, Esq. obiit in a cellar in Long Acre, a little before the Restoration of his Ma^{tie}. Mr. Edm. Wyld, &c. had made collections for him, and given him money. He was an extraordinary handsome man, but proud."

Born in the same year as Cowley, he was content, like his brother loyalist and poet, to adopt in his writings the prevalent fashion of the period, rather than to attempt to launch into a new and more natural style of his own. This was indeed essentially the age of Conceits. That very word, which then simply signified *thought*, derived its new meaning from that æra, and thenceforth came to be synonymous with everything that is absurd and outré and tricky in composition. In the same way the word "wit," which up to the time of the First James had the broad and full meaning of *ingenium* or talent, when all ingeny was restricted by that monarch and his coterie to "a combination of dissimilar images, a discovery of occult resemblances in things apparently unlike," became contracted in its signification, and being more and more applied to that particular species, has finally been appropriated to it alone.

It was the age of *vertu* in poetry ; images were sought for from every distant, and barbarous, and hitherto un-
rified region ; and so that a thought was strange, and far-fetched, and quaint, it mattered not how monstrous,

or out of place, or unbecoming it might be. Dr. Johnson has described this school of poetry, in which Donne was the earliest adept, as the Metaphysical school. The propriety of the term may, however, be questioned. Difficult as Metaphysics may be to define, it would be still more difficult to bring the wit of this class of writers under any conceivable definition of that very indefinite subject; but as the Doctor had no very great love or knowledge of that department of philosophy, it is probable that he only meant to designate by the term metaphysical, the general obscurity and extravagance of this very extensive class. They might much more fairly be described as the Metaphoric or Hyperbolic school, in distinction to the Allegoric one of Spenser and Drayton. Let us take an example of the different genius of the two. Drayton crowned the absurdity of his (the Allegoric) system by assuming for his arms, "Pegasus rampant in a field azure, guttée d'eau from Helicon," and for his crest, "A cap of Mercury amid sunbeams proper." Lovelace will supply us with an instance of the Hyperbole of his college.

LUCASTA WEEPING.

Lucasta wept, and still the bright
 Enamour'd God of day,
 With his soft handkerchief of light,
 Kiss'd the wet pearls away.
 But when her tears his heat o'ercame,
 In clouds he quench'd his beams,
 And griev'd, wept out his eye of flame,
 So drowned her sad streams.
 At this she smil'd, when straight the sun
 Clear'd, with her kind desires;
 And by her eyes' reflection,
 Kindled again his fires.

This is serious, and most excellently good. The sun to stanch Lucasta's tears takes out his white pocket-handkerchief, but the stream being too much for the great monophthalmist to dry, he succeeds by drowning it, and is about to walk away in grief, like Polyphemus—with his eye out,—when Lucasta—and no wonder—smiles, whereupon the sun catches the reflexion, clears up, and shines brightly,—and no doubt the birds sang, and the bells began merrily ringing.

This style, though it flourished in full glory under Charles the First, undoubtedly arose from the tone which the court of James gave to the literature of the day. Everything was then to be achieved by Learning, and poor poetry was doomed, in spite of the "*Nascitur, non fit*," to the same process; thus it came to be manufactured out of a mixture of polemical divinity, abstruse technicalities, and scholastic pedantry. Theology be-took itself to rhyme, and Poetry was overlaid with learning. Hence Brooke philosophized, and Davies preached, in metre. Hence Donne, who was essentially a poet, became a divine; and Nahum Tate, who might have abided by his divinity, was accounted a poet.

But the excess of illustration from every possible quarter, and of the most heterogeneous kind, was the peculiar characteristic of the school. Nothing was so mean that it might not lend an image to the sublimest subject, and nothing so lofty that might not be applied to one the most ordinary. The consequence was an entire overthrow of everything like propriety of expression. The sublime was brought down without being made more intelligible, and the low was exalted without any gain to its dignity: where all is on a level, it must necessarily be flat and tedious.

Then the wit which is exercised merely in detecting analogies between things apparently most dissimilar, creates more surprise than admiration, and tickles rather for the moment than delights for a continuance, producing laughter more than pleasure, and adapted to ludicrous, not serious, composition. There was no doubt great ingenuity of head, but little working of the heart shown in their writings. The metaphors of those days were like the telescopes of the same date, valued more in proportion to the distance from which they brought their images, than for the clearness and distinctness with which they presented them, when brought.

But though Lovelace must be ranked among this class, it would be wrong to involve him wholly in the absurdities of it. By far his most successful efforts are those in which he has followed closer on the steps of nature. We should hardly expect in one, so nursed and educated in the fashions of a Court, much knowledge of the book of nature ; yet we find him, whenever he ventures into the region of the country, fully at home with all its objects, and treating them not in the second-hand phrases of a book-imitator, but in the voice of a lover fresh from the contemplation of the scenes themselves. In a pastoral called "Amarantha," and beginning

Up with the jolly bird of light
Who sounds his third retreat to-night.

are many descriptions of natural scenery which might well be quoted to prove that his knowledge, if not his love, of the country was unfeigned.

This is the palace of the wood,
And court o' th' royal oak, where stood

The whole nobility, the pine,
 Straight ash, tall fir, and wanton vine;
 The proper cedar, and the rest;
 Here she her deeper senses blest.

* * * * *

Thus even tired with delight,
 Sated in soul and appetite;
 Full of the purple plum and pear,
 The golden apple with the fair
 Grape, that mirth fain would have taught her,
 And nuts which cracking squirrels brought her;
 She softly lays her weary limbs,
 Whilst gentle slumber now begins
 To draw the curtain of her eye;
 When straight awaken'd with a cry
 And bitter groan, again reposes,
 Again a deep sigh interposes.
 And now she hears a trembling voice;
 Ah, can there ought on earth rejoice!

It is amusing to observe how the ideas which natural objects suggest to him, are outlined and tinted by his general pursuits and feelings. Thus, when he apostrophizes the Snail and the Ant, it is of course quite after his own fashion.

In the Snail he illustrates the *festina lentè* of the cautious and selfish.

Wise emblem of our politic world,
 Sage Snail, within thine own self curl'd;
 Instruct me softly to make haste,
 Whilst these my feet go slowly fast.

This was a lesson he certainly had to learn from others, for he never taught it himself. After much of his curious and far-fetched analogies, he proceeds:

Now hast thou chang'd thee, saint, and made
 Thyself a fane that cupola'd;
 And in thy wreathed cloister thou
 Walkest thine own grey friar too;

Strict, and lock'd up, thou'rt hood all o'er,
And ne'er eliminat'st thy door.

And in another poem on the same subjects, probably written during his refuge in France, he applies the creature's fortunes to his own. *Omne solum forti patria.*

But banish'd, I admire his fate,
Since neither ostracism of state,
Nor a perpetual exile,
Can force this virtue, change his soil :
For wheresoever he doth go
He wanders with his country too.

Most poets have found in the Ant a pattern of thrift and industry, most worthy of all imitation ; not so our care-hating Cavalier ; thus he addresses him "of great labour :"

Austere and cynic ! not one hour t' allow,
To love with pleasure what thou got'st with pain :
But drive, on sacred festivals, thy plough ;
Tearing highways with thy o'er-charged wain.
Not all thy lifetime one poor minute live,
And thy o'er-labour'd bulk with mirth relieve !

Look up then, miserable Ant, and spy
Thy fatal foes, for breaking of her law :
Hov'ring above thee, madam, Margaret Pie,
And her fierce servant, meagre Sir John Daw :
Thyself and storehouse now they do store up,
And thy whole harvest too within their crop.

Thus we unthrifty thrive within earth's tomb,
For some more rav'nous and ambitious jaw :
The grain in th' ant's, the ants i' the pie's womb,
The pie in th' hawk's, the hawks i' th' eagle's maw :
So scattering to hoard 'gainst a long day,
Thinking to save all, we cast all away.

In following up his character in his writings, and tracing the evidences of his chequered life to be found

there, there is little, as might be supposed, which alludes to that part of it which was devoted to study. I fear Charterhouse does not come in even for a "memory's dim thought!" Oxford fares little better. Of his play called the Scholar, nothing remains but the prologue, in which he takes most especial care to inform his audience, that though the scene lies among gowns, and wits, and universities, it is "no learned comedy" he is about to present them with—but a play,

Promising scholars, but no scholarship.

He is more in his element when the drums rattle and the trumpets pour forth their brazen voice. There is a gallantry of martial spirit about the following that cannot be well surpassed.

TO LUCASTA.
Going to the wars.

Tell me not, sweet, I am unkind,
That from the nunnery
Of thy chaste breast, and quiet mind,
To war and arms I fly.
True; a new mistress now I chase,
The first foe in the field;
And with a stronger faith embrace
A sword, a horse, a shield.
Yet this inconstancy is such,
As you too shall adore:
I could not love thee, dear, so much,
Lov'd I not honour more.

The devotedness of soul with which he embraces "A sword, a horse, a shield," cannot fail to remind the classical reader of that noblest of Grecian war-songs, the scolon of Hybrias of Crete!

ἔστί μοι πλοῦτος, μέγα δόρυ καὶ ξίφος,

which may well bear to contest the palm of excellence with the glorious song of Harmodius and Aristogiton.

As the subject is so kindred to the "warrior-bard" whose works are under consideration, I cannot forbear adding a translation of it, from the pen, I believe, of Sir D. K. Sandford, of which it is enough to say that not a spark of the original spirit is lost by its transfusion into English.

My wealth is here—the sword, the spear, the breast-defending
shield ;

With this I plough, with this I sow, with this I reap the field* ;

[* "Some men with swords may reap the field."—*Shirley*.

We beg to seize on this line as a peg to hang a translation of the whole of Shirley's poem sent to us by one, to whom Charterhouse looks for great things. It does not properly come within the

The glories of our birth and state

Are shadows, not substantial things :

There is no armour against Fate :

Death lays his icy hand on Kings :

Sceptre and crown

Must tumble down,

And in the dust be equal made

With the poor crooked scythe and spade.

Some men with swords may reap the field,

And plant fresh laurels where they kill ;

But their strong nerves at last must yield ;

They tame but one another still.

Early or late

They stoop to Fate,

And must give up their murmuring breath,

When they, pale captives, creep to death.

The garlands wither on your brow,

Then boast no more your mighty deeds :

Upon Death's purple altar now,

See, where the victor-victim bleeds.

Your heads must come

To the cold tomb :—

Only the actions of the just

Smell sweet, and blossom in their dust.

With this I tread the luscious grape, and drink the blood-red
wine;

And slaves around in order wait, and all are counted mine!

But he that will not rear the lance upon the battle-field,
Nor sway the sword, nor stand behind the breast-defending
shield,

On lowly knee must worship me, with servile kiss ador'd,
And peal the cry of homage high, and hail me mighty lord!

Well indeed might that country expect brave soldiers

limits of our publication, but we make an exception in this case for the author's as well as the poem's sake; and trust that both he, and the writer to whose paper we have appended this note, will excuse the position in which it occurs.—EDS.]

Sanguinis excelsi, majestatisque superbæ
Gloria, res cassi est nominis, umbra fugax.
Nil facit in fatum clypeus. Mors æqua tyrannis
Imponet gelidas imposuitque manus.
Sceptra ruent, regale decus: diademata regum,
Turpiter exitio collabefacta, ruent.
Scilicet exiguo sub pulvere victa putrescent,
Pauper ubi sordet falx, ubi rastra jacent.
Mortifero miles gladio sibi demetat arvum,
Laureolamque super strage tepente serat.
At cedit virtus; nervorum robora cedent:
Qui domat, alternâ sorte domandus erit.
Parca moraturâ veniat, seu præpete pennâ
Irruet, et duro sub pede colla premet.
Ponet anhelantem supremo murmure vitam,
Pallida cum mortis victima serpet iter.
Actum est—et gelidâ marcent in fronte corollæ;
I, jactata prius robora, lingua, tace.
En! ubi purpuream mortis tremebundus ad aram,
Victima perfuso sanguine, victor adest.
Heu capita adveniant aliquando ad busta necesse est;
Membraque frigenti pondere lædat humus.
Vivit et in tumulto justorum gloria: justis
Floret, et ipse suo spirat odore cinis.

when such were her poets ! It has been said of old, and echoed by some of the wisest of modern times, " Give me to make the ballads of a nation, and I care not who makes its laws."

But to return to Lovelace. *Tam Marti quam Veneri*, his woes and his wooings can hardly be separated. The same red right hand that hurled the thunders of battle, was also in peace most softly eloquent " in the rhetoric o' the palm." Andrew Marvel in his congratulatory verses describes him as one

Whose hand so rudely grasps the steely brand,
Whose hand so gently melts the lady's hand.

And whatever may be his danger on earth or ocean, the vision of his fair Lucasta hovers over him as a guardian angel. The following verses are addressed to her on his going beyond the seas.

If to be absent were to be
Away from thee ;
Or that when I am gone,
You or I were alone ;
Then, my Lucasta, might I crave
Pity from blust'ring wind, or swallowing wave.

But I'll not sigh one blast or gale
To swell my sail,
Or pay a tear to 'suaige
The *foaming blue-god's* rage ;
For whether he will let me pass
Or no, I 'm still as happy as I was.

Though seas and land betwixt us both,
Our faith and troth,
Like separated souls,
All time and space controls ;
Above the highest sphere we meet
Unseen, unknown, and greet as angels greet.

So then we do anticipate
 Our after fate,
 And are alive i' the skies,
 If thus our lips and eyes
 Can speak like spirits unconfin'd
 In heaven, their earthy bodies left behind.

Though he cherished, as his picture shows, his own
 love-locks,—the Puritans' abomination ; he had of course
 the properest poetical abhorrence of curl-papers in his
 mistress, as is proved by his lines "to Amarantha, that
 she would dishevel her hair."

Amarantha, sweet and fair,
 Ah, braid no more that shining hair !
 As my curious hand or eye,
 Hovering round thee let it fly.
 Let it fly as unconfin'd
 As its calm ravisher, the wind ;
 Who hath left his darling th' east,
 To wanton o'er that spicy nest.
 Ev'ry tress must be confest ;
 But neatly tangled at the best ;
 Like a clue of golden thread,
 Most excellently ravelled.
 Do not then wind up that light
 In ribands, and o'er-cloud in night,
 Like the sun in 's early ray,
 But shake your head and scatter day !

I must confess that this gives me a more lively idea than
 I ever had before of the poetry of the "*passis capillis*,"
 which so often puzzled my fourth-form imagination, as
 I travelled through the twelve books of the *Æneid*.

His scholarship is continually forcing itself into his
 verses, but I think rather gracefully where he speaks to
 his mistress of love,

That lightly dances in her eyes
 To tunes of Epithalamies.

His illustration of the natural by the artificial may be exemplified in the lines where he describes his mistress as

One whose white satin upper coat of skin
is
Cut upon velvet rich incarnadine.

In his address "to Lucasta at the bath,"—a situation, by the bye, on which the poets of that day delighted to lavish their most finished verses,—occur the following elegant, and—what is saying a great deal considering the age and the subject—delicate lines.

I' th' Autumn of a Summer's day,
When all the winds got leave to play;
Lucasta, that fair ship, is launch'd,
And from its crust this almond blanch'd.
Court, gentle zephyr, court and fan
Her softer breasts carnation'd wan;
Your charming rhetoric of down
Flies scatter'd from before her frown.
Say, *my white Water-lily*, say,
How is't those warm streams break away?
Cut by thy chaste cold breast which dwells
Amid them arm'd in icicles.

I said that this was a favourite subject with the poets of this school. There are few who will not recur to those fanciful verses of Donne, which worthy Isaac the fisherman has embodied in his "Angler," beginning, "Come live with me, and be my love;" when, as his mistress is bathing, the enamoured fish are only too glad to be caught by so fair a bait.

Cowley has followed in the same strain, on the same occasion.

The fish around her crowded, as they do
To the false light that treacherous fishers show,
And all with as much ease might taken be
As she at first took me.

And Lovelace, in another place, baits in the same manner.

She sits and entertains her eye
 With the moist crystal, and the fry
 With burnish'd silver mail'd, whose oars
 Amazed still make to the shores ;
 What need she other bait or charm
 But look or angle, but her arm ?

Yet as the entire image in a Conceit, it must be owned that the Divine, from whom both Cowley and Lovelace copied, has treated it more daintily and quaintly and trimly in the original. I must be contented, however, to quote only two stanzas :

When thou shalt swim in that live bath,
 Each fish, which every channel hath,
 Will amorously to thee swim,
 Gladder to catch thee, than thou him.

* * * *

For thee, thou need'st no such deceit,
 For thou thyself art thine own bait :
 That fish, that is not catch'd thereby,
 Alas ! is wiser far than I !

I have dwelt rather long on this angling without rod or line, but this is a good specimen of the writers in the Conceited style, traces the closeness of their imitations of one another, and shows how threadbare they wore a poor fancy before they had done with it. I know not if one literary theft is considered cancelled by the thief being pillaged in his turn, or whether I am right in charging as a plagiarism what may only have been the coincidence of genius ; but in a verse of Lovelace's,

Like to the *sentinel stars* I watch all night,

there seems something very like the original of that beautiful and highly-prized expression of Campbell's,

When the *sentinel stars* set their watch in the sky.

There are some fair lines, beginning, "That frantic error I adore," entitled "The Apostacy of one, and but one lady" but I must cut short the extracts from his love-verses with the last stanza.

Oh ! she is constant as the wind
That revels in an ev'ning's air !
Certain, as ways unto the blind
More real than her flatt'ries are ;
Gentle, as chains that honour bind ;
More faithful than an Hebrew Jew,
But as the devil not half so true.

Gallant in every sense of the word, the general tone of Lovelace's verses may be judged of from their titles : "Lucasta's fan, with a looking-glass in it ;"—"To a lady with a falcon on her fist ;"—"La Bella Bona Roba ;"—"To a fly about a glass of burnt claret ;"—"Sonnet to Elinda's glove ;"—"On a black patch on Lucasta's face ;"—"A la Bourbon ;"—"To Madame A. L., who desired me to bear part with her in a song." Add to these his verses to Beaumont's better half, "On the best, last, and only remaining Comedy of Mr. Fletcher, *The Wild-geese Chase*," and his panegyric "On the best picture of friendship, Mr. Peter Lilly"—better known as Sir Peter Lely, the painter of the melting eye—and it will require but little imagination to conjure up before the mind's eye the gay and luxurious Cavalier, the friend of poets and painters, clothed, as his biographer tells us, "when in all his glory, in cloth of gold and silver," his hair falling in graceful ringlets on his shoulders, his full dark eyes, his arched and pencilled eye-brows, and, as his pic-

ture shows, most elaborated and piquant moustaches, discoursing most eloquent music to the "soft-souled" ladies at a Court Masque in the Whitehall banqueting-room, with the fresh glowing colours of Rubens above their heads, the "Cælum Britannicum" of Carew about to commence, and Inigo Jones the decorator and conductor.

There is a "galliard and clinquant" air about most of his verses; and the atmosphere of the Court, breathing

Ambers, pomegranates, jessamine,

is evidently the one in which he took most delight to respire. But there is a nobler part of his character not yet touched upon, one which is at once the brightest and the saddest, where he appears as the Loyalist and the Prisoner. In the sunniest hour of Charles's prosperity and the cloudiest of his peril Lovelace was never found wanting, nor did the walls of a prison damp the ardour of that loyalty which had already shown itself in the field.

The inspiration of a prison has often been felt. To its seclusion and leisure we owe some of the noblest and most original works of genius.

Boethius and Grotius both learned and wrote philosophy within their dungeon-walls, and Don Quixote and the Pilgrim's Progress are alike the fruits of the prison-house.

Decidedly the best of Lovelace's songs are those written while under confinement, being nobler in sentiment and more natural in language than those he composed under the influence of the Court.

The distraction which every independent spirit must have felt at the first breaking out of the war between the King and the Parliament,—the difficulty of deciding

between the discordant claims of interest and duty,—the still harder task of discovering which way that duty lay, are well expressed in his “Epode from Prison.” Much in the first eleven stanzas is applicable to the present day.

Long in thy shackles, Liberty,
I ask not from these walls, but thee ;
Left for awhile another’s bride
To fancy all the world beside.

Yet e’er I do begin to love,
See ! how I all my objects prove ;
Then my free soul to that confine,
’T were possible I might call mine.

First I would be in love with peace,
And her rich swelling breasts increase ;
But how, alas ! how may that be,
Despising earth, she will love me ?

Fain would I be in love with war,
As my dear just avenging star ;
But war is lov’d so ev’ry where,
Ev’n he disdains a lodging here.

Thee and thy wounds I would bemoan,
Fair thorough-shot religion ;
But he lives only that kills thee,
And whoso binds thy hands is free.

I would love a parliament
As a main prop from heav’n sent ;
But, ah ! who’s he that would be wedded
To th’ fairest body that’s beheaded ?

Next would I court my liberty,
And then my birthright, property ;
But can that be, when it is known
There’s nothing you can call your own ?

A reformation I would have,
As for our griefs a sov’reign salve ;
That is, a cleansing of each wheel
Of state, that yet some rust doth feel :

But not a reformation so,
As to reform were to o'erthrow ;
Like watches by unskilful men
Disjointed, and set ill again.

The public faith I would adore,
But she is bankrupt of her store ;
Nor how to trust her I can see ;
For she that cozens all, must me.

Since then none of these can be
Fit objects for my love and me ;
What then remains, but th' only spring
Of all our loves and joys ? The KING.

That he could be merry in prison, and that his spirits
did not there desert him—nor wine either—the following
song will show.

THE VINTAGE TO THE DUNGEON.

Sing out, pent souls, sing cheerfully !
Care shackles you in liberty,
Mirth frees you in captivity :
Would you double fetters add ?
Else why so sad ?

CHORUS.

Besides your pinion'd arms you'll find
Grief too can manacle the mind.
Live then pris'ners uncontrol'd ;
Drink o' th' strong, the rich, the old,
Till wine too hath your wits in hold ;
Then if still your jollity
And throats are free ;

CHORUS.

Triumph in your bonds and pains,
And dance to th' music of your chains.

While on a Bacchanalian topic I must present a perfect gem in its way, from one of his drinking-songs. I beg not to be considered as speaking from my own expe-

rience; but from what I have heard from the description of others, I should think it impossible to condense the confused ideas produced by intoxication more feelingly than in the first two lines.

*See all the world how 't staggers,
More ugly drunk than we,
As if far gone in daggers
And blood it seem'd to be.
Let others glory follow,
In their false riches wallow,
And with their grief be merry;
Leave me but love and sherry.*

Oh! worthy to be sung by honest Jack Falstaff!

Like a proper school-boy, I have kept the *bonne-bouche* for the last. Who was the Althea that inspired the song, and why it was not Lucasta, I cannot tell; but though it requires "no bush" to recommend it, it may be well for those who only admire upon authority to know that Southey had pronounced "that it will live as long as the English language."

TO ALTHEA, FROM PRISON.

When love with unconfined wings
Hovers within my gates;
And my divine Althea brings
To whisper at the gates;
When I lie tangled in her hair,
And fetter'd to her eye;
The birds that wanton in the air,
Know no such liberty.

When flowing cups run swiftly round
With no allaying Thames,
Our careless heads with roses bound,
Our hearts with loyal flames;
When thirsty grief in wine we steep,
When healths and draughts go free;
Fishes that tinkle in the deep,
Know no such liberty.

When (like committed linnets) I
 With shriller throat shall sing
 The sweetness, mercy, majesty,
 And glories of my KING ;
 When I shall voice aloud, how good
 He is, how great should be ;
 Enlarged winds that curl the flood,
 Know no such liberty.

Stone walls do not a prison make,
 Nor iron bars a cage ;
 Minds innocent and quiet take
 That for an hermitage ;
 If I have freedom in my love,
 And in my soul am free ;
 Angels alone that soar above
 Enjoy such liberty.

I fear that my reader will long ago have thought that it was time to conclude. With the specimens here given I would advise my brother Carthusians to be content. I believe I have acted the part of Jack Horner without his selfishness, and picked out all the plums for *their* benefit as much as my own, and deserve to be *culdized* as "a good boy" for my trouble. Much that I have rejected is tasteless, and some would disgust. The very reprehensible license which marks the Caroline epoch is too universal to make us feel much surprise that Lovelace was not wholly free from its contamination. The companion of Goring and Davenant, and Suckling, and Jermyn could hardly be expected, notwithstanding his "innate modesty," to be wholly undefiled in that stream from which even the good Dr. Donne has not altogether escaped with clean hands. Lovelace however does not deserve to be confounded for a moment with the most licentious of his age. As times went, perhaps he is the purest specimen of the thorough-bred Cavalier, which we could point out. We have reason to be thankful that

at the present day both religion and loyalty are far better understood than they were then.

Such is the history of the man, the author of "the Scholar" and "the Soldier;" and though both these pieces have perished, he has left behind him in his life and writings sufficient to show that there were few who could have more authority on such subjects, and fewer still who united both characters so honourably in their own person.

Such too is the poetry of him, the only bard (the authors of the Prize poems will excuse me) that Charterhouse has yet produced; for Addison will claim his laurel for his prose. Whether among her present sons there are any youthful aspirants worthy of that name, and whether the CARTHUSIAN has tended to call forth their powers, I leave to others to determine. If, out of many very promising performances, one may be permitted, by their connection with the present subject, to select the verses which appeared in the last number on the monarch whom Lovelace served, as doing credit both to the taste and feelings of the author, it is not with any disparagement to the merits of the other compositions in a publication in which no one takes a more hearty interest than the writer of this paper.

SNOWDON.

HAIL, mighty monarch of the frowning brow,
Thou giant king! to whom their homage pay
The lesser mountains that seem humbled now
Before the throne of thy dread majesty.

Though all things round thee hasten to decay
Thou art unchang'd, nor with thy years wax' st old.
As proudly rise thy rocks—as proudly they
Fling to the tempest their defiance bold,
As when they first were cast in their primæval mould.

Thy beetling sides are by no forests graced,
Wave no green branches, grow no flow'rets fair ;
No gentle verdure clothes thy rugged waist,
But all around is lonely, bleak and bare ;
Stern is thy grandeur tow'ring in the air,
And aye the loud winds howl—a dwelling rude
The prince of storm seems to have chosen, where
For him a fitting palace hath been hew'd
By Nature's hands, austere, sublime in solitude.

And I have stood upon thy loftiest peak,
Mantled by winter in a robe of snow ;
Where, like to blushes on a maiden's cheek,
The setting sunbeams rosy radiance throw ;
And I have watch'd the gath'ring storm below,
Until the clouds like frantic war-steeds meet,
And the pent lightnings red and vivid glow
Bursting their prison doors beneath my feet,
While loud the swelling crash the echoing rocks repeat.

O, sweet it is, when day gives place to night,
When fresh from ocean shines the evening star,
And Heav'n is spangled o'er with gems of light,
To view the haughty mountain from afar.
Meek Dian seems to check her silver car,
And on his head her weary course to stay ;
In that pale light his terrors soften'd are,—
Sweet from that eminence to watch till day
Return to warm anew all life with healthy ray.

Slow from th' horizon have night's shadows roll'd,
When kiss'd by the awaking day-god's beams ;

First softly blushing, soon like liquid gold,
 The placid mirror of the ocean gleams ;
 There have I gaz'd in visionary dreams
 On the dull lakes below that idly sleep,
 And the loud dashings of the mountain streams,
 Whose foaming waters down their channel steep,
 Thund'ring from rock to rock, with savage music leap.

I DIDDLE, DIDDLE, THE CAT AND THE FIDDLE.

THOSE of our readers who are acquainted with Mr. Bellenden Ker's curious researches into the origin of our Nursery Rhymes will be little surprised to find in any of them a philosophy beyond what the vulgar dream of. But that learned antiquary seems to have limited his investigations too exclusively to the Saxon sources. Yet, as the erudite editor of the *Britannia Romana* has shown, the influence of Latin customs and language pervaded the laws and poetry of Britain long after the retirement of the Romans from the island ; and no one can doubt that in the following *Elegiacs* lies the original of the well-known

I diddle, diddle, the cat and the fiddle.

Concinite o dociles Idyllia—dyllia Musæ,

Felem et felinas concelebrate fides.

Æthera nam saltu petiit Bos invida Lunæ,

Cornua quæ pedibus non sua subjiceret.

Ludicra quæ spectans nugasque Canicula risit,

Astraque ridenti confremuere Cani.

Protinus et Patinæ novus additur ardor eundi,

Atque fugæ Patinæ fit Cochleare comes.

EPIGRAMS FROM THE GREEK.

THE following translations, besides their own merit, have an hereditary claim on the lovers of the Greek Anthology; we have much pleasure in inserting them.

APOLLONIDAS, II. 118.

ὑπγώεις, ὦ ταῖρε, τὸ δὲ σκύφος αὐτὸ βοᾷ σε.
 ἔγρεο· μὴ τέρπον μοιριδίῃ μελέτῃ·
 μὴ φείσῃ, Διόδωρε· λάβρος δ' εἰς βάκχον ὀλισθὼν
 ἄχρῃς ἐπὶ σφαλέφου ζωροπότει γόνατος·
 ἔσσεθ', ὅθ' οὐ πιόμεσθα, πολὺς χρόνος· ἀλλ' ἄγ' ἐπείγουν·
 ἢ συνετὴ κροτάφων ἅπτεται ἡμετέρων.

You are sleeping, my friend, but the bowl is calling—
 Wake up, and shake off all troublesome cares;
 No heel-taps, but drink, till in danger of falling,
 Its tottering burden the knee scarcely bears.

Awake, Diodorus, the time will be long
 In the realms where no liquor our clay ever wets:
 Lose no moments, but let our potations be strong—
 Only look at our bald philosophical pates!

κλείδουχοι νεκῶν, πάσας Ἀΐδαο κελεύθους
 φράγνυτε, καὶ στομίοις κλειθρα δέχεσθε πύλαι·
 αὐτὸς ἐγὼν Ἀΐδας ἐνέπω· Γερμανικὸς ἄστρων·
 οὐκ ἐμός· οὐ χωρεῖ νῆα τόσην Ἀχέρων.

Guards of the dead, close all the roads
 And lock the gates of my abodes.
 I Hades self command; the sky
 May have Germanicus, not I:
 For Acheron would try in vain
 So large a vessel to contain.

LA BRANCH D'AMANDIER.

De l'amandier tige fleurie,
Symbole, hélas ! de la beauté !
Comme toi, la fleur de la vie
Fleurit et tombe avant l'été.

Qu'on la néglige ou qu'on la cueille,
De nos fronts, des mains de l'Amour,
Elle s'échappe feuille à feuille,
Comme nos plaisirs jour à jour.

Savourons ces courtes délices,
Disputons-les même au zéphyr ;
Epuisons ces rians calices
De ces parfums qui vont mourir.

Souvent la beauté fugitive
Ressemble à la fleur du matin,
Qui du front glacé du convive
Tombe avant l'heure du festin.

Un jour tombe, un autre se lève ;
Le printemps va s'évanouir ;
Chaque fleur que le vent enlève
Nous dit ; Hâtez-vous d'en jouir.

Et, puisqu'il faut qu'elles périssent,
Qu'elles périssent sans retour, —
Que les roses ne se flétrissent
Que sous les lèvres de l'Amour !

DE LAMARTINE.

Quarantième Méditation.

THE BRANCH OF THE ALMOND TREE.

SYMBOL of beauty's pride,
Bright branch of the almond-tree !
Life's flower ere summer-tide
Blushes and falls like thee.

Neglected or gather'd,—still brief,
From our brows, from Love's grasp away
It withereth leaf by leaf,
As our pleasures day by day.

Then, ere on the breeze they fleet,
Its frail delights we'll cherish,
And we'll drain the chalice sweet
Of its fragrance that breathes to perish.

Too often doth beauty's glow
Resemble the morning flow'r,
Which falls from the death-chill'd brow
Of the guest ere the festal hour.

Time is waning day by day,—
Fleets swiftly the spring-tide fair,—
And each flow'r the wind bears away
Bids us hasten its joys to share.

Then, since they must perish for ever,—
'The roses whose sweets we prove,—
Oh ! let them wither never
Save under the lips of Love !

THE LETTER-BOX.—No. 1.

NOT the least relief to the irksomeness of Editorship (how we apples swim!) has been afforded by the many kind letters which have poured in upon us from all quarters. Were it not that a premature disclosure of our state-secrets would be unadvisable, we should certainly be tempted to lay before our readers very many as pretty examples of the delicate and facete in letter-writing, as it has ever fallen to our lot to see. These, however, we must keep for a *corps de réserve* on the final dismantling of our Magazine, and in the meantime will put forth only such regular troops of the *line* as will keep up the general engagement, while they cover the manœuvring at head-quarters.

H. M.

C. F. I.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CARTHUSIAN.

Oxford, — College, October 13, 1837.

WELL-BELOVED THREE,

ONE would suppose, by your request for an epistle touching the concerns of this my literary foster-mother, that she were a subject on which the pen could run as easily and as agreeably as it has done in the hands of the good and true Carthusians who have hitherto helped to fill your pages; but truly it is now-a-days no pleasing task to sit down and write a letter, whose chief and prime subject is to be the degenerate Rhedycina.

Alas for Oxford! Her glory, if not absolutely defunct, is at least very rapidly departing; her time-honoured customs are gradually on the wane: she is

daily growing duller and more torpid; and a 'fast' man will soon be as undiscoverable within her walls as the longitude or the perpetual motion. Where be now the pranks, where the hair-breadth 'scapes, where the Town and Gown battles-royal which were wont to keep the High-street in a roar? Alas! where? There is not a sign-board disturbed, there is not a gas-lamp broken, along its whole extent. The Proctor stalks along its pavement in undisputed majesty, and a prostrated Bull-dog is, like Rachel's children, among the things which are not. Our very dress has undergone an alteration. The venerable brown hue, erst so much sought after in the gown of an Oxonian,—the rents and patches once cherished as the signs and records of honourable service, are fast giving place to prim and spotless garments of solemn black; and the demand for new Trenchers is at present three times as great as it was ever known to be, even in the very hottest days of Academic warfare. I seriously expect that, after the lapse of a few more terms, a "beaver" will be an article as unknown in the wardrobe of a Gownsmen as a bank-note in his exchequer; and that the first intelligence which will greet my eyes in the columns of the Oxford Herald for November, 1840, will be the heart-rending detail of the melancholy and simultaneous suicide of Messrs. Juggins and Castle.

I remember to have conversed with a Scout in whose recollection the days (or rather nights,) were yet fresh when, according to the old catch, "never a man would leave his can" till he had effectually put such a desertion out of his power; in other words, till some friendly wheelbarrow arrived to transport him from the symposium at which the flow of soul had been far exceeded by that of the seductive "Bishop," or the still more fas-

cinating "Cardinal." In his day, the Heads of Houses were distinguished by a rotundity of paunch apparently unattainable by the present generation; and a Fellow of a College was always to be known by a rubicundity of nose which is now preserved only in the recollection of its quondam admirers.

Sometimes, indeed, though but rarely, the youth of Academus may still catch, as it were, a glimpse of by-gone times, when the worthies of other days come trooping up to Oxford to defend in Convocation the rights and interests of their cherished Alma-Mater. Then, and then only, it is that the admiring student watches, rolling along the High-street, forms which have as yet had an existence only in the legends of an antiquated porter, or the faded and uncared-for portraits which serve to hide the naked walls of his College library. Then it is that the anomaly of the gown of the resident master, surmounted by the shovel-hat of the West-country parson, presents itself to the astonished eyes,—then it is that the loud and hearty laugh, awakened by the recollection of past adventures, bursts upon the shocked and bewildered ears of the dashing Gentleman Commoner of 1837. Then it is that the Freshman, before whose mind's eye are ever floating bright visions of Academic honours, gazes in speechless wonder at the unaccustomed forms; despising, in his "heart of hearts," the ignoble spirits who attended to the laws of Good fellowship far more closely than to those of Logic, and preferred tracking a Fox through the intricacies of Bagley to hunting for sense among the philosophical obscurities of his idolized Aristotle.

The fame of the man who rides from Morn to dewy Eve to the cheering music of hound and horn, is mute in comparison with his who pores from *Matin Prime* till

Moonless Midnight over some antiquated and moth-eaten folio. The bright sayings of the Spirits of the olden time who waxed eloquent over their cups, are as dust in the balance when weighed against the all-unpremeditated effusions of the sucking orators of the Union.

Alas! for the noble impatience of restraint, the generous contempt of lectures, the bold defiance of constituted authorities which characterized our predecessors! They are missing from their old haunts,—their memory is all but obliterated;—I have even lived to hear their extinction made a subject of rejoicing; and I have mounted to my rooms, inwardly cursing the degeneracy of the age, and murmuring to myself the almost despairing question, “When will such heroes live again?”

Here I must stop (I was just about to add, for the present): but I suspect you will take good care for the future how you provoke such another Chapter from the Lamentations of,

Yours dolefully,

JEREMIAH ———.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CARTHUSIAN.

DEAR LADS,

THE CARTHUSIAN has given me great delight. Your *tertium quid* for the leader in a three-horse omnibus is excellent. By the bye, Cantabs call such a team a “three-horse power;” but your phrase is infinitely more picturesque—it represents at once the weight of the vehicle, the poverty of the original pair of horses, the embarrassment of the driver, and his noble resolution, somehow or other, to surmount his difficulties.

But instead of *Latinizing*, it has often occurred to me, that as we have many words in common use which have not yet appeared in the dictionaries, we ought to endeavour to make them English by clothing them with some definite meaning. To do this in a scholar-like manner we should trace every neophyte to its origin, or, which is nearly the same thing, and more in accordance with the practice of lexicographers, boldly assign it a derivation by affiliating it on the nearest sounding Greek, Latin, or other foreign word that comes to mind.

On this hint I write: and suggest a few instances which your more recent acquaintance with authorities will enable you to correct* and amplify.

Cad, the attendant to an omnibus; *a non cadendo*; as *lucus a non lucendo*, because he never falls; the passengers often do.

Tick, credit, without paying; τικχος; because practisers of this art often get placed "within four walls."

Lout, λουτρον, *a non lavando*, one of the "*unwashed*."

Toggery, clothes; *a togâ*. The word most frequently means finery, showy, or fashionable dress; hence *gens togata* may be rendered *the swell mob*.

Touting, the practice, at watering places especially, of soliciting custom by forcing cards into the hands of new visitors: this is obviously from τούτο or τούτι.

To kick: when coachmen go round to ask for "something," they term it "*kicking* their passengers:" and a most appropriate phrase it is, seeing that

* We have mislaid our Butmann's Lexilogus, otherwise we fancy that we might find some of our learned friend's hypotheses demolished by the new lights of the German critic.—Eds.

it is the first syllable of *kickshaws*, which every body knows to be a corruption of *quelque chose*. A passenger who does not tip, is learnedly designated, a *snob*, i. e. *sine obolo*.

Cab. This, I confess, puzzles me. I think I remember a word in Homer, *καββαλε*, *he fell, or was thrown out head foremost*; a predicament which, not having been confined to the heroes of the Iliad, may possibly have given rise to the modern appellation. If I mistake not, the word Cab itself occurs in yet higher authority; but whether there is any similarity between the recorded contents of the Hebrew measure and the ordinary state of the metropolitan vehicle, I leave to the decision of those who patronize the latter.

Clown. This word, with the epithet "wrangling" prefixed, having been used by a learned Lord in the Upper House, deserves the attention of some more skilful etymologist; for I can only derive it from *clunis* or *clunes*, and suppose it to mean a heavy fellow, so formed by nature as to be alike insensible to an argument and to a kick.

Gin. If your politeness will not permit you to trace this to *γυνή* as a favourite *των γυναικων*, it must needs descend from *γινωμαι*, *to prove*, inasmuch as it is generally retailed under the denomination of "full proof,"—a deviation from the truth certainly, but a venial error if that were the only mischief that resulted from its consumption.

If it happens that my memoriter citations cannot, as some erudite jurisconsult expresses it, "defend themselves *in bello grammaticali*," you must impute it to my having so long retired from the field of action. Let me also remind you that my eyesight is not good enough

to turn the leaves of lexicons ; and I don't know how it is, whenever a Greek book comes in my way, I never can find my spectacles. Believe me, with good wishes for the prosperity of Domus and Carthusians, young and old,

Yours sincerely,

ETYMON.

————— Sept. 1837.

TO THE TRIUMVIRATE.

Trin. Coll. Camb.

DEAR SIRS,

HAVING nearly run through my University course, and having to appear before certain awful personages, 'yclept Examiners, in the Senate House on the 14th of January instant, I have been up at Cambridge for the last four months brushing up all the little knowledge I ever had, and replenishing my slender stock by the addition of a little more. As, however, my ambition does not soar higher than to be among the first fifty in the *πολλ*, I have managed to mix the "*utile dulci*," and have been able to see some of the "still life" of Cambridge during the Long Vacation ; and never was there a more striking contrast than between Cambridge in July and August, and the same place in November or May.

If you walk up Trumpington Street or King's Parade on Sunday, you are "cut" or "stared out" by your shoe-black, who is besporting himself on that "fashionable promenade" amongst the snobs and snobesses, arrayed in the last best coat which he stole from your wardrobe. Take your wherry, and pull down to Baits-

bite, and you will assuredly be run down by an Eight-oar, manned by Gyps, who (excuse the Pun, for the sake of St. John's,) are going "a gipsying." The billiard-tables are now monopolised by markers; and if you enter the Long Booth at Sturbitch Fair, and venture to engage a fair partner for the next quadrille, you will be confronted on standing up by your Bedmaker or a She Hall-waiter, in the shape of a *vis-à-vis*.

The only redeeming quality is, that Dons and Duns keep at a distance during this time. Our great "Northern Lights," Professors Peacock, Whewell, Miller, &c., or (as they are called in St. John's) "the Miller and his Men," have been assisting Professors Nogo and Muff at the Mudfog Association; though, by the bye, Master Boz, in his highly interesting and instructive account of that Meeting, has not thought proper to mention the names of the former gentlemen; a great omission on his part, which I should resent if I were in their place.

The University has lately sustained a great loss in the death of Hardman, who took the "highest honours" here as "grand Compounder" in Punch, Copus, &c. His Bishop was beyond all reproach, and though it was made in Trinity, the Johnians, influenced no doubt by the desire of making a pun, used to allow that "Hardman's Bishop was very good, because it made everybody who drank it half 'sees' over."

But enough of this; I am glad to see that Cambridge is again reviving after its five months' nap; windows are being cleaned, gyps are not quite so impudent as they were a fortnight ago, hacks are being brought up from grass, and the Marquis of Bentley and Lord Litchfield, two of the University tradesmen, are announced among the Fashionable Arrivals "from a tour." I yesterday saw a Freshman, and this morn-

ing two more with a Governor ; but, as one Freshman does not make a Term, I shall now go out and see if there are any more of those interesting young Creatures, the Harbingers of Lectures, and shall therefore conclude in the emphatic words of Weller Senior,

Yours infernally,

CRAM.

October 10th.

EPIGRAM.

SAYS John's mother to John, " If you and the Duke
Should happen to meet face to face,
Now don't be a fool, and get a rebuke,
But mind, and at once say, ' Your Grace '."

John met my Lord Duke, and, anxious to give
(As his mother had order'd) to rank full
Respect, said, " For what we are going to receive
The Lord make us truly thankful."

ŒDIPUS COLONEUS,—l. 668.

Lo, stranger ! thou hast reach'd the strand,
Fairest in all this far-fam'd land,
Colonus' chalky soil ;
Where, with unceasing plaintive lay,
The nightingale defers the day,
And eases mortal toil.

Sweet fairy songster ! woodland queen !
That haunt'st the ivy's mantling green,
And lov'st the sacred bow'r,
Where fruits in clust'ring plenty grow,
Where raging winds forget to blow,
And angry storms to low'r.

See, see the Bacchic God advance ;
 The frantic nurses join the dance,
 Attendants in his train.
 See the Narcissus, Goddess'-wreath,
 Flourish the heav'nly dew beneath,
 That fructifies the plain.

Here, too, the crocus from afar
 Gleams like a bright celestial star :—
 Nor sleep Cephissus' rills ;
 But daily, with unsullied rains,
 He brings new verdure to our plains,
 And Earth's glad bosom tills.

Him nor the Muses' bands disdain,
 Nor Venus—she of golden rein.
 But list—I praise in song
 A plant, which Asia seeks in vain,
 Which ne'er to Pelops' sea-girt plain,
 Though mighty, shall belong.

For see !—no work of human toil—
 Springs the fresh olive in our soil,
 The strongest foe's alarm :
 Our youth it trains to deeds of might,
 While old and young in vain unite
 Our nation's boast to harm.

For Morian Jove has deign'd to bless,
 And she, our blue-eyed patroness.—
 But list again !—I sing
 The bounty of great Saturn's son ;
 Thou, Neptune, thou this praise hast won :
 To thee all thanks we bring.

To thee we owe our nation's skill,
 'Tis ours to boast—'tis thine to will
 That such our pow'r should be :

'Twas thou that gav'st the curbing rein,
Thou didst the madden'd steed restrain
When raging to be free.

'Twas thou that bad'st the oar to leap
O'er the glad waters of the deep,
Plied by the skilful hand.
The nymphs of hundred feet rejoice
To aid the bark with fav'ring voice,
The gentle Nereid's band.

THE TRIUMVIRATE.

Editors' Study, Nov. 15.

THERE were met in Council Mr. Harry Moubray and Mr. Charles Iverly, and four Sub-Editors who shall for the present be nameless. The aspect of affairs, however, was very different from what we have hitherto had to describe. The new, clean, striped paper of the Editors' study, the snow-white ceiling, the fresh and enamelled carpet (the subject of so many malicious remarks,) appeared in strong contrast to the downcast spirits and black visages of the assembled possessors. Something was wrong. A plank had started. A string was broken. A screw was loose. The table before them was spread over with vast heaps of disorderly MSS., and lying at the top of all was to be seen a document in a neat print-like hand, having Sutton's arms drawn at the head of its first page, and superscribed as THE CHARTERHOUSE GAZETTE.

From the continual turnings and twittings which the said paper underwent from the hands of the assembled party, and the half-scornful, half-angry glances which

they vouchsafed occasionally to give to its contents, it was quite certain that the ill-humour so visibly depicted on the countenances of all present, was partly at least to be traced to the existence of that mysterious production.

After some little consultation between the two members of the Triumvirate present, Mr. Moubray at length rose to address the select party, which had been purposely, as the circular intimated, summoned for the communication of some very important matter.

“ I believe, gentlemen,” he began, “ it is hardly necessary for me to confirm the report now so generally circulated within and without the walls of Charterhouse, that a member of the Triumvirate has resigned, and that the only remaining constituents of that once united body are now before you. Much as I regret the circumstance, I shall not detain you with any useless expressions of sorrow, but, at the risk of being somewhat tedious, lay before you at once the whole facts of this extraordinary case. You may remember that at the first broaching of our design, our then worthy friend Buchanan was,—to use the parliamentary phrase,—‘ very forward in being backward ’ to give us the advantage of his assistance. Whatever doubts and misgivings were urged at our outset, all came from that quarter. All the cold water thrown upon us was from *his* jug. He was sadly afraid lest the Carthusian should prosper at the expense of his Euclid, and urged the concoction of certain heavy Hexameters for the Gold Medal (which by-the-bye he did not get,) as an excuse for neglecting the lighter courtship of the English Muse. Some calculations, however, which were submitted to him, showing how a little exercise in native composition might possibly forward his designs upon the ‘ English Essay ’

and the 'Newdigate' of Oxford, at length induced him to give us the aid of his head and hand—his heart I fear never went with us; and as for his purse, though he himself, in a less Johnsonian phrase, 'desiderated that we might procure it,' we never asked for nor wanted it. (*Hear, hear!*)

"Shortly after the publication of our first number, he showed signs of dissatisfaction. He was the first to echo back the cuckoo note that we had made a failure, and pointed out divers defects in our arrangements, which an attention to his advice would of course have remedied. However, his ominous 'I told you so' was more than we could bear, and we told *him* so.

"The fact is, there was no light-heartedness about the fellow; he could not parry a single blow, nor laugh off a single sneer, and took in downright earnest the wholesome advice of an antiquated critic, 'to return to our lollypops.' Moreover, the following letter received about this time, and referring to the account of the Triumvirate in No. 1, not a little contributed to upset his self-esteem.

"TO THE GENTLEMEN OF THE EDITORS' STUDY.

"SIRS,

"At the request of my dearest Tom, I subscribed to your little Tract; and though I looked over all with a mother's eye, I saw little cause for reprehension till I came to the latter part, where I was shocked to find that you treat lightly, and as a matter of course, that abominable system of Fagging. I had thought that it had been done away with; for whenever I questioned my dear boy on its horrors, I could never get anything from him but a laugh. But I now see how it is; in the

true spirit of tyranny the poor little innocents are not even allowed to speak of their grievances. You have, however, now drawn your own picture, and I want no one now to tell me of the means by which that horrid Mr. Buchanan enforces his commands upon poor dear delicate little boys that are subjected to his dreadful power. I quite trembled while I read the account; for how could his look and voice inspire awe, if he had not some terrible instrument of punishment in his hands to enforce his nods and his signs? I shall certainly communicate my suspicions to the Head Master, and in the mean time beg to sign myself,

“Yours watchfully,

“LYDIA SPEERWELL.”

“This amused Iverly and myself exceedingly; for you know that Buchanan *is* a bit of a bully; (*hear, hear!*) but he was exceedingly annoyed, (although the account of the Triumvirate was his own drawing up,) and vowed no more of our proceedings should appear in print.

“You all know, gentlemen, too well the disturbances which prevailed just previous to the publication of our last number, and you know that, acting upon the acknowledged strength of Buchanan’s lock, we committed our papers to the keeping of his study.

“And you all know also the lamentable event, though none of us know the means, of certain of those same papers being purloined and coming into the hands of our enemies. Though my friend Iverly and myself were not without suspicion, we said nothing. While the mystery was yet uncleared, we went home for our holidays; how thoroughly we enjoyed them I need not say.

“Buchanan, having undertaken the office of Secretary,

was to flourish off the finis for No. 2, and we thought there could be no mistake. Instead of which, out came a report of a meeting called wholly and solely for the purpose of abusing us, with no other remark from our Secretary than that he had no time forsooth in his holidays 'to trouble himself about school brawls,'—as if he was not well known to have been getting up the sixth book of Euclid,—as if he did not come back after the holidays with a matured plan for a new cricket club, of which (though he never played) he was to be Treasurer,—as if he had not written to borrow Harrison's Scapula, and refused an invitation to the Hunt ball on account of his holiday task!

"Gentlemen, we despised the fellow! We know that he could afford days to his Trigonometry, while he had not an hour for our Triumvirate,—that he could spare his head for the proofs of his problems, but not his hand for those of our printer. How indeed could a fellow wholly wrapped up in number one, find any time to give up to No. II.?

"On our return after the holidays, we had no hesitation in laying some very thick slices of our minds before him; we were forced to tell him, that though we meant nothing personal, we could not avoid suspecting him of disaffection towards the good cause, of conniving at the abstraction of our MSS., (*hear, hear!*) and of encouraging the opposition which had risen up against us. This naturally enough led to a rupture between us; but you will hardly expect to be told the sequel,—that he actually had the impudence to withhold from us all the papers in his possession, and apply to Mr. Moore to publish an antagonist periodical. That worthy man, I need not tell you, stood firm by his old friends, and Buchanan was driven to the desperate resolve of printing

and publishing his own paper; and there lies before you, gentlemen, the result,—the first number of the *CHARTERHOUSE GAZETTE*. We at last rescued from his grasp most of our important papers; but one, which he had been the means of procuring, he still resolutely refused to give up. (*Shame, Shame!*) This was the ‘Auditor’s Tale.’ (*Hear, Hear!*) It was through his means, certainly, that we had obtained the report of it, and perhaps in strict legal right it did belong to him. But now the usual day of our publication was approaching. The Auditor’s Tale had been solemnly promised; but how could it be forthcoming? We were driven to a terrible strait. What was to be done? All else was ready, we had even in hand more than would fill our number; but the Auditor was known to be such a facetious fellow, and our readers were so much on the alert to hear him, that we could not bring ourselves to disappoint the public expectation. We gained over, indeed, the gentleman who originally supplied us with the proceedings of Brooke Hall, and he offered us the Schoolmaster’s, the Registrar’s, the Reader’s last story, but none of these was what we wanted. The Auditor was still mute, and we were obliged to wait till it came to his turn again to amuse the company. Did we do wrong? let the tale which he has at length told answer for us. We are sure none of our subscribers would willingly have missed it, and the worthy gentleman himself must feel gratified at the compliment we have paid of waiting till he opened his mouth. Such, gentlemen, is the cause, the sole cause of our delay. Our energetic publisher urged us to go to press without it, but we respectfully though firmly declined; and I believe at the present moment no one more thoroughly approves of our determination than he does. Gentlemen, this is a

long and prosy story, (*No, no,*) but I deemed it due both to yourselves and myself and the public, to state explicitly the true reason of our apparent idleness or neglect. From the arrangements now made, the same thing can never again occur. I thank you for the patience with which you have heard my explanation.” (*Much cheering.*)

At the conclusion of Mr. Moubray’s speech, which appeared to give very general satisfaction, Mr. Iverly rose and spoke as follows :

“ Really, gentlemen, my friend has made a mountain out of a mole-hill. I see very little cause of regret in what has occurred, and much of congratulation. (*Hear, hear !*) It is not my wish to make any premature disclosure of the authorship of the several papers, but it will give you some idea of the load of which we have been relieved, when I inform you that Mr. Buchanan was the author (*vivid sensation of curiosity among the Subs*) of the ‘ ponderous levity ’ of our Prospectus. (*Hear, hear ! and a laugh.*) All that heavy balloon-work was of his inflation ; and not satisfied with supplying the gas he was also determined to contribute the ballast to our first number. I need not more specifically allude to the particular article he furnished for that purpose ; suffice it to say, so gratuitous and unlooked for was its gravity, that it was with some difficulty we made our ascent, just clearing the trees and chimney-pots of Charterhouse amid the applause of our school-fellows below. (*Hear, hear !*)

“ In our second experiment we declined his sand-bags altogether, and I believe it was generally allowed that No. II. went up with lightness and ease—not to say—grace and dignity. Our third flight has certainly been most untowardly delayed by the unjustifiable withholding

by Mr. Buchanan of a most worthy gentleman whom we were pledged to take up with us ; but this was a circumstance which we could not foresee, and which our present arrangements will prevent ever occurring again.

“ If however any of our spectators are dissatisfied we shall be most happy to return them their money, if they will apply at the door of the Editors’ study. I have now only in conclusion to propose, that if it meets with your approbation, Mr. Henry Bolton be requested to fill up the vacancy in the Triumvirate occasioned by the retirement of Mr. Charles Buchanan.”

This proposition was at once agreed to, and Mr. Bolton took possession of the vacant arm-chair to the left of the President. After thanking the meeting for their kindness in unanimously electing him to the honourable situation he now filled, he said that he should take the first opportunity of the privilege which his office conferred on him to ask his colleagues, whether they intended to abide by their original determination, as announced in the First Number of the Carthusian, to close their publication with the present year.

“ It was a subject,” he said, “ which had created considerable interest out of doors, and he should be glad to have an explicit reply favourable to the continuance of a work in which his school-fellows had taken so lively an interest. For himself he would say, that nothing should be wanting on his part to give additional vigour, if that were required, to the undertaking, over which he was called upon to take an active superintendence, and he hoped that his power would not be so short-lived as the original declaration of the Triumvirate, if persevered in, would cause it to be.”

“ I am most happy,” said the President in reply, “ to answer the question of our new associate in a manner

that will be satisfactory to himself, and I trust to all here present. We have met with so much encouragement from the very commencement of our undertaking from all hands, so many requests to continue it, and further support not only offered but actually sent in, that I have no hesitation in declaring our fixed purpose to put forth another number at an early period of the next year. (*Hear, hear !*) I do not for the present promise any more, as I shall not probably be in a condition to keep it, when the time for Number V. arrives ; before then, Charterhouse, I have reason to believe, will have received my last adieu ; but still though absent I will not refuse my assistance, if there can be found spirit enough among those whom I leave behind, to continue the scheme, in the commencement of which I am proud to have taken so prominent a part. (*Hear, hear !*)

“ As for the few gibes and jokes that have been thrown out against us, we take them all in good part. We neither expected less, nor should we have cared for more. That the anger of some was raised at not being at the first consulted,—the pride of others hurt by having their communications rejected,—and the envy of a few who opposed us excited by our unexpected success, was no more than the invariable fortune attending a scheme such as ours ; but it is very amusing to us to observe how the spleen of some of those who are readiest with their sneers is in exact proportion to the quantity of their rejected contributions.

“ If ever the time comes when the authors of the Carthusian are made known, we can assure our friends that there are very, *very* few names in which Charterhouse takes pride, that will not be found among the number.

“ For the more cold and calculating,—the Buchanans of Oxford, Cambridge, or Charterhouse,—we care no-

thing, whether found in high or low quarters. Let them be hearty in the cause one way or other, and we shall still continue to be most excellent friends. But I am raising up monsters, merely for the purpose of destroying them. For my own part, I must say that notwithstanding the diplomacy which our internal arrangements have forced me to make use of, I have never experienced but the kindest reception in every quarter since my connexion with the Carthusian has been known; and if nothing more shall accrue to me from my share in its Editorship than the friendly, I had almost said affectionate, terms of correspondence in which it has placed me with many sons of Charterhouse, both old and young, in all respects my superiors, I shall with that be thoroughly content." (*Hear, hear!*)

The following

NOTICE TO CORRESPONDENTS

was then agreed to.

So many erroneous and officious remarks having been made on the initials at the end of the papers, we have determined to omit them altogether. In the last No. some were actually wrongly repeated.

We beg to continue our thanks generally for the continued kindness of Correspondents, and to those readers whose patience has not been actually worn out by the delay of No. III. With kind wishes to the authors we must decline "The Mediterranean,"—"The Dream,"—"Lines to a cold Beauty,"—"Flowers in Council," excellent in design, but failing in execution; the writer should stick to his prose, of which we have already most gladly availed ourselves;—"Tauric Vagary," and several other minor pieces.

We are particularly obliged to the Author of "Love-

lace" for redeeming his promise, and, not least, for the interest he expresses in our behalf.

We feel grateful to Dr. K. for his "family pill;" we freely admit that we stood in need of it, and doubt not of its efficacy. If we must take physic, we know of no one whose prescriptions we would rather have administered to us than those of our worthy friend. Our body being temporarily reduced to a quorum of two, we tossed up which should take it; it fell to the President's share, and he having gulped it down, it produced, as in the case of the Siamese twins, a most beneficial effect upon both parties.

We have already a very bountiful supply of articles for No. 4. There will probably appear,—The Monks MSS.—The Lion—Hints for Sense Verses—Bottom's Dream—Athens—Young England—The Poetry of Gardening—Sound and Sense—Charterhouse Traditions—Letter-Box, No. 2.

12th of December—Honiton Fair, are under consideration.

We have received Charterhouse Traditions—1. The Plague-weed. 2. The Crown. Will our brother Carthusians, old and young, favour us with some *brief* sketches to complete the series?

We are obliged to postpone to No. IV. The Legend of Larnreagh.

"Well then, gentlemen," said Mr. Iverly, "now for our third ascent! We have chosen a propitious day for the purpose, dear to us from every association that antiquity, and oratory, and gastronomy can effect,—dear to every old Carthusian whom it recalls to the haunts of his youth,—and, oh! dearer still to us, whom it sends off, with light hearts and merry faces, to a home fire-side, and Christmas holidays! Hurrah for the voyagers!

Hurrah for old Thomas Sutton! Hurrah for the 12th of December! Cut the cords! our machine is struggling to be free. Good bye to you, old Charterhouse! Good bye, Mrs. J—! Good bye, Moore, you'll be glad to be rid of us! There, shy out a bit more ballast at old Buchanan! Three times three for Number three! The cords are off!

Here we go up, up, up.

A pleasant journey and happy holidays,

Dum licet, et spirant flamina! ”

The Carthusian.

BROOKE HALL.

Brooke Hall, August 3, MDCCCXXXVIII.

Present :—The Preacher, Schoolmaster, Registrar,
Auditor, Reader, and Assistant-Master.

“HUSH—sh—sh!” crooned the Auditor; “don’t you know that every word we say may reach—”

“I know nothing of the sort,” said the Preacher, smiling; “the thing is completely knocked on the head. We shall never see another number of that ‘Carthusian,’ and there is now some chance of rest and quietness for Brooke Hall as well as the printing-press. The wonder is, it ever lasted so long.”

“The thing was all very well,” chimed in the Reader, “for a time, but one got confoundedly tired of it: it was only kept alive by our tales, and since we have kept our resolution of not continuing them till we felt secure from intrusion, they haven’t been able to bring out another number, and never will.”

“You heard how they almost set fire to Charterhouse by burning their rejected contributions, when they found that their hopes were annihilated by our determination to keep silence.”

“It was a paltry bit of revenge,” said the Assistant-

Master, who seemed rather sore on the subject, "that act of Omarism of theirs. How many imperishable effusions must have perished in that conflagration! but it is some satisfaction to know that half a dozen of the sub-editors had a warming for it themselves the next morning."

"I should rather admire it," said the Registrar, "as a noble act of self-immolation. No doubt, they themselves were the greatest sufferers, and to light the funeral pyre of their own Suttee required no ordinary courage."

"Well, peace to their manes!" exclaimed the Preacher; "the fellows had a short life and a merry one, and died game at last; and now that there is no chance of their revivification, let us in solemn silence drink to the memory of the CARTHUSIAN; and do you, Mr. Registrar, give us your long-hoarded and long-promised tale, since there is no longer any fear of its mysteries being paraded forth before the public eye."

"That assurance is all I have been waiting for," replied the Registrar; "and as I feel quite certain that we have no longer any intrusion to fear, I will at once give you all that I have been able to make out of that strange and incoherent paper, which has heretofore puzzled the brains of every head whose curiosity it has excited, from the time of the old prior to the present day."

"The original, I believe," said the Reader, "is still preserved in the Evidence-room in the Chapel-tower."

"It is," replied the Registrar: "shut close the door, and be good enough, for the credit of the older Domus, not to allow any of the story I am about to read to you, to transpire beyond the walls of Brooke Hall."

The Monk's MS.

It was about the close of the autumn of the year of Grace —, that the repose of the quiet brotherhood of La Chartreuse was for a short space awakened by the admission of a new brother into that holy society. Curiosity, the busy heir-loom, of which even the silence and seclusion of the cloister is unable to disinherit us, was at its height among the cowed inmates of that venerable abode. Divers were the rumours, sundry the shrewd guesses circulated in the refectory,—manifold the carefully-masked questions of asthmatic Father Ambrose,—innumerable the seemingly-purposeless insinuations of lean Father Ignatius,—unceasing the noddings and head-shakings of portly Father Stephen the Sacristan, seeming to say as plainly as noddings and head-shakings *can* say, “I could tell you all about it, an I would”; and yet the mystery attaching to the new-comer remained as unfathomed, and apparently unfathomable, as ever.

Father Francis himself (such was the monastic title he had assumed) seemed by no means the likeliest person to solve their difficulties. True, he was affable enough to any who addressed him on matters of ordinary conversation, although he by no means appeared to seek such colloquies,—nay, was evidently not sorry to escape from them at the earliest opportunity which offered: yet there was that in the broad pale forehead and the dark bright eye that dwelt beneath it, which seemed to act as a spell upon the worthy fraternity; for there was not a friar within the walls who would not sooner have forfeited his ears than propound to the

mysterious unknown the shadow of a question concerning himself or his history.

The age of the subject of all this speculation might be about thirty. Tall, well-formed, and eminently handsome, there was yet at times an expression in his countenance which few cared to encounter; and before which even the worthy Prior himself (who was supposed to possess some knowledge, though but imperfect, of his fortunes) was observed to quail. A rigid observer of monastic discipline,—an unfailing attendant at matins and vespers,—still there was ever a wandering of the eye, a contraction of the brow, and sometimes even a convulsive start, as of one recalling himself by a strong effort from the thralldom of thought to the realities around him, which told in language too plain to be misunderstood, that obedience was but a fetter upon an unwilling spirit, and devotion an exercise which did but employ the lip without ever touching the heart. Time, however, wore on with the little community, slowly indeed, yet steadily; and the bearing which at first excited such astonishment had become so much a matter of course that it had almost ceased to be remarked; when circumstances occurred which placed Father Francis in a still more prominent position than he had ever yet occupied in the attention of his reverend brethren.

Rather more than five years, then, had elapsed since the period at which my tale commences, when, sometime after the metropolis had been enveloped in the early darkness of a December evening, the brother who acted as porter to the society of La Chartreuse was awakened from a comfortable nap by a loud knocking at the wicket-gate by which he held his post.

“Who knocks?” demanded he, in a voice rendered

even more than naturally querulous by the unseasonableness of the disturbance; "Who knocks at this hour of the evening?"

"I would speak with one Father Francis," replied a man's voice from the outside; "have ye not such a shaveling among ye?"

"And if we have," growled the janitor, in no slight indignation at the ungracious epithet, "he is not one, I trow, to speak with such profane roysterers as thy speech betrayeth thee to consort with. I may not—"

"Palter not with me, knave!" interrupted the same voice; "my business is of life and death. Undo the door, or by heaven"—he had no need to conclude, for, as he spoke, the wicket creaked upon its hinges, and he stepped within the court-yard of the monastery.

The figure of the intruder was of middle height, and apparently of great strength; but beyond this the terrified Brother Benedict could ascertain nothing, so completely were the face and garb shrouded in the folds of a long dark horseman's cloak, which only allowed to be seen beneath it boots such as were worn by the cavaliers of the day, and the end of the long scabbard which clanked against the pavement as its owner passed along.

"I have told you I would speak with Father Francis," said the stranger in a voice which seemed accustomed to be obeyed; "which way lies his cell?"

"Nay, but, valiant sir!" began the porter, whose respect was considerably increased by the apparent rank of the stranger, "none can come to speech with a brother of La Chartreuse without express permission first obtained from the reverend the Prior. I will wend thither and seek it; yet I fear me much, lest, at this

hour of the night, he may—" the rest of his supposition was lost in the distance.

"Why—ah—um," said the meditating Prior, as his porter announced the unusual application, "truly, Brother Benedict, he hath a strange method of forwarding a strange request,—this ruffler whom thou speakest of: yet it may be that his errand is of importance, in which case we should be sorry it were hindered by our refusal. Thou mayst conduct him whither he desireth, brother; yet it would not be amiss that thou didst ask him of his business by the way: it ill becometh the Superior of La Chartreuse to keep unfaithful watch over the flock committed to his charge. We would know somewhat more of this Brother Francis," he added to himself as the porter left his presence.

Father Benedict found the stranger pacing the broad and lofty gateway with every manifestation of impatience. "So please you to follow, noble sir," he began, "the reverend Prior—"

"Silence! and lead on!" broke in the stranger. "Is this the cell?" he added, as, after threading a variety of passages, they stopped short before a low arched door in the centre of the massive wall.

"So please your worshipful lordship, it is," replied the monk: "yet the reverend Prior—"

"Begone!" thundered the stranger; "I need no guide to return:"—and raising the latch, he entered unannounced.

There was a single taper burning within the cell, the light of which was just sufficient to discover the figure of the inmate seated upon his low iron bedstead, and leaning, as if in meditation, upon a small table, the only

other furniture which the room afforded. He slightly raised his head as the stranger entered.

"Herbert Alringham!" said his visitor in a low and husky tone, "in the name of the Devil, I greet you!"

"Such a name I once bore," said the monk slowly, and speaking half to himself, half to the unknown, seemingly but little moved by the unwonted salutation: "yet, methinks, the spot on which you stand might have sufficed to tell you, that neither such name nor such greeting are befitting the ear of one who has long renounced the vanities and the wickednesses of the outward world."

"Bravely preached, Sir Monk!" replied the stranger: "the Prior of La Chartreuse is an old man, and—yet," he added, checking the unfinished taunt, "there are other names, I dare be sworn, which still hold a place in thy memory, though the cowl and the mass-book have made thee dream of forgetting thine own.—Ah! spake I rightly, Sir Priest?"

"'Are there others', saidst thou?" answered the monk; "ay, truly, there are others, whose—"

"Whose owners thou wouldst give somewhat to annihilate. Spake I rightly again, Sir Priest?"

"I know thee not," replied he. "Thinkest thou I have so far forgotten my worldly wisdom as to give answer to such a question to any nameless bravo who may think fit to demand it? I hold no further parley with one whose face requires a cloak to conceal either its shame or its villainy."

"You are hasty," said the stranger in an altered tone:—"you are somewhat hasty," he repeated, as he let fall the folds of his cloak: "know you me now, Herbert Alringham? Methought that Gerald Tracy

had some poor claim to a more lengthened existence in your memory!"

"Now, by heaven!" exclaimed the monk, starting up, his right hand searching instinctively for the weapon of his earlier days:—"alas! I had forgotten!" and he sank back, as if paralyzed, upon his seat. "Ay," he said after a pause, which the other had made no effort to interrupt, "truly, it was well and nobly done! truly, it is a glorious deed for the noble Gerald Tracy to boast of to his loving dame, that he had the courage to mock in his abject misery the man whom they had combined to betray!"

It seemed as though there were something in the monk's reproach which had fallen with unexpected effect upon his visitor; for he dropped the sarcastic tone which he had hitherto maintained, for one of the deepest seriousness, not unmingled with anxiety as to the answer he might expect.

"But what," he said, "if Gerald Tracy should bring to Herbert Alringham the draught for which he hath thirsted with an undying thirst for more than five long years? What," he said, drawing more closely towards his motionless auditor, "what if he should tell him that he may yet have Revenge?"

"Ah!" said the monk, "If—it were indeed a glorious draught! Yet, no; there are few things which Herbert Alringham may join with Gerald Tracy to avenge. Away! your mockery hath done its worst."

"Hear me," said Tracy, "and I leave you on the instant, if such be still your pleasure. Read you never, Sir Priest, of two foes leaguings together for a common vengeance? Didst never hear tell of hate, deeper even than the love which it expelled? Now then judge if I came here to mock you. When I robbed you of a bride,

think you I dreamed I was taking to my arms a harlot? Think you I knew that ere six little months I should be left as desolate as—as I had rendered another? Away! I loved you not well enough to have spared you the pang of that desertion. But this is idle. Know then that I have tracked her to her place of refuge,—nay, am now on my way thither: one short hour hence, and I shall have revenge,—oh! such revenge! Ah! start you, priest? Methought the word had been no stranger to monkish ears. Now, mark me; there wants but one drop of bitterness to crown that draught, and the hand which must pour that drop is thine! How now, Sir Monk?”

But the person whom he addressed seemed incapable of reply. Pale, ghastly pale, he sat gazing at the tempter with an eye as fixed and a form as powerless as that which the poisonous serpent of the East is said to produce in his destined and unresisting victim. Tracy watched him in silence for some minutes, till his impatience became no longer governable. “Your answer, priest!” he said in a choked voice; “ay or no?”

“I will go,” replied the monk, in the tone of one who has scarcely awakened from a long and hideous dream. “Yet—”

“Hold yet one moment,” said Tracy: “Swear to me, priest, by all that your drivelling brotherhood hold most sacred, neither by word, look, or deed do you interfere to check my just vengeance,—or you stir not hence with me. Once more, ay or no?”

“I swear!” replied the monk vacantly.

“Follow then,” said Tracy, “or we may yet be too late. Know you aught of leechcraft, priest? we may need a cause for your passing at this hour.”

The monk nodded.

"It shall serve," said Tracy: "what ho! Sir Knave of a porter! quick! thine office! This holy father passeth with me to tend a sick man's couch. Nay then—" and he snatched the keys from the trembling Benedict who was commencing a remonstrance; "Pass, Sir Priest! truly," he added, flinging them back to the forlorn janitor, "ye keep good watch and ward, ye warriors of La Chartreuse!" and seizing the arm of his companion, he was soon lost to the eyes of the astounded Benedict among the multitude of dark and narrow lanes (rendered more than ordinarily difficult by a heavy fall of snow) which composed the greater part of the surrounding neighbourhood.

It may perhaps be as well here to give a slight sketch of the circumstances which led to the singular scene just recorded. Herbert Alringham, the descendant of a long and noble line, and Gerald Tracy, the heir of a family of more modern extraction but far greater wealth, had been almost from their childhood, till a very short time before the period at which my tale commences, inseparable companions. Yet while Alringham was the universal favourite of the circle in which they both moved, there were few who beneath the veil of outward kindness cherished any real affection for the haughty and reserved Gerald Tracy; and there were many found to wonder how a temper so stern, and sometimes even so gloomy, could have found means to recommend itself to the friendship of an open and generous spirit like that of Herbert Alringham. Yet so it was: and it is an anomaly which meets us at almost every step which we take in the long and toilsome pathway of our earthly existence. Till both arrived at man's estate the intimacy continued with

equal warmth on both sides ; but from that time there began to grow in the breast of Tracy, although carefully watched and concealed, a deep and increasing jealousy of the marked deference which seemed everywhere to be the acknowledged due of Alringham's superior birth, bearing, and acquirements. Circumstances, however, occurred which rendered it impossible any longer to maintain the disguise.

At an entertainment given by a common friend, at which was assembled the whole wealth and rank of the surrounding country, it chanced that the two companions first met with Helen Elmerton, the daughter of a neighbouring squire of family and fortune. Young and beautiful, she needed not the additional magnet of wealth to draw upon her the admiring eyes of the stronger, and the envious glances of the weaker sex ; but, alas ! through the mistaken kindness of an over-doting parent, the mind, the gem which might have outshone even the brilliancy of the casket in which it was enshrined, had been wofully and fatally neglected : its natural talents unimproved, its better feelings untrained, there remained in their place only the pretty ignorance, and the lisping sentimentality, by which we are too often, in despite of our better reason, fascinated and enthralled. Such then was the being who was destined at once to inspire our two companions with a passion which at no very distant period was to prove fatal to all three. Alringham, with the natural openness of his character, made a speedy declaration of his attachment, and was received in a manner which gave him every reason to hope for ultimate success ; but the love of Tracy was goaded on by a spur which the more generous nature of his friend had never experienced : and it may be questioned whether, deep and unfeigned as his passion

undoubtedly was, jealousy had not as strong an influence as love in urging him on to the attempt in which he too fatally succeeded. By a series of insinuations, as false as they were atrocious, he was at last able, in those opportunities which the unsuspecting Herbert too liberally afforded, to persuade the unhappy girl—to whose imbecile mind love appeared more a mere source of amusement than a matter of the most vital importance—to relinquish his detested rival, and consent to a private union with himself. Not daring, however, to meet the reproaches or the vengeance of the victim of their treachery, they fled to the continent, where, by continual changes of name and residence, they contrived effectually to baffle all inquiry and pursuit. About three months after his bereavement, Herbert Alringham, as we have seen, in a fit of misanthropic disgust, threw himself into the religious society of La Chartreuse; but he found not there that peace which he vainly imagined a cloister could bestow. Now he burned for a revenge which his assumed garb had rendered for ever hopeless,—now he dreamed of a forgiveness which it never be in his power to bestow,—till at last the mind, would worn out by continually feeding upon itself, appeared likely at no distant period to drown the remembrance of its griefs in the fearful Lethe of insanity.

The triumph of Gerald Tracy was however but brief. In a land pre-eminent even among the dissolute nations of the continent for its contempt of moral ties, the light and vain mind of his bride was but little likely to remain proof against the attacks of the licentious and the seducer. In little more than six months from her ill-omened marriage, she left the mansion of her husband by night, and fled, under the protection of a French nobleman, to England, as the spot least likely to be suspected as

the place of her retreat. To describe the hell of feelings which raged in the bosom of the deserted husband would be but a vain endeavour: from that hour he had but one object in life, and that one was revenge. For four years and a half, to him as many ages, was he unable to gain the slightest clew by which to trace the direction which the fugitives had taken. At the end of that period, however, the opportunity so long prayed for unexpectedly presented itself: he learned from a casual informant, that, after living for some time in great splendour with the companion of her flight, she had at last been deserted by him, and was then living, in a state of great destitution, in a small and miserable dwelling of indifferent fame, in the outskirts of London. He lost no time in crossing to England; where his first action was to assure himself of the accuracy of his information, and his next to pay the extraordinary visit with which the reader is already acquainted.

The snow was falling thickly as the two companions passed hurriedly along the numerous and perplexing streets which led to their destination; and the few who were yet abroad were too much occupied in the protection of their own persons to pay much attention to the singular pair which shot rapidly by them. Not a word escaped the lips of either, till they stopped in the middle of a row of houses of suspicious appearance, before a door whose massive strength seemed to intimate that there were times when its services were required to exclude intruders from scenes which, in such neighbourhoods, were too frequently enacted with impunity.

"Who knocks?" demanded a coarse female voice, in answer to the low tap by which Tracy announced his presence.

"Revenge!" was the reply, uttered in a low deep

voice. The door instantly swung backwards, and disclosed a middle-aged woman of sinister countenance and slatternly appearance, in whose hands Tracy placed a heavy purse of gold.

"Is all quiet?" he said.

"Yes," was the answer; "but you have no time to lose. Up! and be speedy!"

"Ah! I had forgotten!" said Tracy; "the monk should have been masked: yet it matters not:—pull the cowl over your head, Sir Priest, and follow!"

Mechanically the monk obeyed him, and they began to ascend a narrow and creaking staircase, the woman holding a light at the bottom which served only to render the insecurity of their footing more visible. "There," she said, as they reached a small door in the side wall, and instantly disappeared.

Lighted by a solitary candle, and seated by the smouldering remnant of what might have been six hours ago a tolerable fire, sat the wreck of her who was once the lovely and innocent Helen Elmerton. Pale, haggard, without a single trace of her former beauty, save the golden locks which still hung in untended profusion over the ill-covered and wasted bust, she seemed scarcely to notice the entrance of the intruders, till the voice of her husband burst upon her astonished ear.

"Methought," he said, in a tone of indescribable bitterness, "methought, after an absence of five long years, there might at least be *one* poor smile to welcome a husband's return!"

Ere he had yet finished the miserable woman was kneeling at his feet, and, with her eyes streaming with tears, had forced into his grasp a small but beautifully wrought dagger, the only memorial of her heartless seducer which she still possessed, the rest having departed

one by one to sustain the miserable existence which she had been too frequently tempted to destroy.

"Oh! strike, Gerald, in mercy strike!" she exclaimed; "Death, Hell itself, were milder than those cruel words! Oh God! that I had had courage to use it before this bitter hour!"

"Strike?" he repeated, laying it aside; "nay, nay; were it well, think you, to send the soul unshriven to its long rest? It may not be laid on the conscience of Gerald Tracy that he robbed our holy Mother the Church of her just rights! Here, Sir Priest, shrive me this penitent, and that right speedily. Ah!" he added, seeing the monk hesitate; "thine oath! thine oath! hast thou forgotten thine oath?"

Without so much as stirring a muscle, did Gerald Tracy stand over his wretched wife, as she poured into the rapt and unheeding ear of the monk the damning story of her guilt. "And now," he said, catching her by the arm, as she was about once more to fling herself at his feet, "it were but fitting thou shouldst know to whose ear thou hast confided so dainty a tale; it were but fitting, I say, that thou shouldst be told that yon priest is no other than"—he lowered his mouth to her ear, and uttered the words in a low hissing tone,—“is no other than—Herbert Alringham!”

With one piercing shriek, the unhappy woman fell lifeless to the ground. Tracy raised her in his arms, and gazed earnestly upon her face. "So soon!" he said, coldly; "ah! I had not meant it so soon:"—and with a grim smile he flung the corpse on the bed.

"Murderer! Devil!" exclaimed Alringham, starting from the seat where he had remained, as if spell-bound, till the fearful tragedy had ended; "My oath is out!" and with the iron crucifix which he held he struck Tracy

on the temples with the full force of his powerful arm, and rushed down the stairs and out of the house with the rapidity of lightning.

* * * * *

It wanted but little of midnight, when the trembling porter of La Chartreuse was once more disturbed by a demand for admission, repeated several times with such increased vehemence, that he was fain to uncloset the wicket without even the precautionary "Who knocks?" which generally preceded that operation. But, alas for the unhappy Brother Benedict! no sooner had the key turned in the lock, than an irresistible arm from without pushed in the door against the ill-fated porter with such force as sufficed to lay him in as flat a position on his mother earth as so round and tub-like a substance as the person of the worthy friar could possibly occupy; and so bewildered was he for the space of two entire minutes, that during that time the whole monastery might have effected its escape through the still open wicket, without his being able to account to the very reverend the prior for a single brother of the community.

"It must have been that mad Father Francis," growled he, as he rose, not without some considerable difficulty, from his unaccustomed resting-place: "I must see him tomorrow before matins, and ask him not to mention that I suffered him to pass out contrary to rules. I wish," he grumbled, as he once more composed himself to sleep, "I wish he knew how hard those stones are as well as I do, he would be a little more careful how—ugh—how he pushed down honest folk than himself—ugh!" and the aggrieved functionary insensibly forgot his bruises in the arms of Morpheus.

Some time, however, before the matins bell had ceased he was at the door of the cell allotted to Father Francis,

vainly endeavouring to elicit a reply from its unceremonious inmate. In an agony of terror lest after all he might have been wrong in his conjecture of the preceding evening, he ventured at last to uncloset, as slightly as possible, the door of the cell. All was silent! Rendered yet more desperate, he flung it wide open and entered. With pen, ink, and paper before him, the monk was seated, as if in study, at his solitary table; but he rose not—he did not turn his head to look at the intruder: the porter approached and laid his hand gently upon his shoulder to rouse him from his reverie, yet he stirred not—Father Francis was dead.

* * * * *

“Ah! some writing was there?” said the prior to the terrified monk who brought him the astounding intelligence; “let us see it, Brother Anselm; it may be we may find some clew,”—and he devoured with eager impatience the few lines which had been found upon the table of the departed monk. Thus they ran:—

“No! I am *not* mad! It was a fool’s thought to say it. And yet I have seen things of late which might warp a strong mind. Ah! here again? It is but an hour since we parted—and dead, sayst thou? Nay, but the blow was light, and—ha! ha! ha! Oh! fool, to dream that the Cross could kill! Verily it is a glorious thing to stride alone at midnight through the still streets, with the white cold snow to lap one’s burning heart withal! Thou, too? Away! art thou not avenged? What, thin, and chill, and hungry? Ha! ha! ha! there is rare feasting in the grave! Ah! so soon to matins? lend me thine arm. What—soft, and fair, and round? Away! it is too palpable! Heard ye ever of a woman-monk, my good Lord Prior? Nay, then, an thou wilt promise

not to shriek so wildly, I will follow, and quietly ! oh !
so quietly !”——

* * * * * *

“Now the Lord have mercy upon his soul !” said the prior, as he locked up the document as unenlightened as ever ; “for the Monk’s Manuscript is but a strange one !”

BALLAD, FROM THE SPANISH.

THE FLIGHT OF THE LADY FLORIDA.

’TWAS just as April’s tears were dried by the smiles of merry May,
And the lilies and the roses all put forth their rich display,
And on a night, serenely bright, with moon and many a star,
From latticed Jalousy stepp’d forth the Lady Florida.

Within her father’s bower awhile, beside the choice parterre,
She stopp’d to cast one parting glance, for old affection there ;
And as she vainly strove to hide the tear that dimm’d her eye,
Before she went, thus made lament, that lady, mournfully.

O never more, thou paradise of childhood’s happier day,
May I, a careless wandering thing, amid thy pleasaunce stray,
When nightingales at evening hour with music fill the grove,
Or on the stately terrace falls the moonbeam from above.

And oh, ye flowers that I have rear’d, at once my toil and pride,
And with sweet showers have water’d oft, drawn from the crystal tide ;
And thou, whose sparkling wave for me hath many a treasured spell
Of old delight and pleasures past, fair fountain !—fare ye well.

The silver stream will leap and flow as fresh when I am gone,
The laughing flowers as brightly ope their painted cups at morn ;
But I, in stranger clime forgot, perchance shall ne’er again
My fairy home exulting roam, nor the wilds of pleasant Spain.

And should my father seek his child amid each well-known haunt,
Where oft she loved to while away with gay guitar or chaunt
Her maiden hours ; oh, who for me, will plead with him and say,
Now knightly love and princely worth have stolen my heart away ?

Then spake Don Duardos : Weep no more, my all of love, my life !
For England's realms with streams as pure and fairer flowers are rife ;
And there three hundred damosels shall in thy chamber wait,
Of high degree, to mate with thee, and grace thy proud estate.

Of gems shall be the palaces that guard thee, lady mine,—
With emerald and with sapphire hues thy tapestry shall shine ;
Thy chamber floor enamell'd o'er with jewell'd gold shall be,
And chronicled with feats of yore and tales of chivalry.

And there thou'lt read in burning line of high adventure wrought,
When he, whose bosom throbs to thine, with haughtiest champions fought,
And thy remember'd image, like a prize of glory, rose,
And nerved with power, in combat's hour, the arm that slew those foes.—

Thus as, with tales of old emprise and speech of love, the way
The knight beguiled, they reach'd the place where his tall galleys lay :
The lady dried her weeping, though I ween her heart was sore,
From that fair home and native land to part for evermore.

Upon the strand a gallant band of mariners are met ;
A moment more, they leave the shore ;—and now their oars are set—
A thousand eyes each step may haunt, on every movement wait,
But watch and ward are feeble guard when Love lies at the gate.

THE THREE PROFESSIONS.

WHENEVER I avail myself of the privilege of *entrée* to
“the Green” it is rather to view than to join in the
revels, sports, and wiles of the place, and consequently I
am permitted to pursue my musings in silent specula-
tion, moralizing on, but not adding to, the hilarity of the
scene.

It was, I think, on the occasion of the last "match" that I observed three "Uppers" leave the tent which had just been reared and saunter towards my beat; they seemed rather pensive, which induced me to take more notice of them than I otherwise might have done: probably this was a parting converse; one at least seemed about "to leave"—to quit the sparkling stream of boyhood and become perhaps (who knows?) a troubled particle in the varied ocean of life. In imagination I set them down as future graduates in the three learned professions,—each might be said to "look his character" with some correctness. Austen, as I named my young divine, was plump and comely, of rather military cast of countenance; while the slight and nimble figure, the expressive and versatile features of Barker, formed a striking contrast with the tall frame and imperturbable aspect of the third associate, whom I fancied to be a physician in embryo, and called Du Cane. The latter part of their trilogue came home to my own business and bosom, if I heard it accurately, and is here recorded.

"No bad speech that of yours at the library meeting last night: how many fines did you box?" asked Austen.

"It was rather a failure in that respect," carelessly answered Barker; "two or three laughed when, advertising to the motion for the 'Irish Melodies,' I ventured an opinion that we had rather too many of *Moore's* books already; 'there was one melody,' I said, 'to the tune of twenty guineas, more or less, which we had better 'pay or play' before we began a fresh *score*; but it did not tell well—the president was unmoved; the treasurer only gave a vacant stare. No, no; when I get into Westminster Hall I must give up that strain and try the sentimental."

"I really wish," said Austen, "your governor would change his mind as to making a lawyer of you: only two sorts of people shine at the bar, those who *are*, and those who *deserve* to be, *brought to it*."

"And they differ more in degree than in principle," added Du Cane; it's a profession that every one speaks ill of."

"Mere human nature or ill-nature," replied B., "to speak ill of those who speak well."

"Ay, but they *write* ill of you too," said A.

"And you can't retaliate now; for you'll hardly stickle for the writings of the craft whatever you may have to say for their eloquence," rejoined Du C.

"Oh, pray, doctor," exclaimed B., "who is the magnus Apollo of *your* shelves? you'll hardly think to stop my mouth with Dr. Kitchener and his peptics?"

"T will be well if your palate meet with no worse employment," chimed in A., who, to do him justice, really looked like no hater of good living.

"Well, if the culinary professor does not (as you express it) stop your mouth, *we* have one author who, I am sure, will give you a *Lock-jaw*," answered Du C., his composed muscles not even relaxing at his triumphant allusion to the prince of logicians. "Come, come," continued he, "confess that when you have named Blackstone—Carthusian Blackstone—you have gone through the alphabet of your catalogue and are fairly gravelled."

"Oh, no; there's Bacon," cried B.

"He only affected to be a lawyer, and the less you say of him in that character the better for his memory."

"Moses, then," chuckled B.

"Oh! oh!" sung both adversaries in concert.

"Besides," added A., "he was one of *us*, a regular Levite."

"And of *us* too," echoed Du C.; "witness his serpent, the very symbol of the faculty,—witness his——"

"Oh, yes," interrupted B.; "and the quarrelsome Egyptian was his first patient: but *quis vituperavit*? what authors of credit have abused us?"

"Swift *passim* and his friend Pope," answered A.

"And Gay and Sterne," added Du C.

"And Goldsmith; and even the mild Walter Scott has had a shy at you."

"But Scott himself was an advocate," interposed B., singling out a name from the mustering phalanx.

"So much the more sincere are his sentiments," said Du C.

"But he has not abused the *profession*," pleaded B.

"True, he falls short of Swift and others in that matter; but among all his legal characters he has scarcely presented one in a favourable light, and many quite the reverse."

"Then," added Du C., "take all the dramatists from Shakspeare downwards, and where can you find one good fellow represented as a lawyer? Terence even—"

"Oh, plays, plays; but here come the umpires; we must go."

The trijuvenile then left me and joined the game.

If I had been in a reverie and dreamt this confab, the positions they severally took in the field (for a little "under" at my elbow told me the cricket names) might alone have suggested my surmises as to their future destinies. Du Cane as bowler delivered unerring balls—he "put out" three the first "over"; Barker was "point", and exhibited some sharp practice; and Austen an unflinching and vigilant "*wicked-keeper*."

MYTHOLOGICS.—No. 5.

JUSTICE.

It was a misty morning up aloft, and the gods were all out of sorts. Jupiter complained of a slight headache; Juno looked interestingly pale; Venus's smile was, according to the expressive phrase of Mercury, (vulgarisms always *are* expressive,) "all on the wrong side of her mouth;" Mars was bearing up against the tortures of a decided "Borborygmus" with Stoical endurance; Minerva was for once as stupid as her favourite; Apollo, who had made up his mind not to show himself abroad all day, was busily uncorking his sixth bottle of soda water, and giving vent to certain confused murmurings, of which all that could be made out was,—“all that Champagne,”—“infernal ass,”—“drank like a fish.”

The fatigue of returning from Peleus' wedding-supper on the preceding evening had evidently been too much for the Immortals.

Family parties are doubtless very good things in their way; but when every individual member happens to be luxuriating in some peculiar strain of grumbling, they become decidedly ineligible. However, there sat the gods at a late breakfast, each of them sedulously endeavouring to impress the rest with the belief that he or she, as the case might be, had a most voracious appetite; and each of them, to prove it, eating nothing. Knives and forks, after a little *ad captandum* flourishing, dropped, and Conversation speedily followed their example.

It is no light undertaking to be the first to break a long silence. The attempt reminds us of one of those American instruments of destruction, which unless it be propelled with the greatest precision, recoils upon the

head of the unhappy flinger. Secretly pinching a child, if there happens to be a small one within reach, is a most approved recipe for those whom bashfulness prohibits from themselves breaking the spell of the gentle goddess:—the child cries,—the company pity,—the ice is thawed at once,—conversation flows freely,—and nobody looks foolish. But in Olympus there were no children:—for the gods, like Bank-Clerks with £40 a year, seem to have thought babies a nuisance, and always put them out to nurse; and from this resource they were of course debarred. One coughed, another sneezed; but in vain:—coughs and colds were alike destined to pass uncom-miserated. Sympathy was as dead as a door-nail; and corns, even of ten years' growth, were trodden upon with impunity. "Silence was pleased," and Silence was the only person who *was* so.

Gradually, however, the nose of Jupiter was observed to be mysteriously affected. Thrice he sniffed, each time with increasing vehemence; for two whole minutes the imperial organ was precluded from exercising its proper functions, by the vigorous compression of its proprietor's thumb and finger; and at last the charm was broken.

"What an infernal stink of smoke!" said Jupiter.

"Positively awful," said Apollo. "Awful" was just now the fashionable word in Olympus. "Splendid" had but lately gone out. Acute observers of language might, however, detect that "magnificent" was rising daily in Immortal estimation; and even faint traces of a partiality for "glorious" were discoverable.

"Hip! hip! hip! hurrah!" shouted a mighty voice outside, followed by a sound like the application of an enormous foot to the door of the breakfast-parlour:—three expiring panels gave a simultaneous crash,—the

lock flew off at a tangent upon Juno's Company teapot, which it pulverized ; all that was left of the door flew open ; and Vulcan stood revealed to the expectant eyes of the company.

" Done it in seven minutes and a half, by all that boils !" exclaimed that uncereemonious visitor,—“ Hip ! hip ! hip ! hurrah ! ”

" Done what ? ” said Mars,—who was a terrible fellow for demanding explanations.

" Not a second more than seven minutes and a half, I tell you,” said Vulcan, not deigning to notice the interrogation ;—“ whiz—rattle—whistle,—and here I am you see ! Hip ! hip !—— ”

" Stop, and be choked to you ! ” shouted Jupiter in a rage.

" Hip ! hurrah ! ” proceeded the incorrigible god.

Even Juno was moved. In the excitement of the moment she seized a large egg, and despatched it at the head of the offender. It passed, however, harmless, and terminated its career by making a most impartial distribution of its contents over a beautiful portrait of Leda, which hung about three yards to the right of Vulcan. There is malice even in celestial breasts,—and it was said afterwards in certain Olympian coteries that the lady was perfectly satisfied with her success as a marks-woman.

" Hold ! hold ! ” cried Vulcan, considerably sobered by what the Journalists of that day would have called the demonstration of public feeling ;—“ come along with me, and if you don't open your eyes rather wider than you seem inclined to do just now, why Madam Juno may pelt at me from this till midnight,—and I 'll find her in eggs into the bargain ! ”

Curiosity is strong—stronger than anger : so out they

all trooped after their unusual leader; and strange indeed was the scene which met them as they turned into Jupiter's stable-yard. Every inhabitant of Olympus, young or old, male or female, was standing with mouth agape round the youngest of the three Cyclops, who officiated as Vulcan's "Tiger," and who was talking at a great rate, and drinking if possible at a greater. He had, however, entrenched himself in a strong position before the stable-door,—and his one eye was rolling fearfully over the crowd which pressed around him, vainly endeavouring by every species of threat, bribe, and supplication to gain admission into the interior. Even the great Jupiter himself was obliged to elbow his way through the throng, arm in arm with Vulcan; and the Ladies learned for the first time that Celestial crowds are not a whit better in point of politeness than Terrestrial ones. The looms of the Fates were obliged to be set at work the next day, to furnish a new supply of silks and satins:—forty-five old misers of ninety-nine years each gained a brief reprieve of existence, and as many spendthrift and expectant grandsons hung themselves in despair.

"There!" said Vulcan, as he threw open the door of the stable with the air of a man who is doing a great action,—“there!” To his extreme astonishment not even a single goddess got up a start or a scream, and yet there was really some cause for surprise. In the two extreme stalls of the capacious stable stood two colossal steeds, to which those that composed the ordinary teams of the Immortals were but as pygmies. Their coats were smooth and shining; and well they might be, for they were of polished iron:—their breath was hot and fiery, and no wonder, for they were each busily engaged in discussing a chaldron of live coals, and an enormous

trough-full of boiling water. The gods stood transfixed by amazement.

"Hold up, Smoker, can't you?" said Vulcan, patting the off-hind leg of the nearer of the two. The obedient animal followed his directions, and exhibited to the view of the company an enormous hoof, beautifully shod with cork. "That's for water-travelling," said Vulcan quietly.

"You may tell that to the Demi-gods, old Hammer and Tongs," said Mars; "the real ones won't believe it."

"In the name of wonder," said Jupiter, "do tell us what all this means."

"Why you see," said Vulcan in explanation, "the horses are just like other horses, only they're rather larger and rather stronger, as is but reasonable, considering they're made of iron:—well, that's as clear as daylight. Then, you see, the coals they eat act upon the water they drink, and the water returns the compliment upon the coals; and so you see,—in short they can't help going. I think that's plain enough, is n't it, ladies?"

"Perfectly," said Juno, who was never more mystified in her life.

"Quite," said Venus, who was wishing her liege lord broiling on his own forge.

"Most luminous," said Minerva: "but are they quite quiet to ride?"

"Why, to tell the truth, that's the only possible objection," said Vulcan: "we certainly have had several slight accidents in training them; one of my knaves was thrown, and killed himself, and another is expected to die very soon from a kick, (which was only play after all, for there is n't an atom of vice about them;) but then you see, what of that? We really must travel faster,—

the world won't stand twelve miles an hour twelve months longer; something must be done, and of course something must be sacrificed; the public good demands it. Then, you see, we must alter the face of the country a little bit; but again, what of that? When I've cut a regular bridle-way up Olympus I shall be able to get up here in——"

"Cut a bridle-way up Olympus?" shouted the whole body of gods in horror.

"Up Olympus?" echoed the whole chorus of goddesses.

"Cut a bridle-way?" said Jupiter majestically.

"Cut your stick!" bellowed a Demi-god outside.

"Room there! room! make way for the lady, can't you, you knaves!" roared the Cyclops at the door. The canaille shrank from the flourish of his tremendous riding-switch, and Diana entered the stable with a rubicundity of visage, which could only betoken extreme haste or extreme inebriety; Bacchus set it down to the latter score, and welcomed her warmly.

"Justice! justice!" cried the goddess, as soon as she could speak; "justice! murder! justice!"

"Murder! rape! robbery! justice!" shouted the outsiders, who saw which way the wind was likely to blow. Vulcan turned pale as ashes; and the feelings of the Cyclops were evidently far from comfortable.

"Justice upon whom, fairest?" said Jupiter, who was polite to every woman, except an old one, or his own wife; "who has dared——"

"Who?" shrieked the agitated plaintiff; "need you ask who? are not his looks sufficient indication? has he not this very morning run over and barbarously murdered three of my fleetest nymphs, and six couples of my favourite pack? Oh! ill-fated Jowler! unfortunate

Ringwood ! little did you dream how soon your gentle forms were to lie crushed beneath the hoofs of a nasty great brute like——” Strong words, like strong waters, are too much for ladies ; the latter they generally dilute with fresh water, the former with salt : a flood of tears relieved the excited goddess ; she pointed pathetically to the wondrous steeds, which continued to munch their red-hot coals with the greatest coolness, and sank back into the arms of Apollo.

“ I could n’t help it ! upon my soul, I could n’t,” began Vulcan in an apologetical tone ; “ I could n’t stop him in time, or——”

“ Rape ! robbery ! treason ! murder ! justice !” broke in the crowd at the door.

The voice of a multitude, whatever the old saw may say, is not the voice of a god ; but it is a pretty powerful one nevertheless ; and gods, like men, seldom resist it.

“ Silence !” said Jupiter. The many-headed beast saw that it had produced an impression, and in a moment you might have heard a pin drop, or a lover’s whisper, which is perhaps the more difficult of the two, except to the party addressed, who is always blest with a fifty-ear power of hearing on the occasion.

“ Mercury,” said Jupiter, with dignity, as he took his seat upon an elevated corn-bin, supporting his imperial feet upon an inverted stable-pail ; “ Mercury, make proclamation down below, that all who have any complaints to prefer against this pestiferous monster do present themselves forthwith before this our sovereign tribunal. Apollo, have the kindness to swear in a dozen or so of the noisiest you can find outside to serve as a jury. Mars, be so good as to fetch me a thunderbolt, in case of accidents ; it is as well to be prepared.”

"Three cheers for Jupiter! down with Vulcan!" cried an irreverent varlet among the unwashed. "Swear that fellow in for Foreman," said Jupiter; "Impartiality is the soul of Justice." The scene at this moment was highly impressive. Vulcan was perspiring fearfully; and the Cyclops had fainted outright. There was a dead silence among the gods and their retainers; but the strange steeds were observed to snort vehemently, and give various indications of a strong desire to bolt. Five and thirty anxious minutes rolled away.

"Witnesses! witnesses!" cried a voice from the crowd; "room for the witnesses!"

On they came, such a string of them; Pan, and Sylvanus, and the Fauns, and the Satyrs, and the Dryads, and the Hamadryads, and the Naiads, and the Oreads, and about a thousand more, whose names every one ended in *ad*; they had never been in Olympus before, and the gaping and staring were inconceivable.

"The Court is opened," said Jupiter solemnly; "call the first witness."

"Come forward, Pan!" shouted Mercury, who acted as Marshal. "Pan! Pan!" bellowed the crowd, as crowds in courts of justice always do.

"Well, old acquaintance," said Jupiter, as the object of so much vociferation made his way to the witness-box, and his best bow to the court, "what have you got to say on this matter?"

"Got to say, my Lord?" said Pan, much encouraged by the familiarity of the salutation, "why just this; that as to myself, if this state of things is to go on, you may just as well send down a quiet thunderbolt upon me at once, and thank ye for the favour into the bargain. Why he's regularly killing me by inches, with his road-making, all for that precious devil there of his to trot

upon. First he cuts me a trench as deep and as broad as Styx, right through my favourite hill ; next he heaps up a great ugly ridge all along my pet valley ; then he bores such long, dark, suffocating worm-holes under ground, it's beyond all bearing to see him. Sell your dogs, Madam Diana, while you can ; sausage-eating will go out soon with the rest of the good old ways, and then you may give 'em away for an old song. Break your new four-in-hand whip, Master Apollo, and boil your kettle with it, that's all it will be good for a month hence. Well," continued the witness, "there was once a day when people used to look kindly upon me, and my young frisk-a-bouts here ; but the old times are going fast, and the old feelings with 'em ; more sorrow to him that lends 'em a helping kick ! and this 'll be a finishing blow to me. You see I'm older than I was, my Lord Judge, and not quite so stout on my pins as I used to be, and I scarcely dare walk abroad now-a-days, for fear of being run over by him ; let alone that, when I *do* venture out I'm obliged to stare about me for an hour to find out where I am, even in places where I used to bowl along as easily as could be, and could tell every step of the way blindfold. These things come hard upon an old fellow like me, my Lord Judge, but he isn't content with this ; he makes the very blessed air itself as poisonous to me as—as cold water is to you, Master Bacchus, though it's no time for joking either, Heaven help me ! with the fiery, smoky, choking breath of his brutes there ; he——"

"You may stand down," said Jupiter, evidently much affected. "Talk of the rhetoric of the schools indeed ! Bah ! give *us* the eloquence of nature."

"Stand up the next witness !" shouted Mercury, after a pause.

"I can't!" shrieked a Dryad with two wooden legs, who was lifted into the box by half a score of sisters;—"you see before you, my Lord Judge, an unhappy victim——"

"Look at *me*, my Lord Judge!" broke in a Hamadryad, holding up a steel hook in lieu of a right arm; "see how——"

"Stand aside, can't you?" interrupted a buxom Naiad;—ladies are so interestingly impatient:—"hear me, my Lord Judge, I——"

"Me, my Lord!" "Me!" "Me!" "Me!" shouted the Fauns, Satyrs, and Oreads, in a breath.

"Justice! justice!" vociferated the crowd, waxing impatient as well as the witnesses.

"Next witness!" said Jupiter, with dignified brevity.

Apollo stepped into the box. "Nothing," he said, "could have induced him to appear against his valued friend and relative, save the most important public as well as personal considerations. He conceived that he had, in this matter, been by no means treated with that fairness which ought to characterize the conduct of a god. He had in his breeches—he begged pardon of the court—in the pocket of his inexpressibles a patent, which secured to him and his heirs for ever the right of travelling at a greater rate than any other of Jupiter's subjects. He might appeal even to the gods themselves; could they on their consciences deny that they sometimes thought that even he went at too rapid a pace? and was it to be endured that time and space should be annihilated, merely to gratify the caprice of a few one-eyed iron-workers, and their wholesale employer? Forbid it, all that was just! where would be the reverence for the Immortals, if such treatment were suffered to pass unpunished? He could recollect the

fate of Prometheus ; he trusted that after ages would not have to listen with equal horror to that of Vulcan. He had done ; he only trusted in conclusion that there was no Immortal so cold and so culpable, as to be content to look tamely on so flagrant—he might say so awful—a breach of privilege.”

“ Is there any scoundrel to appear for the defendant ?” said Jupiter, after a silence of three whole minutes. “ Prisoner at the bar,” he continued, after another of equal length, “ have you anything to say for yourself ? Gentlemen of the jury, while the prisoner is speaking have the kindness to consider your verdict ; Justice can never be too speedy.”

Vulcan was no orator at the best of times. A few broken words, “ didn’t know—if he’d had the least notion—taken quite unawares—mercy of the court,” and a few similar fragments were all of the defence of the unfortunate culprit which, as the reporters said, “ were audible in the gallery.”

“ Gentlemen of the jury !” said Jupiter, the instant he had finished, “ have you agreed upon your verdict ? Is the prisoner guilty, or not guilty, of the charges brought against him ? how say you ?”

“ We find him very guilty indeed, my Lord,” said the Foreman : “ we look upon the gentleman that the last witness mentioned as a perfect fool in comparison with the prisoner.”

“ Gentlemen,” said Jupiter solemnly, “ the applause of your own consciences will sufficiently reward you for the public duty you have this day performed. Mercury, show the jury into the kitchen, and fetch me my black night-cap.”

“ Did you ever see such an old fright in your life ?” whispered Juno to Venus, as Jupiter drew himself up to his

full height on the pail, which served as his footstool, and proceeded to deliver the sentence of the Court. It was an affecting moment, and the gods felt it as such. Tears and pocket-handkerchiefs were abundant; and the sobs of the Cyclops were heart-breaking.

"Prisoner at the bar!" said Jupiter, "you stand convicted after open trial of having, without provocation, given or received, wilfully endangered and destroyed the lives of sundry and several of our liege subjects; of having, without our permission asked or obtained, presumed to alter, change, and deteriorate the condition of that portion of our dominions called Earth; and of having committed various and sundry other high crimes and misdemeanors against our sovereign authority, and the collective majesty of Olympus. It therefore becomes my painful, but necessary duty, to declare to you the sentence of the Court,—namely, that your horses be demolished, your bridle-ways destroyed, and that you yourself be hurled headlong from Olympus, thence to fall, till such time as some island, continent, or ocean do receive your descending carcass; and further, that this sentence be carried into immediate execution; that so, whosoever shall hereafter dare to dream of following your audacious example, may be deterred from so doing by the recollection of your unhappy fate.—Mars," continued Jupiter, gracefully flinging his black night-cap to Juno, "guard the prisoner! Mercury, bring me a hammer!"

"So please you," said the Minister, handing up one of formidable dimensions, "here's Vulcan's own that he brought with him: I calculate he didn't much guess what use it would be turned to, when he started this morning."

Bang went the ponderous weapon on the head of the

nearest horse ; bang, bang, bang, till Jupiter was as red in the face as a modern alderman after a city-feast. "The devil take the brute!" said Jupiter energetically, as he raised his arm for a fifth blow. But the strange steeds saved him the trouble. With a mighty sound, compounded, as far as the terrified hearers could judge, of a snort, a hiss, a whistle, a groan, and a juvenile thunder-clap, the monsters in the same moment broke away from their halters ; right through the stable-wall went they ; twenty-seven of the surrounding canaille did they trample into atoms ; on ! on ! there was nothing might bar their way ! destruction to the court-yard-walls ! death to the treasures of the pleasure-garden ! woe for Queen Juno's favourite summer-house ! see ! they near the edge of the precipice—closer, closer still—by all that's glorious, they have taken the leap ! there they lie, smoking, hissing, groaning at the bottom ; scattering from their rent and gaping sides their burning entrails ; quivering, heaving, roaring, scorching.

"Pah !" said Apollo, looking timidly over the precipice, and burying his nose in a cambric pocket-handkerchief of the latest device ; "pah ! the stink is intolerable !"

"Justice ! justice !" bellowed the unwashed, whose chief diversion was yet to come.

To linger over the execution of the sentence was only to sport with the feelings of the multitude ; and the gods felt that to be a dangerous kind of game. Spontaneously and silently did Mars, Bacchus, Pan, and Sylvanus approach the miserable culprit ; silently did each appropriate an arm or a leg ; and in silence was he borne to the edge of the mountain.

"Are you ready?" inquired Bacchus of his fellow-executioners. A nod was his only answer.

"Then follow me," continued he: "cruel but necessary, as the cook said when she skinned the live eel: once, twice, thrice, and away!"

"Soft fall to you, darling!" shouted Mars after the descending Deity. "Now let's go to lunch."

The inhabitants of Lemnos were somewhat astonished, about nine o'clock in the evening of what had been a sultry summer's day, at seeing an opaque body, whose nature they were unable to discover, rapidly approximating to the earth. In about five minutes time, however, their doubts were dissipated, and their sympathy demanded for an elderly gentleman, of somewhat dirty complexion, suffering under a compound fracture of the right leg, which was immediately pronounced incurable by the fashionable surgeon of the island. Who he was, where he came from, whither he went, were three secrets which the worthy islanders were unable to solve: one man indeed there was, a blind old fellow from Chios, who pretended to be more knowing than others about the matter; but his account of the event was never received; it carried impossibility on the very face of it. There was but one conclusion on the point at which the sages of Lemnos arrived; a very good one, and a very pithy one it was; and it was comprised in the simple, yet forcible language of one of their 'most potent, grave, and reverend Signiors,'—"Fifty to one it sarved him right."

TO H. MOUBRAY, ESQ.

— Coll. Camb., 21 December, 1837,

DEAR MOUBRAY,

STULTZ does bother so. I told him if he'd be patient, I would try and get him some customers among my old school-fellows. When I said I would pen a letter for him in the *CARTHUSIAN*, the old buck was delighted; so if you print the inclosed, you'll do *me* a favour. He *would* have the address added (a goose), with the stupid *N.B. and all*. Put stops before you send it to type, and *mind* the printer don't get hold of *this*; for if he puts this in too, he'll spoil the whole. I'll send you the Tripos as soon as it is out. How is old Curtis and Russell? Remember me to "the fifth."

Yours ever,

H. G.

To the Editors of the Carthusian and all the Boys.

GENTLEMEN,

I AM about to appear as an author, and respectfully solicit your custom. My superior *cut* is known and appreciated through the whole world of fashion; you will therefore perhaps think me fitter to become a *critic*; but no, the connection between the profession of letters, and that which I trust, at no distant day, I shall have the honour to exercise on your graceful persons, is closer than ordinary people seem to be aware. Is not an Epic poem, even the venerable *Iliad* itself, called a rhapsody, or *sewing together* of imagery? Are not the words of an author cited as the text or *web*? Are not many books now-a-days made by means of a pair of scissors? What expression is more

frequent with novelists than the *thread* of the narrative? and political pamphleteers, even more than ourselves, seem to be conversant with *measures*. Our productions, it is well known, do not always, on a first trial, "fit the *head**;" nor is it every author whose writings, on a first (*or any other*) perusal, have the good fortune to be understood. In one respect I am certain the similarity holds much more closely than we either of us care to own. Our respective works are not a little enhanced by the aid of *hot-press*. The *materials*, or if you please, the subject, of my essay are the three garments, I may say, the three graces of a gentleman, the coat, waistcoat and breeches. You err if you suppose my treatise will be merely professional: it is what I think Mr. Burke has termed "Philosophy reduced to Practice," or scientifically political.

My ideas, like those of other illustrious aliens, have long been engaged in contemplating the beauties of the British constitution; and I think, by instituting a comparison between *the* three habiliments and the three estates of the realm, I can show how much national policy depends on national costume, and how empires and states may rise and fall simply by the good or bad taste of their tailors.

The coat, which is the main article of dress, represents the chief or executive part of government; it is made of the finest texture of the finest wool, which is the staple commodity of the country; so the monarch, in *quality* and pedigree, excels all subjects. Though not exactly a part of female apparel, yet a *petty* prosthesis to the word renders it exclusively so, which can-

* Tailors, on such occasions, take home the clothes with the promise and *pretence* of altering them, and in a day or two bring them back. This process they technically term "fitting the head."

not be predicated of either of the other garments. Neither does the French language permit such adaptation ; thus our neighbours (gallant as they are) suffer from a salique law, while England rejoices in a queen. It is a maxim of state that the king can do no wrong, and is amenable to no one ; so no decent society tolerates the wearer of a patched coat.

I reserve for my *opus magnum* (*quod mox e prelo*) many erudite and interesting analogies ; and just observe, in passing, that my principal position, with regard to material and quality, is confirmed by history with only one exception. Some foolish fanatics contrived to introduce *leather* as a substitute ; but the fashion was partial and temporary, for *buffcoats* came and went with "Old Noll."

The waistcoat upholds the dignity of the coat ; so the Peerage supports the honours of royalty. In former times these two "uppers" were more akin both in colour and manufacture than at present ; thus Henry IV. styled all earls "his trusty and well-beloved cousins,"—a courtesy which continues to this day. Few things more offend my sartorial feelings than to see a want of harmony between the coat and waistcoat—A variance between them shocks me like parricide ; and as for that horrible notion which a few low-minded innovators have entertained, of dispensing entirely with the latter, I can only pity the miserable empirics who harbour such degenerate thoughts ; and truly hope, if ever the mode is adopted, that they will, as the philosopher of old wished, wear windows in their breasts that we may see their hearts !

I proceed now, with caution, to handle the nether garment, which its pockets have identified with the House of Commons : nay, so prejudiced are the honour-

able members in favour of this, their characteristic vesture, that no females are admitted, even as auditors, except under a disguise which tradition hints married ladies are but too willing to assume.

The Romans, wearing none themselves, spoke contemptuously of the *subligar*, and had no opinion of any *gens braccata*; hence their continual changes of kingly, consular, dictatorial and imperial forms. Modern Turks have nothing worthy of the name; hence their loose and precarious dynasty. The Dutch used formerly to abound; their form of government corresponded, and was, till lately, republican on a wide basis. But I am forestalling much of the gratification you will derive from my volumes, in which you will find thus traced to its origin the *seat* of government in all nations.

The foreign names of Rapin and De Lolme are niched in the Temple of Fame, and near them, I trust will live recorded that of,

Gentlemen,
Your obedient humble servant,
F. G. V. L. STULTZ,
Tailor and Habit Maker,
No. 37, Bond Street.

 N.B. Copy the Address.

THE WILD HUNTSMAN.

Oh ! know ye not the Wild Huntsman
Who roameth o'er land and sea ?
Since first this glorious world began
His pastime followeth he ;
And ever he driveth his quarry, man,
With his trusty bloodhounds three !

The first is lean, and lank, and slow,
As his strength were past away ;
Yet never may flag that hound, I trow,
On his sure and silent way :—
Unmark'd, unheard, or ere he know,
Doth Age arrest his prey !

Tardily paceth the second bloodhound
When the sport doth first begin,
But he leapeth and gaineth at every bound,
Till his victim he doth win ;
For there never was yet the strong man found,
Escaped whole from Sin !

But the third bloodhound of that fearful chace,
Oh ! he lingereth o'er his prey,
Till he spoileth the limb of its rounded grace,
And the eye of its gladsome ray ;
I ween that wight is in doleful case,
Whom Sickness hath at bay !

Now know ye not the Wild Huntsman
Who roameth o'er land and sea,
Who hath follow'd his sport since earth began,
And shall follow while earth shall be ?
For never may rest our earthly span,
From DEATH and his bloodhounds three !

CARMEN CARTHUSIANUM.

WE have more than once had occasion to allude to the many friendly relations into which we have been brought by our connexion with the CARTHUSIAN. Indeed, our only fear has been lest our tripartite head should be turned by the very lofty alliances which we have thereby formed. Certainly, if our triple headpiece has been unmoved, not so our heart,—which is but *one*. It has gratefully responded—and far more steadily than our pen—to the many favours showered upon us from quarters which at our commencement we had neither hope nor right to look to for assistance. To these contributions we may have occasion to allude ere our task is done; but we cannot in the meantime send off the following “CARMEN” to press without our hearty thanks to its respected author, for the urbanity and *thorough Carthusianism* with which he kindly assented to our pressing request that we might be allowed and enabled to present to his and our Schoolfellows a production, which we know the extreme anxiety of so many Carthusians to possess, and of which, among all who ever heard it, there is but one opinion.—EDS.

CARMEN CARTHUSIANUM.

Scene, HALL. Time, FOUNDER’S DAY, 1837.

Hor. (Bentl.)

Od. 32. Lib. 1. *Poscimus*.—Come then, the call must not pass us;

Pind. Nem. 3. Πόρνια Μοῖσα, come down from your perch on Parnassus;

If in young days *benigna*, nunc *adsis benignior*,

Hor. Od. 11. The DAY’s *jure solennis*, there’s none *lyrá dignior*.

Lib. 4.

Whether basking and blinking beneath the noon sun-ray,
 Hor. Od. 32. Or more cozily *vacui* lounging *sub umbrâ*,
 Lib. 1. In the "Shell," or the "Sixth," *si quid lusimus tecum*,
Now, your longs and shorts, sense and nonsense, I bespeak 'em.

We are called on, I say; and my wish, to be sure, is
 For a Song which may live *hunc in annum et plures*:
 Hor. Od. 32. So brush up your Latin,—some Greek you may deign 'em—
 Lib. 1. *Age, dic*, Madam Muse, *carmen Carthusianum*.

And you, whose good-will is my *κῶδος* and *κέρδος*,
 Brother *Carth. Doms*,—altho' no *Musarum sacerdos*,
 Hor. Od. 1. Let patience attend me, I pray, *haud invita*,
 Lib. 3. While *carmina canto non prius audita*.

Twelfth. Yes, dame Patience! leave off smirking there on your monu-
 Night. Act 2. ment,
 And *here* some of your smiles and your balm and your honey
 vent;—
 "Oh! that rhyme!"—Laugh ye, friends, and so strict my
 chaff winnow?

Juv. Sat. 3. Ere I've done, you'll be shaken *majore cachinno*.

Maculis, tho' not *paucis*,—and there's the *gravamen*—I
 Hor. Ars Yet ask you, old Schoolfellows, *ne offendamini*;
 Poet. But, winking at faults *quas incuria fudit*,
 Fancy how *plura nitent*,—tho' fancy *deludit*.

If to *School* brought,—or even to *Hall* as "Goose-verses"*—
 Little hope for my bantling from such tender mercies;
 But you here, who have bowels, in pity adopt her,
 Juv. Sat. 11. If *hodie tantum convivia propter*.

Et quoniam cæpit of *School* certain *mentio*,
 Juv. Sat. 3. Better not pass it over thus slightly, *ut sentio*;
 The smaller fry soothed, Muse of mine, 'twould be folly
 Not to canvass the favour *majoris abollæ*.

Corpus O! Magistrorum, then,—*inter labores*
 Hor. Sat. 7. *Quando hæc Saturnalia voluerunt majores*,
 Lib. 2. Blunders spare of a friend and *pristini membris*,
 And let *me* profit, too, *libertate Decembri*.

* What "Gown-boy" but remembers those and other sa-
 voury accompaniments of Michaelmas?

Not to make a false start,—now, then, lest we displease some men,

Pind. Olymp. 2. *Τίν' ἦρωα, τίνα δ' ἄνδρα*, O Muse ! *κελαδήσομεν* ;
Who shall take foremost rank in our motley *farrago* ?

Hor. Od. 12. *Cujus recinet nomen jocosa imago* ?
Lib. 1.

Yet shame to my doubts ; for midst FOUNDER'S DAY jollity
Certain *laudes* have been to Carthusians long *solitæ* ;
And the question of *Flaccus* no doubt it will strike 'em,

Hor. Od. 12. *Solitis laudibus quid prius dicam* ?
Lib. 1.

But tho' here seems a subject quite pat, cut and dry for me,
The muse jibs, flags her wing, and pants out, " It's too high for me !

" Master mine, that course suits but crack whips, not mere Jarvies !

Hor. Od. 3. *" Magna modis tenuare jam desine parvis."*
Lib. 3.

The jade's right. He who, worthy to sing SUTTON'S* praises,

Hor. Od. 20. *Pennam non usitatam nec tenuem* raises,
Lib. 2. Nor too dull nor too flighty, too tame nor too noisy,

Sapph. Reliq. *Φαίβεραί μοι*, I vow, *κῆνος ἴσος θεοῖσι*.

Such an one has to-day, we know, *satis et optime*,
Played the part panegyrick, and quite put a stop to me ;
" Name ! Name ! " Well, I'll name—on his claims none have differed—

That *puerum togatum*, the Orator, CLIFFORD.†

Examples are many, and here we have one,
Of dissimilar tastes in father and son ;
To be Lords' *Black Rod Usher* the Sire's no objection,
With *our* black rod's grim usher the Son cuts connexion.

Mystic symbol of order in House of the Peers !
Fearful sign, in *our* *Domus*, of bloodshed and tears !
CLIFFORD hails thee as honour, borne *suis majoribus*,
As disgrace casts thee off *suis posterioribus*.

Juv. Sat. 11. While *vultu ingenuo, ingenuoque pudore*,
Circumstantibus sociis, he held forth before ye,
What heart but desired the fair promise might stand good,
And the blossoms of youth bear rich fruit in his manhood !

* THOMAS SUTTON founded Charter House, under Royal Charter from KING JAMES THE FIRST, A. D. 1611.

† Son of Sir Augustus Clifford, Bart.

Who among us but echoed his warm salutation,
His outpouring of loyal and true gratulation,
Praying peace and prosperity, *laus, salus, gloria*,
May long wait on our young virgin-Sovereign VICTORIA !

Alike must our feelings accord with his own
Towards the honest and kind-hearted MONARCH who's gone ;
Nor less be our sympathy frankly and gladly paid
To the widowed, the gracious, and excellent ADELAIDE.

If, thus mourning lost friends, greeting friends yet before us,
SUTTON still was his main point, 'twas fit and decorous ;
And no true-bred Carthusian *unquam queretur*
Quod liberius Oratio campo in hoc spatietur.

But you, *Præses dignissime, Viri gravissimi*,
You *Alumni* of all ranks, you Stewards *spectatissimi*,
You who form the *corona* so bright *quâquâversum*,
CLIFFORD's doings you've witnessed ;—I need not rehearse 'em.

For your plaudits, and eke for your pounds, he is debtor ;
To clap sure's a fine thing, but to " tip " 's a still better ;
Sibi plaudet, depend on 't,—and *manu non parcd*,—
Simul ac nummos contemplatur in arcâ.

Hor. Sat. 1.
Lib. 1.

Ask of all Schools,—they've somewhat they make a vast fuss by ;
There's WESTMINSTER joys in *Queen Bess*, and *old Busby* :
And your WINCHESTER chaps twist all topicks you pick 'em
To their *ἀναξ ἀνδρῶν*, famed *William of Wykeham*.

Honest old *Lawrence Sheriff*'s the something *ὑπέρφανov*
Whose *laudes* a RUGBY-man feasts without surfeit on :
And the School which is called by the name of St. PAUL, it
Magniloqua fit on the theme of *Dean Colet*.

A School, too, which, not to assume any rash tone,
May vie with the best, has its pet *Thomas Ashton* ;
And of Him, *καὶ τῶν λοιπῶν*, of brag vents a stock
Any day, " for a long hour by SHREWSBURY clock."

King Henry
IV. Part 1.

MERCHANT-TAILORS instinctively worship the *Nine* !
O number creative ! O number divine !
While to verse-making sacred that number they woo,
They gratefully hail it as *Man-making*, too.

A HARROW-man vows that there 's *οὐδὲν βέλτιον*
To be named on this earth than his Founder, *John Lyon* ;
ETON revels in *Marquesses*, *Montem*, and *Mutton* ;
And WE boast of sound Scholars, *King Jamie*, and *Sutton*.

Oh! welcome to memory each name that recalls
 The blithe days of Boyhood within these old walls!
 And the muse could long prattle, if time did not grudge her,
 Down from SUTTON to *Ben Wall*,* and *Clayton*,* and *Trudger*.*

Virg. *Æn.* 6. But to note all the scenes, I should have a tight work on't,
 Which e'en now to my view *longo ordine surgunt*;
 Chapel, Cloisters, Hall, School, all in order primordial,
 Not to mention O Horse-pond! thy watery ordeal.

Now I taste all the joys of a Verse-free half-School-day;
 Now the whims and the tricks of a fine April-fool-day;
 As "*Watch*" some sharp morning now toddle about;
 Hear the well-known "*All in!*" or more fearful "*Fag out!*"†

Hor. Od. 37. *Nunc est bibendum*,—the tippie but "small"—
 Lib. 1. *Nunc pede libero* kick the foot-ball;
Nunc pulsanda—not merely, as runs the Ode, *tellus*—
 Bear witness *your* thumps and bumps, poor "Under-fellows!"

"Sixth Form down,"—lo! these Under-imps, two or three
 score,

By some Upper-School king "hither" 'd up to School-door;
 And his Sophocles Brunck, and his Juvenal Ruperti,
 Ter. Andr. At their heads thrown, with—" *Vos istæc intro auferte!*"

"Pulling-in time," ho!‡—Crowds throng Hall, Green, and
 School-στοάν,

Eurip. Med. Methought *ἐκλυον φωνάν*,—hark! *ἐκλυον βοάν*—
 The old elms echo murmurs of war and dire schism, ah!

Theoc. Idyll. 1. Murmurs, not quite the *ἀδύ τι τὸ ψιθύρισμα*.

* Names, all of them, among old Carthusians *clara et venerabilia*; the first, as that of the *Ganymede* (truly an ancient one), the second, that of the *Pomona* (God wot a withered one), and the third, that of the *Mercury* (albeit a lame one), of the olden time.

† *Ναὶ δὴ, δεινὸν ἔπος*, in those days!

‡ "Gown-boys" and "Boarders!" "Unders" and "Up-pers!" lives not within you the remembrance of those Saturnalian days? Can ye who have erst borne a share in them ever forget the marshalled host of "Unders," the close array of "Sixth" and "Fifth," the barricade, the siege, the assault, and then on open plain "the tug of war?"

- Now my mind's eye beholds some pet chum *sociumque*,
 Virg. Æn. 6. Some *Glaucum, Medontaque, Thersilochumque*;
 Now *Trudger* I see limping off where we sent him,
Claytonamque etiam sedes, etiam poma tenentem.
- Hor. Od. 5. *Grato sparsa sub antro*, lo! dainties in masses,
 Lib. 1. Fruits, tarts, cakes, capillaire in mugs *vice* glasses,
Pyra, pruna, vel fraga,—quid vis inde tolles—
 Virg. Ecl. 1. *Mitia poma, placentas, castaneas molles.*
- Tu quoque, alma nutrix, habitatiuncule isti*
 Virg. Æn. 7. *Æternam moriens famam, Claytona, dedisti;*
Nomen et tuum fruges quas each season gignat
Campo viridi in nostro, si qua est ea gloria, signat.
 "Cribb'd from *Virgil*:"—Cribb'd!—"Yes: *Seventh* book, *ad*
init.:"
 Pshaw!—*two* poets on *one* fine idea have hit!
 I sing *fruges*, He *ossa*, ranged *more vetusto*,
 And as cherries beat bones,—I beat *Virgil* in *gusto*.
 Next a ruddy-faced tribe I encounter, profound
 In the mysteries of "Long-stop," "Tip-fag," and "Swipe-
 round;"*
 Others view *reclinatos* in sociable talk
 Hor. Od. 3. *In gramineo margine* called "Upper Walk."†
 Lib. 2. Buried now amidst syzygies, docmiacs, *et res illas*,
 In a wilderness lost of some Chorus of *Æschylus*;
Mox, freed from his strophes, antistrophes all,
 Lo! they're scanning more blithely the "wilderness-wall."

* To Carthusians of former times no explanation of these terms can be necessary: they were wont to be sufficiently *φωνᾶντα συνοροῖσιν*. But in these "Reform" days it may be that even our good old English Cricket has not escaped the inflection of some new-fangled nomenclature. *Query*,—pounded with all due respect to Lord John Russell,—Did he ever make one at a good manly game of Cricket, in his life?—To be sure, a presumption in his favour, on this point, may be raised from the admitted fact, that he has shewn himself adroit enough in holding "*a long Innings*," against "*all England*."

† *Οἱ μοι*. Even within these our loyal precincts the levelling principle has insinuated itself; and the "Upper Walk" exists no longer. All is "flat;"—as regards this change, may it not be added,—"and unprofitable"?

Thus in metrical bounds fast,—or “out of bounds” faster,
 Now they’re mastering a Metre,—now meeting a Master!!
 Now engrossed with prime hockey-sticks, stumps, ball and bat;
 Now cramm’d with *Troch*: *Hepth*: or *Iamb*: *Dim*: *Brach*: *Cat*:

Theme-day comes: and in tones more of truth than pretence
 Cries some sucking Tully, “Who’ll give me some sense?”
 “Knocked off mine,” says another: “is yours done?”—“A
 piece is;”—

“Mine was finished before I knew what was the Thesis.”

“Indeed! such a Theme must be much to the purpose!”—

“To the purpose it is; that of saving my *corpus*;

“*Ben*’s old breeches, new-patched, his skin shelter, we see;

“And old Themes, fresh vamped up, stand in like stead to me.”

Themes “made out,” and “read over,”—mid-week brings on
Verse-day,

The muse-moving, feet-forging, bard-breeding Thursday!

Then how various a band court the smiles *Matris Almæ*,

Virg. Æn. 5. *Meritaque expectant præmia palmæ!*

Then of embryo poets the beggings and lendings;

“Done your verses?”—“Not quite, but I’ve got all my end-
 ings.”—

“Mine don’t construe well;”—“Never mind; follow my
 plan;”—

“What’s that?”—“Scan, but no construe;—if construe, no
 scan.”

“I say! tip us a thought;—just this last line to fill:”—

“Bless your simple soul! What! art so innocent still?

“A thought to a line! Bless your fanciful plenty!

“I’d but one thought myself, and I’ve made it fill twenty.”

“You sir! Get a *Gradus*, and look out *procumbo*;

“Is the *pro* long or short? Come, quick speak, are you dumb,
 oh?”—

King Richard “The *pro*’s long.”—“Drat the *pro*! There, take that for your
 III. Act 4. news, sir;”

Action suited to word, flat *procumbit* the “You sir!”

“An *Alcaic* first word,” cries a bard, “seek in vain I;”—

“Why, you blockhead, what think you of *Carthusiani*?”

Some “*Long Lines*” begs another;—“Come, there’s a good
 fellow,

“Three or four of your best, now, poetick and mellow.”

"Well, your subject?"—"Man's troubles!"—"Four lines? oh—a million!"—

"But remember, now,—right sort, eh? flowing, Virgilian!"—

"Peace, Boeotian! Fit's on me! you'll stop inspiration:

"I have it;—write down from my glowing dictation.

"In vitâ præsenti homines sæpe inveniuntur

"Qui de mortali, vah! conditione queruntur:

"Stultum est hoc: nam si pacem et solatia amemus,

"Res certe adversas patienter ferre debemus.

"There! there are four lines! In '*debemus*,' I own,

"A false quantity lurks;—but let it alone!

"*Virgil* makes long that syllable, every one knows,

"But then *Virgil*, I'll swear, cannot shew lines like those!"

Now, to close of School sayings and doings the story,
 Catull. 107. Breaking-up day comes; day, *notâ candidiore!*
 Virg. Æn. 1. *Ætria per ampla fit strepitus* joyous and mighty,
 Eurip. Med. As the leave goes forth—*Ἰαίδες εἰς δόμους χυπεῖρε.*

But 'tis time that *hæ nugæ sint tandem relictæ*,
 Tho' *pergratæ* they be, howe'er often *depictæ*;
 Yes; for every Carthusian to say so much dare I,
 Virg. Æn. 6. *Nec notâsse semel satis est; juvat usque morari.*

So attractive the task *juvenilia fandi*,
 Sall. Bell. Cat. *Mihi tantaque copia est memorandi*,
 Lysias in That *οὐκ ἄπορον ἐστίν, ὧ φίλοι, ἀρξασθαι*,
 Eratosth. 'Ἄλλ' *ἄπορον ἐστὶ*, believe me, *παύσασθαι.*

But to quit Themes and Verses, and Feet long and short,
 Here's a *σπονδὴ*, just now, of a different sort!
 Leave *Bacchius* and *Antibacchius* to *Flaccus*;
 Fill the wine-cup; methinks, no one here's *Anti-Bacchus*.

"School-boy days!" *Three times three!*—Having shewn them
 due *gratiam*,

Hor. Od. 28. *Festo quid potius die SUTTONI nunc faciam*
 Lib. 3. Than, ere on my devious course I dash faster,
 Pay the bounden salute of respect to THE MASTER.

Wishing, then, that whatever of honour and ease is
 Permitted to mortals, may wait on our *Præses*,
 Our Song now more lightly may deal out a snatch
 To each one, in turn, of the CHARTER HOUSE batch.

And first must the muse, lest of slight he impeach her,
 Make her courtesy in form to his Reverence our PREACHER;
 Him, as Jonathan says, let her usher "right slick" in,—
Mem: not WILLIAM HALE HALE,—but ROWLAND CHARLES
 DICKEN.

Hor. Ars
 Poet.

Deuce a bright thought, or pun, or conceit, meets my ken
 In that discord of sounds, D - I - C - K - E - N;
Pace DICKENS I speak; he may vote me heretical,
 But *men, gods, columns*, cannot make *that* name poetical.

Demost. Phil.
 1.

His task,—*credite experto*,—you'd find it no light one,
 Such a bevy of Masters and Boys to affright one!
 His hearers all criticks! and—*ἔτερα λειπεῖν*—
Οὐ μὲν περὶ καινοῦ τινος προὔτιθετο εἰπεῖν.

The Day's Preacher thus noticed,—a stanza we're bound
 To give to our Preacher of all the year round;
 Who not one but all weeks at the oar has to tug on,
 No great tug, by the by, for his berth it's a snug one.

Then thrice Hail to our PREACHER! The welcome quick pass
 all—

Tho' hold—sure 'tis somewhat like "coals to Newcastle;"
 For with thrice Hail from us, while two Hales his name owns,
 'Twill be—Hail! Hail! Hail! HALE-HALE!—as thick as
 Hail-stones.

Hor. Od. 12.
 Lib. 4.

"A vile pun!"—Yes, a vile pun, most sage *objurgator*,
 But pardoned, I know, by our *Concionator*;
 My Song's full of vile puns, and such folly and frippery,
 But *fus est*, aye and *dulce est*, sometimes *desipere*.

And to play on that name I'll yet venture *ulterius*,
 Tho' the sentiment now be more heartfelt, more serious;—
 In zeal, talents, energies unknown to quail,
 In body, mind, principle, long be he—HALE!

Hor. Epod. 2.

Our STEWARDS, *has inter epulas*, next claim a good stock
 Of thanks for their Soup, Turbot, Fowls, Beef, and Woodcock;
 And they wish, I am certain, like honest and true men,
 That we all of us *ἱλαροὶ οἶνον πίνωμεν*.

Anac. In
 Sympos.

Hor. Od. 11.
 Lib. 4.
 Hor. Od. 9 &
 37. Lib. 1. Od.
 28. Lib. 3.

Now, as FOUNDER'S DAY *mensē Decembrem* nigh *findit*,
Dissolvere frigus and keep out the wind, it
 Bids them *cellis avitis reconditum promere*,
 And their stores *super mensā nunc large reponere*.

Carthusians, I speak it with pride, are long known
As a body right staunch to the *Altar and Throne* ;
To that watchword our first bumper flowed, and shall flow,
“ *Church and Queen !* ”—aye, in spite of O’Connell and Co :

Virg. *Æn.* 1. *Spumantibus pateris*, be our Toast then,
“ *Domus !* ”—Hurrah !—“ *and its Seven Wise Men !* ”
Or, with names *singulatim* of all and of each,
Master, Preacher, Four School-Masters, Registrar, Leech !
Quid ! ædepol ! Seven ?—I’m wrong in my “ tottle ; ”*
Counting noses, they’re eight ;—must that stop toast, or bottle ?
No. The muse is not caught in the net they have wove her,
We’ll still toast them as Seven Wise Men,—and One over.

Juv. Sat. 7. Who denies,—even tho’ the hand be not as plastick as
Chantrey’s own,—*quantum meruit labor Scholasticus ?*
Praise to those, then, who here—be it said without raillery—
Thomson’s Spring. Keep for *youthful ideas* a grand *Shooting-gallery !*

And if one of the Corps I may mention, *καρ’ ἐξοχήν*,
I’ll give you the Man in Latin and Greek so keen ;
Urbanitas cujus, doctrina, labores,
Quam ut egeant præconio sunt notiores.

On his gifts and acquirements ’twere needless to dwell ;
In Oxford campaigns he has proved them right well ;
While here,—docile, attentive, ingenuous groups
Shew him (best of all evidence) loved by his Troops.

All must know whom I mean,—so the table don’t ask along—
Whom *can* I mean but our prized *Ἀρχιδιδάσκαλον* ;
Him, who ranks with the best and the boldest commanders—
So here’s health and success to our Field-Marshal SAUNDERS.

But the Field-Marshal knows that the ablest tactician
Must trust much to his Staff, and to all in commission ;
And in council or action, whatever may hap, man,
Well can SAUNDERS rely on his Brigadier, CHAPMAN.

His zeal in the field, and in quarters his steadiness,
For all calls of duty his unshrinking readiness,
Cunctis patent : and tho’ praise of mine be but vain,
Five-and-twenty years’ friendship may hallow the strain.

* *Vide* Hume (not David, but Joseph), in his “ *black and white* ” speeches, *passim*.

Colonel PENNY in turn of inspection comes round ;
 He's worth something more than his *Name*,—say a *Pound* ;
 In sooth many pounds—while good humour, good sense,
 Are qualities formed to make Pounds out of Pence.

Next, well-disciplined, prompt for whatever may call for't,
 Marches out the Rear-guard under Adjutant WALFORD ;
 A brisk, active young officer ; and, I've a notion,
 In due course of service marked out for Promotion.*

The *salute militaire* thus paid, now Muse, halt ! dress !
 And the least they can do's to invite us to mess.
 Lo, at once an Invite !—Now to visits I look,
 Not Angelick, I ween, in thy Hall, *Master Brook* ! †

In those snuggery mysteries sometime initiate,
 With all speed I propose to complete my novitiate ;
 Meanwhile this glass of wine as a tribute and pledge is meant
 To the *Officers* of SUTTON's, or Scholars' own, Regiment.

Those on Service thus named,—truth and friendship demand
 Heed be taken of him who last held the command ; ‡
 Under whom our Carthusians long made such a bustle,
 So here's long life and health—and a Mitre—to RUSSELL.

Our good friend cries of course (*ita moris est fari*),
Sed leni susurro,—" *Nolo episcopari* !"
 Yet, should fate and good Ministers lawn sleeves permit,
 In all senses, I'll warrant, right well will they fit.

* "O, my prophetick soul !" Within six months from its delivery, the Subject of this prediction has, on the retirement of two of his senior officers, been promoted to the rank of second in command.

† Devoted, in old time at least, as well to the Examinations of the *Sixth Form*, at an awful board of Green cloth, frowning with crabbed Greek and Latin volumes, relieved only by *entremets* of Pens, Ink, and Paper,—as to the hospitable entertainment of the *Officers* of *Domus*, and their occasional Guests, at a board of White cloth, smiling with a goodly array of very different materials,—many a subject, tough and tender, dry and fluid, prosy and piquant, classick and gastrick, has this our *atriolum*, *Brook-Hall*, seen thoroughly and earnestly discussed.

‡ The Rev. John Russell, D.D. resigned the Head-Mastership in 1832.

And this in his ear. When said Mitre shall throw
Its radiance athwart his Episcopal brow,
He'll *remember*, I hope, the poor bard and his sonnet,
Whose wish and whose prophecy first placed it on it.

But of Officers' names mention made would not satisfy,
Did we silently pass our good Registrar GATTY's by;
What his claims to regard, saucy Muse, *tune queritas*?
Hor. Od. 24. *Honor, virtus, mens culta, nudaque veritas.**
Lib. 1.

Muse of mine, there's a Field yet remains for laudation;
So quick sound your trumpet in due celebration;
But hold! hold! not so loud! use your warlike tones *parcius*;
For this FIELD's *campus Medicus*, not *campus Martius*.

Health to FIELD! To his patients dame Nature's same charm;
Provided he thinks health will do them no harm.
That I leave to his science and wise resolutions,
For health, doubtless, is not good for all constitutions.

Our good Doctor'll believe me, I doubt not his skill,
As the case may demand, or to cure or to kill;
But he'll pardon the toast to which this glass of wine I pour,
"May his Charter House office long prove a snug sinecure!"

And now—Gratitude calls, midst our merriest vein,
For one pious thought to the memory of RAINE!†
Of him for whom love and respect did so blend,
Revered as the Master, and loved as the Friend.

Deeply versed in the lore or of Athens or Rome,
Well stored with the polished acquirements of Home,
Learning, science, mind, manners, in RAINE mingled shone,
And the scholar and gentleman were but as one.

Well does faithful remembrance recall those young days,
That smile of indulgence, that prized "nod" of praise;
And all who, like me, know the worth that he shewed us,
Hor. Od. 24. Will feel—*Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus?*
Lib. 1.

* About four months after expression had been given to this sentiment, this able and estimable man was carried off by a disease of his heart,—the only disease that existed there.

† The Rev. Matthew Raine, D.D. among Scholars distinguished and honoured, by his Pupils alike respected and beloved, died in 1811, having been Head-Master for twenty years.

- My old Master ! This humblest of all humble lays
 Thy humblest of pupils may tune to thy praise ;
 For kindness long shewn my return this alone is,
 Virg. *Æn.* 6. And thy memory *his saltem accumulem donis.*
- Thus much if in serious, yet sure not in wrong tone
 I have ventured ; τὸ γὰρ γέρας ἐστὶ θανόντων.
 Hom. *Il.* Lib. 16. Grave thus mingling with gay, Nature's copyist *fui,*
 Hes. *Op. et Di.* Ζεὺς ἄλλοτε μὲν αἰθριος, ἄλλοτε δ' ὕει.
 But the tribute paid,—other strains ὦρα νῦν αἰρεῖ.
 Nearer tuned to the pitch of our right merry party ;
 So, Muse, *rumpe luctus,* I charge and desire ye,
 Hor. *Od.* 3. Lib. 3. For *non hæc jocosa conveniunt lyrae.*
- And yet—just as I thought into mirth to have started,
 I bethink me, alas ! of another Departed !
 And of WATKINSON, gone ! *communis omnium vox edit,*
 Hor. *Od.* 24. Lib. 1. *Multis ille honestis flebilis occidit.*
- "Eh !"—methinks he cries,—"*occidit ?* zooks ! I'm not dead !"
 But *hei mihi !* what else by us *here* can be said ?
 He's our *late* Second Master ! and, all must confess it,
 'Απολύεται τοῦ ζῆν with a *bene decessit.*
- And in quitting command, here however regretted,
 We rejoice he was soon to a higher gazetted ;
 Yes, at head-quarters such our friend's interest and luck, sir,
 Hor. *Od.* 14. Lib. 2. Giving up this our *Domus,* he got *placens Uxor.*
- There's another, the Charter House corps wont to serve in,
 Now retired,—canny chiel fra' the North—ANDREW IRVINE ;
 He, to shame all his tribe, *left* our South (I'm no jester)
 Back for Scotland !—but took care to stop short at Leicester.*
- But say,—midst our FOUNDER'S DAY feasting and joys,
 Shall we greet Preachers, Stewards, Masters, all—but the Boys ?
 Not so slight our School-feelings, so vague, nor so shifty ;
 So may God bless the merry One hundred and fifty !
- Hor. *Carm.* *Sæc.* *Dii docili probos dent mores Juventæ ;*
Sani corpore, sani præsertim sint mente ;
 While against false Philosophy's furious or sober rant
 Hor. *Od.* 4. Lib. 4. *Cultus recti sacrique pectora roborant.*

* Having been presented to the Vicarage of St. Margaret, Leicester.

Gray. Health to all, and to each ! May full many an one shine
In Honour's lists ; all in "the breast's happy sunshine !" *futuri*
Still may BARROWS, STEELES, ADDISONS, BLACKSTONES *futuri*
Juv. Sat. 10. From their ranks arise, *magna exempla daturi*.

Respiciant an ELLENBOROUGH's* high Legal station ;
A LIVERPOOL,* guiding the helm of the Nation ;
A MANNERS,* if e'er into Chancery they wish to come ;
A SUTTON,* high Canterbury's *Archiepiscopum*.

In yet looking back on our list of *Primores*,
Be WESTMORELAND reckoned among the old Tories ;
And, more recent, inscribed on the rolls of our fame
Be WHARNCLIFFE's tried talent and unspotted name.

Next, CAM's quondam Professor of Greek ; and—*quis nescit*—
The Carthusian MONK† did much more than profess it.
Then One, in whose praise none among us will falter soon,
The Judge, Lawyer, Scholar,—my school-fellow ALDERSON.‡

Other Names we may count, while recording our glories,
If not as *Alumnos*, as *Gubernatores* ;
So a sample we'll cull—the whole list rather long 'tis—
Hom. Od. Lib. 7. From our roll of *ἡγήτορες ἡδὲ μέδοντες*.

High in rank, and, to give honour fairly and duly,
As high in our love, stands the good Primate, HOWLEY ;
Of the Church which he governs an emblem *clarissimus*,
Suavis always *in modo*, *in re* yet *fortissimus*.

And oh ! 'twould not be justly, nor wisely, nor well done,
Not to place next the time-honoured Name, JOHN of ELDON ; §
As the Judge, able, upright ; as Statesman (*O mirum !*)
Hor. Od. 3. Always *justum et tenacem propositi virum*.
Lib. 3.

* Truly, that was a *Sidus Carthusianum*. The Head of the Church, the Head of the State, the Head of the Common Law, and the Head of the Chancery Bench in Ireland, all *contemporary* Carthusians.

† Now Bishop of Gloucester and Bristol.

‡ One of the Barons of the Court of Exchequer.

§ This great Lawyer, consistent Statesman, and honest Man, has since been called to his rest.

- Patriot CAMDEN the next on our records be writ,
GRANTA'S Chancellor now, once the colleague of PITT;
Ob rem patriæ deditam honoured *per regnum* ;*
- Hor. Od. 15.
Lib. 2. *Census brevis privatus, commune autem magnum.*
- Then, loosed from the trammels of mere party-sway,
We reckon the high-toned old nobleman, GREY ;
Who, when raged 'gainst his "Order" mob-clamours *et minæ*,
Hor. Od. 3.
Lib. 3. Took his stand, with—" *Impavidum me ferient ruinae.*"
- Now to HARROWBY, Statesman and Scholar confest,
Urging honestly what he deems wisest and best,
Then to TINDAL, a place of due honour allot,
The Lawyer consummate, the Judge without spot.
- Next CANTERBURY'S Viscount ; bland, courteous, intelligent,
Unblemished in honour, in business right diligent ;
And of foes the most fierce,—faction banished,—*rogarem*,
Hor. Od. 24.
Lib. 1. *Quando ullum*, as SPEAKER, *invenient parem ?*
- Then BLOMFIELD, of Churchmen the champion and sure hope,
The friend of his clergy, the Scholar of Europe ;
To whose keeping the Church—the charge solemn and great is—
Virg. Æn. 2. *Sacra sua patriosque commendat Penates.*
- Comes one, whom in all mental gifts we shall find first,
The acute, the accomplished, the eloquent LYNDBURST ;
Ripe scholar ; sound lawyer ; and glowing debater,
Scorching foes in the burst and the blaze of his crater.
- With the Commons' good leave, Him I mention *deinceps*
Cic. de Orat. Who stands 'mongst them *sententiæ et eloquentiæ princeps* ;
The man who, alike friends and foes know and feel,
In their innermost thoughts, is the Country's Man,—PEEL.
- Reft of power, and maligned,—and well can afford it he—
Hor. Od. 2.
Lib. 3. *Virtus, repulsæ nescia sordidæ*,
Spurning Faction's devices, *catusque vulgares*,
Fulget intaminata 'mongst Englishmen's *Lares*.
- Now a Name, which tho' last on my list now rehearsed,
Yet *omnium consensu* that last shall be first ;
Standing out as it does, on Fame's banners unfurled,
Our Country's chief boast, foremost Name of the world !

* The noble and voluntary surrender of Annual Thousands by the Marquess Camden is indeed honoured and appreciated, but has not been publicly recorded in the way it ought to be.

While its influence is felt from the hut to the throne,
While OXFORD rejoices to make it her own,
On our GOVERNOURS' roll *We* a ray too may claim
Of the glory which circles round WELLINGTON's name.

Dux inclyte! warrior and statesman combined,
Straightforward in action, as single in mind,
Thee the Nation accounts its κύδιστον, μέγιστον,
Πολέμῳ ἀνίκητον, βουλῇ ἀριστον.*

Hom. II. Lib.
9.

Vir eximie! whose glories would well fill a volume in,
Rerum nostrarum grande decus et columen!
Would 'twere mine to address thee in suitably grand tone,

Hor. Od. 17.
Lib. 2.

Hom. II. Lib.
6.

"Ὅς σᾶς φρεσὶ πολλὸ πρόβέβηκας ἀπάντων.

Hor. Od. 12.
Lib. 1.

Search the records of History, *sparsa per mundum*,
We in vain search for *quicquam tibi simile aut secundum*;
Such high-souled sense of honour, contempt of base self,
Thoughts employed for Prince, Country, Friends, all—but Thyself.

Virg. Æn. 2.

Lux Britannie! Spes Britannorum fidissima!
Te bonorum omnium vota sequuntur piissima;
And when—distant the day be!—*abreptum te flebunt*,

Virg. Æn. 1.

Semper honos, nomenque, laudesque manebunt.

While, as good sons of CHARTER HOUSE, thus we dilate
On the worthies she numbers in Church, Law, and State,
Our hearts, young and old, all, must swell, as before 'em
Shines *pagina nostra insignis honorum*.

Juv. Sat. 10.

Oh! long may those honours shine *intaminati*;
May we all feel as brothers, *amantes, amati*;
And if enemies Charter House have,—then, to grieve 'em,
Omne maneat, floreat, crescat, in ævum!

Hom. Od.
Lib. 2.

And now, Muse, towards a close we'll bring *versus hos meos*,
Lest too soon should appear *ροδοδάκτυλος ἥως*,
And, unbarring our shutters with said rosy finger,
Put to rout this good party, and eke its bad singer.

Cic. de Senect.
Æsch. Eumen.

Decurso jam spatio, like some old hacks,
Οἱ, οἱ, φεῦ, φεῦ, ἰὸν, ἰὸν, πόπαξ,
(A score more such nice words soon Greek Tragedy'd lend us)
I tremble *ne peccem ad extremum ridendus*.

Hor. Ep. 1.
Lib. 1.

* *Principem ætatis suæ, belli, domique.*—Liv. Lib. 9. Cap. 34.

At once, then,—lest haply I touch on a wrong chord,
In dedecus Carthusianam,—"False concord!"
 False concord, I own; but no wonder, d'ye see,
 For disgrace and our Charter House ne'er *can* agree.

But my song you'll not wish,—no indeed, nor yet want it I—
 Spun out *ad infinitum*,—gods! a false quantity!
 But pray, SAUNDERS, don't look so black,—for my song
 Grew so tedious, 'twas best to make short what was long.

"Long indeed!" growls some critick, in tones harsh and husky,
 Cic. in Cat. 1. Then gives vent to the now "somewhat musty"—*Quousque?*
 Hes.Op.etDi. Calls me Νήπιος, and straight with a pish! and a grand toss,
 Quotes against my long yarn—πλέον ἡμῶν παντός.

Hor. Od. 24^a *Durum; sed levius* made by those cheers!
 Lib. 1. Now, then, O Contents!—Non-Contents!—"lend me your ears;"
 To both I speak, *candidis æque ac iratis*,
 Cic. pro Mil. *Oro ut quod sentietis, id audeatis.*

If my song has encroached on your glad festive hour,
 Lo, the penalty, *judices*, in your own power:
 It lies at your mercy; or crush it, or raise it ye,
 Lysias in Eratosth. 'Ακηκόατε, πεπόνθατε, ἔχετε, δικάζετε.

Ov. Met. Lib. *Jamque opus exegi*, and hope for kind courtesy,
 15. But dispense with the *feriam sidera vertice*;
 Hor. Od. 1. Lib. 1. From a CHARTER HOUSE heart flows my chant, tho' an oddity,
 Ter. Eun. So, good friends, *Vos valet*!—I didn't say, *Plaudite!*

T. G. A.

A LEGEND OF LARNREAGH.

THERE is perhaps no spot in the British Isles more romantically situated than the wild and solitary glen of Larnreagh, though few persons beyond its immediate vicinity are even acquainted with its existence. It is a narrow and tortuous ravine of great depth, situated among the stupendous and lonely mountains of Con-naught, bounded on both sides by almost perpendicular walls of living rock, and accessible only from the lower extremity; where a small rivulet, after fretting its tiny course through the glen, at length emerges into the plain, and then glides onward to mix its waters with the broad Atlantic. The sides of the glen are covered with hazel, holly, and other underwood, with here and there a clump of larches twisting their gigantic roots among the crevices of the rocks, and appearing almost as if suspended in the air. The rivulet is in the upper part of the ravine, mostly concealed from sight by the overhanging foilage; but, further down, the glen expands into a sort of amphitheatre in which the waters have formed a small lake, whose surface the wind never ruffles, and on whose placid bosom the wild duck rears her brood, undisturbed by the intrusion of man.

It was on an excursion with some friends a few years since that the writer first became acquainted with the lonely and picturesque glen of Larnreagh. On that occasion we succeeded with some difficulty in forcing our way through the thick underwood at the margin of the water, until we reached the outlet of the stream. Here was a steep and rocky declivity, over which the water fell, forming a foaming cascade. We scrambled down by the help of the projecting rocks and roots, and gained a small

platform on one side of the cascade. The scene was magnificent almost beyond conception, and as the day was without a cloud, and the heat of the sun tempered by the mountain breezes which swept down the glen, we lingered for some time on the spot. It was not until we were beginning to think of retiring that we discovered we had been standing on the ruins of a mill. The machinery, however, had disappeared, and the roof was so grown over with weeds and grass, that it was almost impossible to distinguish it from the surrounding ground. The interior of the mill presented some appearance of having once been furnished with tolerable comfort as a dwelling-house; but the wood work had long rotted away, owing to the dampness of the situation, and the whole wore an air of desolation. The discovery of the ruined mill in this romantic situation detained us some time, and the moon had long been our only guide ere we reached our quarters for the night.

During some subsequent visits to this part of the country, I became acquainted with the circumstances of the following

LEGEND OF LARNREAGH.

It was some time about the middle of the last century that two brothers, named Hamish and Connor M'Corrick, resided in the small hamlet of Nastreuse, situated about two miles from the glen of Larnreagh. They had scarcely attained the age of manhood, when the death of their parents threw them on the world to gain a living by their own resources. Hamish, the elder, was distinguished by a reserve of disposition, which, differing from the reckless temperament of his brother, early estranged them from each other. His countenance was melancholy, his body deformed; and as he never mixed

in the gaieties or pastimes of the neighbours, his constitutional reserve was regarded by some as sullen misanthropy, while others shunned his company as much as he avoided theirs. With the small patrimony which he derived from his father, he built a flax mill in the romantic glen of Larnreagh, not less to take advantage of its fall of water, than because the calmness and solitude of the place suited his melancholy and contemplative character. Here, devoting himself to his occupation, he was seldom observed beyond the limits of the glen. Few would have thought, while gazing on the sunken eye and clouded brow of the supposed misanthrope, that his heart was the seat of every gentler feeling,—the home of every endearing virtue. Even to his brother (to whom, notwithstanding, he was tenderly attached), he showed no outward sign of affection.

In person, as in disposition, the contrast between the brothers was equally remarkable: Connor was a model of rustic strength and activity, the leader in every frolic,

“The life of pleasure and the soul of whim :”

in short, the favourite of the country for miles round. Few dreamed, that under an outward semblance of careless gaiety and frank open-hearted hilarity, lurked the crafty, designing, and unprincipled disposition, which formed the real character of Connor M'Cormick. He was in truth the very slave of wild and ungovernable passions, and of an all-absorbing selfishness. With such a temper and disposition he was easily induced to become connected with a gang of smugglers, who, besides being extensively engaged in illicit distillation in the adjacent mountains, carried on a contraband trade in brandy and tobacco with a notorious outlaw named Peter M'Gory, the master of a lugger, in which he made

occasional voyages to the coasts of France and Holland. The glen of Larnreagh had long been the favourite haunt of these ruffians, and though Hamish was rarely seen beyond the threshold of his mill, yet it is not to be wondered at that his intrusion should be viewed with distrust by the associates of his brother. Their feelings were insensibly communicated to the breast of Connor, whose jealousy had indeed been already roused by fancying that his brother's wonted affection had been for some time past upon the wane. This idea, combined with suspicions of Hamish's intention towards his associates, gave rise to a bitter hatred against his brother, which, though generally smothered, only required a little stimulus, or a favorable occasion, to blaze forth; and an opportunity for its display was not long wanting.

Alice Donovan, a lovely girl of eighteen years of age, the only child of respectable parents, and who had the reputation of being "well to do in the world," resided at no great distance from the village of Nastreuse, and had long been wooed by Connor M'Cormick, who sought her hand, not for the sake of her youth or beauty, but in the hope through her of ultimately possessing the reputed wealth of her father. For some time past, however, he had led so irregular a life that his suit was discouraged by the Donovans; and though his pecuniary difficulties were more than once arranged, and his person saved from the horrors of a prison, through the secret agency of his distrusted brother, he was becoming every day more disagreeable to the relations of Alice. The girl herself, however, fascinated by the manly person and apparent frank demeanour of her lover, not less than by that reckless, dare-devil character, which has often such inexpressible charms even in the eyes of more high-born and better educated damsels than Alice

Donovan, was far from participating in their feelings, and contrived, in spite of her father's admonitions, to have many stolen interviews with her lover.

In the mean time, Hamish M'Cormick pursued the quiet and unobtrusive tenor of his way; and by his honest prudence and perseverance accumulated a considerable sum of money. In his retirement, rumours had reached him of his brother's extravagant course of life, and the reports of his rejection by the father of Alice Donovan, which had now become rife through the country, redoubled the anxiety of the kind-hearted Hamish. He had long been meditating on the best manner of rescuing his brother from the ruin to which he felt his present course of conduct could not fail to lead him; and it occurred to him that if he could bring the parents of Alice to consent to her union with Connor, the charms of domestic life, and the society of this lovely girl, would perhaps have the effect of reclaiming him.

Under the influence of these feelings, he presented himself at the close of a fine July evening at the cottage of the Donovans; and as want of resources was in reality the old man's principal objection to Connor M'Cormick (for his connection with smugglers was a venial offence in the eyes of his intended father-in-law), matters were soon arranged; and it was finally determined that the lovers should openly renew their intercourse, and that upon their marriage Hamish and old Donovan should make such settlement upon the young couple as should secure them a comfortable and certain subsistence. In confirmation of this renewal of confidence, the old man presented Hamish with a miniature of his daughter, to be restored to Connor for whom it had been originally painted, but afterwards demanded on occasion of the subsequent misunderstanding.

The affectionate heart of Hamish M'Cormick was delighted with his success; he resolved to break the good news to his brother on the following morning, and in the mean time he slowly sauntered towards his retired abode, stopping on the brow of the precipice which overhangs the lake to admire the solitary grandeur of the scene, as it lay expanded before him in the light of a beautiful summer's moon: a vivid joy suffused his countenance as he stood on the ledge of the rock; the object on which he had long set his heart—his brother's happiness—he now hoped was obtained. Little did he dream what thoughts were passing at that very moment in his brother's mind.

During the interesting scene at the cottage of the Donovans, Connor had been a secret though not inattentive observer: he was just departing after a stolen interview with Alice, when he perceived his brother approaching the cottage; and urged by his naturally suspicious and jealous temper, returned upon his steps, and placed himself in a situation where, himself unperceived, he could partially hear and see what passed within. Though unable to gather the whole conversation between his brother and the elder Donovan, he caught enough of its tenor to be aware that Alice and marriage were the subjects; he had seen the gift of the miniature, and a strong conviction shot across his mind that his brother was a favored and successful rival, and that the rejection of his own suit was brought about by the secret machinations of Hamish. Stung by these unfounded but plausible suspicions, acting upon a temper naturally irritable and ungovernable, he now harboured feelings of keen and bitter resentment against his brother. He dogged Hamish's steps from the cottage, brooding over his supposed wrongs, and

working himself up to a resolution of vengeance. It was in this dangerous mood that he beheld his supposed successful rival, as already observed, upon the brink of the precipice which overhangs the glen of Larnreagh; and taking the miniature of Alice from his pocket, contemplate it with an affection proportioned to the love he had always entertained for a brother, whose happiness he believed he had just ensured by arranging his union with the beautiful original. This scene redoubled the fury of Connor M'Cormick; he rushed wildly forward, drew from his breast one of those large pistols with which his associates were accustomed to arm themselves, and discharged it at his brother's head. Hamish fell to all appearance a corpse, and the murderer, lifting the body and scrambling down the precipitous banks of the glen, threw it into the lake and fled from the spot.

But justice was not slow in pursuing her victim. The retired habits of Hamish M'Cormick might, indeed, have protracted the discovery of his murder, had he not appointed to have been at Donovan's cottage early on the succeeding morning. That and the following day, however, passed over without his appearance, and this delay in a man of such regular and punctual habits naturally alarmed Donovan, and occasioned apprehensions that he might have met with some accident. A messenger was accordingly dispatched to Larnreagh, but he found the mill untenanted, and could gain no tidings of its owner. On his return he picked up the pistol with which the fatal deed had been perpetrated; and which the murderer, in the confusion and excitement of the moment, had dropped near the spot. It was at once recognized as having belonged to Connor, whose sudden disappearance (for he had not been seen in the neighbourhood since the night in question), and the

protracted absence of his brother, gave rise to suspicions which every fresh inquiry only tended to confirm. These circumstances were considered sufficient to procure a warrant for the apprehension of Connor M'Cormick, who was discovered in a village some miles from Larnreagh, and committed to the county gaol. Fresh evidence was now procured against him; witnesses from the village whither he had fled deposed to the marks of blood which disfigured his clothes, and to the agitated state of his feelings on the night he took refuge among them: the threats, too, which he had been heard to utter against his brother in moments of irritation contributed to increase the probability of his guilt.

In the mean time, remorse for the crime he had committed soon stifled every other sentiment in the breast of Connor; but his feelings may be more easily imagined than described when old Donovan visited him in prison, and informed him what had been the real cause of his brother being in possession of the portrait of Alice, and the actual purport of his visit to her relations. The wretched man now called to mind many little marks of kindness and regard in his brother, which his excited feelings had before prevented him from noticing; he discovered, with sentiments of remorse bordering upon distraction, that the brother whose blood he had just shed had long and anxiously watched over him in secret, and endeavoured to ward off the fate to which his extravagance was inevitably hurrying him.

We will pass over the trial, merely observing, that although the evidence was considered by the jury sufficiently strong to warrant a verdict of guilty, yet, as the case was subject to some legal doubts in the judge's own mind, the sentence of death was commuted to that of transportation for life; and a few weeks after

the trial Connor M'Cormick was embarked with other convicts in a transport, which had been sent round to Cork for their reception.

They had proceeded, however, but a short way on their voyage, when they encountered a severe storm, and on the seventh night from the time the vessel quitted the Cove of Cork, she foundered off the coast of France, and but one of her crew escaped a watery grave.—The survivor was Connor M'Cormick. His habits as a smuggler had made him an expert swimmer; and by the help of a plank, to which he had lashed himself, he had well nigh succeeded in reaching the shore, when his strength became quite exhausted. He was, however, observed and picked up by a fisherman just as he became insensible, and was carried to the cottage of his preserver, who employed all the remedies suitable to the occasion, and at length had the satisfaction of beholding his benevolent efforts crowned with success: Connor opened his eyes, and beheld in the man who had preserved his life, the brother whom he thought he had murdered. The recognition between the brothers was mutual. Long and deep was their embrace; long was it before their emotions would allow either to give vent to anything but convulsive sobs and tears. When their emotion had a little subsided, Hamish took an opportunity to tell his tale, which ran nearly as follows.

The ball of the pistol had grazed his head, stunning him for a time, but only drawing some few drops of blood; his immersion in the water, however, had the effect of reviving him; and scarcely had Connor fled out of hearing when his struggles attracted the notice of a party of the smugglers who frequented the glen,

and who were then about to embark in the vessel with which they carried on a contraband trade with the coast of France. These men easily succeeded in extricating Hamish from the lake; and actuated, partly by the desire of removing him from the vicinity of their illegal traffic, and partly from the fear that, if permitted to remain, he would endeavour to bring their guilty associate to justice, they determined to carry him on board, and finally landed him on the coast to which they were bound. Here he had now been for some months, conforming himself to the manners of the fishermen who inhabited that part of the country, and supporting himself, like them, upon the produce of the sea.

Such was his situation, when Providence once more united him to his guilty, but repentant brother. The narrow escape which he had just experienced for the second time from an untimely grave, the remorse and repentance which had followed the commission of his crime, and the shame and guilt attached to his name, had fully awakened a better nature in the breast of Connor M'Cormick. He dared not to return home, and Hamish had now no wish to separate from him: the brothers therefore finally agreed to settle in the situation where Providence had so mysteriously united them; and their industry and frugality were rewarded with a degree of success which soon raised them above the lot of the neighbouring fishermen.

In the society of his brother, the consolations of religion had their full effect on Connor M'Cormick, and he stood forth a beautiful instance of that forgiveness, which could change the desert of the heart into a land of Eden. Often did his thoughts wander to the hamlet in which he had spent his happy and guiltless infancy;

often did he weep over his conduct to his brother ; and often did he sigh over the memory of the beautiful and innocent Alice Donovan.

Twelve years had now passed ; time in this period had made great and rapid changes : it had furrowed the brow of Connor with the traces of age and anxiety, and turned his raven hair to grey. The brothers had maintained the same affection to each other ; but, alas ! that affection was now destined to receive its death-stroke. Hamish was seized with a fever, which quickly assumed the most dangerous symptoms. Day and night did Connor watch over his brother ; but his cares were vain. In the short space of a fortnight from the time the disease first attacked him, Connor laid his brother's corpse in its rude grave ; and no longer caring to reside where everything around him recalled the memory of his loss, he collected the little money which their united frugality had enabled them to lay by, sold his boat and fishing-tackle, and left the country which had so long afforded him a safe retreat.

It was a lovely autumnal evening, so calm and beautiful that the most thoughtless who gazed upon it must have acknowledged the power of nature, and the villagers of Nastreuse had just assembled after the labours of the day, when a solitary traveller was seen slowly descending the rocky path that led from the mountains. As he approached the village, he was met and welcomed with that hospitality so conspicuous among the lower orders of the Irish. A frugal repast was placed before him, and for hours did the inhabitants of the hamlet listen to Connor M'Cormick—for it was in reality their long-lost acquaintance—as he questioned them about the state and affairs of the village and surrounding country, and gratified their curiosity by the strange

stories of foreign lands and manners which he detailed in return.

He had, as he informed them, been formerly connected with a band of smugglers, who frequented the neighbouring glen of Larnreagh, and had more than once accompanied them on their frequent trips from the coast of France. This explanation accounted satisfactorily enough for the minuteness of his inquiries, and the intimate acquaintance he displayed with persons and events that had figured or transpired in the country many years before; while a foreign accent, which he had contracted during his long residence in France, added to his altered appearance and care-worn brow, prevented him from being recognized. With a tremor of voice, which he endeavoured in vain to suppress, he alluded to the beauties of Larnreagh, and the romantic site of its mill; and inquired what had become of his old companions the smugglers, and of a beautiful girl, whose name he said had escaped his recollection, but who had lived at a neighbouring village, and formerly was the standing toast and admiration of the country for miles round.

Having faltered out these questions with a hesitation and confusion which, however successfully concealed from the observation of his simple auditors, had almost overpowered his own resolution, he partially raised his head from the stooping position which he had hitherto maintained, cast a furtive glance round the circle, and encountered a fixed and motionless gaze, which completed his agitation of mind, and rendered his emotions no longer capable of concealment. He could not be mistaken,—that melancholy look, that pale countenance, that faultless figure;—the laughing eye, the buoyant spirit, and the elastic step were indeed

gone, but their memory was too deeply engraven on his heart to be forgotten ;—it was Alice Donovan herself—his long-lost, but still loved Alice, pale and melancholy, as if grief and care were her constant bosom companions, but in all the richness and maturity of female beauty. He had long wished, long hoped to behold her once again ; but now that the moment had arrived, he feared again to meet the steadfast, melancholy gaze which he had just encountered. His emotions completely overpowered him ; he fell down in a swoon, from which, however, he was soon recovered by the care and attention of the kind-hearted villagers. Afraid to trust his feelings any longer, he made a hasty and incoherent excuse for his weakness ; and hurrying from the village, he was never seen in that part of the country again.

The singularity of the stranger's conduct, however, had made a deep impression on the minds of the good people of Nastreuse. For the moment their crude observations and faint recollections assumed no tangible form ; but after his departure, when they had time to reflect, and had imparted their separate suspicions to each other, their conviction quickly spread that their visitor was no other than Connor M'Cormick himself ; and this was soon after confirmed by an old smuggler, who had lately returned and settled in the neighbourhood. This man remembered having heard from his former associates the whole story of the abduction of Hamish, the subsequent wreck of the transport and preservation of Connor's life, the final reconciliation of the brothers, with their residence on the coast of France.

◆

Many years have passed away since these events occurred, and the actors and witnesses have likewise

passed away, but the old men of Nastreuse had the circumstances from their fathers, who had personally mixed in the scenes here related, and still interest the passing stranger with the narrative of the Legend or Larnreagh.

THE FAREWELL OF THE BOYS TO CHAPMAN
AND PENNY,

Arcades ambo, &c.

CHAPMAN, farewell ! a long farewell
To Homer, Alpha, Beta,
A dose of Balsam, you 'll allow,
Than School by far is sweeter.

No more the Aorist tense awaits
Your critical acumen :
You 'll cut your trees, and not your boys,
Your pulse, beans, or legumen.

Of Persons, Cases, now no more,
Or Numbers you 'll remind one ;
And as to Moods, you always were,
And will be, in a kind one.

And now no more the Usher's rod
With dignity you 'll wield, sir ;
The tree of knowledge you neglect,
And prune that of the field, sir.

Alas ! farewell ! old Domus prays
For years full more than eighty ;
And hopes that long you may enjoy
“ *Otium cum digging a taty.* ”

To Penny, too, we wish farewell,
 We votaries of Momus;
 For faithfully and long he served
Carthusiana Domus.

And now to Essex calves he'll preach,
 To hedger and to ditcher.
 Still Essex will rejoice, for it
 By Eight-Pence will be richer.

And now in Essex flats he lives,
 A sharper we ne'er saw, sir;
 A shirker-out, a prompt, a crib,
 He was the man to "draw," sir.

Then, farewell, both! you've had enough
 Of Virgil, Priams, Hectors:
 Correctors once, you drop one R,
 And now become Co-Rectors.

And when old age creeps slowly on
 (And those who'll not, why burn 'em!)
 You both will, with your latest breath,
 Cry "*floreat æternum.*"

A CHAPTER ON PUFFS.

"Suffla."—*Persius.*

"Puff yourself."—*Unpublished Translation.*

THERE are three things to be found in nearly every corner of this many-cornered world—a Scotchman, a potato, and a Puff. From the days of the frog in the

fable, puffing has been an epidemic more catching than the cholera, more fashionable than the influenza. The occupation of the world may be divided into the three heads of puffing itself off, puffing itself up, and puffing itself out; that is to say (in case the public, for whose improvement alone we write, should not at once comprehend the nicety of the distinction), the Puff Metaphorical, the Puff Moral, and the Puff Physical. It is principally with the first of these that we now intend to deal, conceiving it to be that one of them all which the philanthropist is most especially called upon to exterminate; the influence of the other two being confined to the persons of the puffers themselves. We have all the consciousness of rectitude to support us in our undertaking; for to the system which we shall endeavour to overthrow we attribute much of the growing immorality and licentiousness of the age: we have however, on the other hand, much to discourage our attempt; for we know how hard a task it is to persuade a man out of his own interest; and we are unable to deny that the puff metaphorical, however injurious to society at large, tends in no slight degree to the advantage of the employer. Nay, so convinced are we of its utility, that we are strongly inclined to believe that the unfortunate animal above alluded to, who by her ignorant application of the puff actual rendered herself liable to a verdict of *felo de se*, might, had she properly understood the virtues of the puff metaphorical, by this time have been an ox. She, by the puff actual puffed herself to death; more modern puffers have by the puff metaphorical puffed themselves, if not into life, at any rate into a living.

The audacity of puffs is astonishing. A respectable country village, possessed of half a mile of dead wall

bounding the squire's pleasure grounds, wakes up some fine morning, and finds, to its horror, the whole line of brickwork (hitherto regarded as sacred by even the juvenile disciples of the Sunday-school, the most sacrilegious company of imps breathing) usurped from end to end and from top to bottom by "Thorpe's Family Pills," or "Donaldson's Folding Hats." The village haberdasher goes into strong convulsions; and the village apothecary, despite his professional imperturbability, sits aghast for three whole hours, ejaculating "Shameful!" and "Horrible!" at alternate intervals of a minute and a half. We should feel some trepidation for the life of the perpetrator, should he by some evil chance encounter the indignant man of hats, shoes, gloves, umbrellas, cloaks, stuffs, smock-frocks, and shoe-ribbon. We should start at once to advertise the sexton if we saw him in the hands of the outraged Æsculapius. But, alas! by such a consummation, devoutly as it is to be wished by all haters of social agitation, the public eye is never blessed. The miscreants not only, like the phantoms in Macbeth, "grieve the eye and vex the heart," but they are also as untangible,—they "come like shadows, so depart." In the darkness and the silence of the midnight hour, in "the very witching time of night," with the stealthy pace of the felon or the assassin, do they prowl forth on their nefarious errand: to them "the garish eye of day" is as evil an eye as that of a Bow Street officer; nay, we fear, that even the "pale regent" of the hour in which they most delight, when she has too fully "thrown her silver mantle o'er the dark," is greeted with harsh looks, which would be sufficient, even without the harsh words which accompany them, "to tell her how they hate her beams." The greatest of modern poets once anathematized the

moon in no very measured terms* ; we are afraid the greatest of modern knaves pretty often follow his example.

Use, it is said, is second nature. We had been, till within these two or three years, so accustomed to light upon an occasional "Warren's Blacking" in our rambles through the country, that we had begun to look upon it, if not with a kindly, at any rate with an unmoved eye: but *now*, Salamis to Piræus—(for the life and soul of us we can't help being classical; we were as nearly as possible citing Aristotle—ay, actual Greek—just now about use and nature, but we curbed our rising inclination,)—Salamis to Piræus, we say, was not half such an eyesore as that detestable "30 Strand" is to us. It has been the prime spring of a mighty and eventful movement; it has paved the way for a vast organic change in the constitution of brick-walls, barn-doors, and park-palings. We recollect to have read in the days of our youth a fairy tale, in which the hero was possessed of a fiddle, to whose magical music every man, woman, and child who was unfortunate enough to come within hearing was irresistibly compelled to dance; we are convinced that some similar power must be lodged in the announcement which we have stigmatized as "the guilty cause of all this guilt." Every trade that ever existed seems to have caught the infection; and the whole London Directory may be perused "free, gratis, for nothing," on the boundary wall of a moderately large estate. The tail of O'Connell himself is a fool to the "following" of this audacious innovator. Even while we write the evil is spreading; the sanctity of one's home is no longer inviolable,—a man's house is no more

* "D—— the moon!" said Lord Byron; "it always gives me the ague."—Vide Moore's Life.

his castle! Our most particular friend has this moment rushed in, "fiery red with speed" and indignation, to tell us that his dwelling was last night feloniously entered, forks, spoons, ancestral teapots, and primæval salvers, all borne off "at one fell swoop;" and his front door this morning surrounded by half the population of the place, killing themselves with laughter at reading thereon, engraved in large chalked characters, as if in ridicule of his mishap, "Chubb's Patent Safety Locks." Oh! Robert Warren, Robert Warren! you have much to answer for!

"*Nil erit ulterius!*" said a satirist of some notoriety, in an age which was considered an enlightened one by the short-sighted generation who had the misfortune to live in it. The poor soul's weak mind would have been somewhat astonished could it have been possible for him to rise and stroll arm in arm with us along Oxford Street one day (we forget the exact date) last season. We met—what think you, unsophisticated reader? The King of Siam (we didn't meet *him*, but we are going to make a short digression about him,) would not, some traveller has told us, believe that water could by any possibility become hard: what awful liars he would have thought *us*, had we been in that traveller's place, and told him the tale to which we are now going to treat the reader! We met then—not to keep him longer in suspense—not a man with a hat *on*, but a hat with a man *in*; a real, true, veritable hat, mounted on two wheels, and drawn by one horse, with a charioteer exercising his vocation through a hole in the front, and a gentleman with a key-bugle seated calmly on the crown, delighting the gazers, as he shot by, with the appropriate melody of "All round my hat." It was the incarnation of a Puff!! We supported ourselves against a lamp-post as

we best might : we had not received such a shock since our third wife presented us with three girls at a birth ! We were sick at heart : we have a confused recollection of a crowd gathering round us,—of a pail of cold water,—and of being deposited by some good Samaritan in some kind of a carriage to convey us homewards. Alas ! why did reason return at the very moment when we were being lifted out at the door of our hotel ? why did we not lie in blissful ignorance yet a few seconds longer ? why, oh ! why did we turn our opening eyes involuntarily towards the vehicle which had transported us to our destination ? There it stood,—we have had it in our mind's eye to this day,—a huge, lumbering, tilted cart,—a nasty, rattling, jolting-looking concern : this we could have borne,—but its colour ! blot the sight from our memory, ye kind gods ! red body, red wheels, red shafts, red harness, a driver in a whole suit of the same flaming hue, a horse approximating as closely as possible to a similar tint,—on the roof a top-boot of enormous dimensions, in which the leg of a giant would inevitably have been scorched to a cinder, surrounded by a series of crimson letters, indicating to all whose natural acumen was too scanty to discover it for themselves, that the nuisance which they inclosed was denominated “The Red Boot !” It was but a moment's glance, but we saw every individual horror as distinctly as we have here enumerated them ; and we kept our bed for six weeks from that day.

This accursed system of puffing is rapidly destroying our peace of mind. We have—alas ! we *had*,—a friend whom we loved as our own soul. We deemed him, in our fondness, as strong as ourselves ; but we were deceived ;—he was weak, and he fell ! The system of puffing was too much for him. He began to use Warren's

Blacking. That, as we said before, we could bear, though we could have wished it otherwise; but he could not stop: his eye was caught by the effigy of a savage with hair hanging down to his heels, and he took straightway to "Rowland's Macassar:" he saw a view of the Falls of Niagara, garnished with rocks, rainbows, and Indians, attached to a puff of "Oldridge's Balm of Columbia," and he bought a bottle next day. We remonstrated, but in vain; and still we bore with him. Such a state of things, however, could not last. We happened to ask him one day what shoe-shop he patronized, and he replied with the utmost coolness, "Oh! the Red Boot, of course." We verily believe we should have kicked him out of the house on the instant, had he not added in the same breath, "*Apropos des bottes*, will you dine with me next Saturday?" We reflected for an instant, and we magnanimously determined on giving him one more trial. But Fate was against him. "*Quem Deus vult perdere prius dementat.*" He happened to be standing in his hall as we entered on the day appointed; and a new hat was hanging on a peg by his side. He took it down and asked our opinion of it. We praised it, as in duty bound, and carelessly inquired the price. We feel again, even at this moment, the shudder which ran through us as he replied, "Only four and ninepence; it came out of the Hat that drives down Oxford Street." Unhappy man! little did he know the misery he was preparing for himself; for we really believe he loved us. We controlled our feelings sufficiently to eat our dinner that day,—we even made ourselves peculiarly agreeable that he might feel the stroke more acutely; and we sent a note the next morning to say that our connexion was at an end. It is now just seven months since we cut

him : we meet him in our walks regularly every afternoon,—and his hat looks most provokingly well.

But we must be more calm. We have absolutely written ourselves into a state of excitement which may prove dangerous if unchecked. And yet who shall wonder that we feel it? We are conspired against, attacked, beset on all sides. Buildings of all kinds, vehicles of all kinds, placards of all kinds, and blackguards of all kinds, are against us. Twenty-seven wretches did we meet the other day, every one habited in green, *à la Suisse*, bearing as many huge notices of as many different hues, to inform the world that a New Omnibus Company was in existence. We read the police reports and the accidents carefully the next morning; and at the one office alone nearest to the spot where we met them, there were no less than twenty-seven cases of picking pockets; and in the immediate vicinity seven broken limbs, a dead horse (valuable), and a fractured skull! One sole ally we had, and that too has deserted us,—the press has gone over to the enemy! Once we could take up the newspaper without suspicion, passing over as a matter of course the one side of the sheet usually devoted to advertisements;—once we could open our “Blackwood” and our “Fraser” without the fear of puffs before our eyes,—but we can do so no more! There is no escape. The physical tortures of the Inquisition were devised with much barbarous ingenuity,—but the moral inflictions of the supporters of this execrable system beat them hollow. Every day we hope that human invention will exhaust itself in their production, and every day we are doomed only to become more and more convinced that its powers are inexhaustible. We begin perusing a most interesting ac-

count of Her Majesty's latest ball,—glide imperceptibly into a description of the thrilling sensation produced by the raven-tresses of the young and beautiful Lady ——, linger for a moment to call up before our mind's eye the fair form of the maid of honour by whom we were so hopelessly smitten at the last Drawing Room, and turn back with a gentle sigh to the intelligence of "our own correspondent," only to find ourselves, in the last line but one, inextricably stuck in a mass of "Atkinson's Genuine Bear's Grease," at heaven only knows how much per pot. Our attention is arrested by a paragraph headed "Distressing Shipwreck." We read how on the 24th of May she (that is, her crew,) left St. Katherine's Docks in high health and spirits,—learn with breathless interest how her timbers gradually and unobservedly became more and more unsound, till on the 17th of December she suddenly sprang the fatal leak which consigned to a watery grave the whole of her crew, without one single exception: begin just at this point to marvel how the devil the intelligence ever got into the papers, and discover, to our extreme relief and indignation, that our sympathies have been excited for entirely fictitious sufferings, but that the occurrence of any real ones of a similar nature may be effectually prevented by the timely purchase of a sufficient quantity of "Kyan's Patent Anti-Dry Rot Composition." We very much doubt if even Job or St. Anthony, with all their patience and stoicism, could have read through a well-devised column of puffs without bestowing a hearty execration upon the atrocious fabricator.

And thou too, pure, glorious idol of our heart's inmost shrine! hast thou too, oh heaven-born Poesy, forsaken us? Alas! "this was the unkindest cut of all!" We have compiled a volume,—we are in doubt whether

to burn it, or to hand it down to our children's children as a memorial of the folly and wickedness of the age of their grandsires,—we have compiled an actual volume of what we will call, for want of a better name, the Poetry of Puffs. We would fain cry it down, but we dare not: poetry is, like womankind, sacred; and blistered be our tongue when we abuse either! Our Bookie lacks not contributors; but among all the bards whose “thoughts that breathe and words that burn” combine to gem its pages, commend us most especially to him whose Parnassus is the Strand,—the Strand is n't a hill, but it can't be helped,—and whose tutelar Apollo is Robert Warren! The infinite variety of his conceptions and his metres, the melody of his cadences and his rhymes, and the evident enthusiasm with which he treats his subject, contribute to constitute him at once our prime favourite: “*micat inter ignes luna minores*,” a bright and a full moon is he,—and his surrounding galaxy emulates him nobly. The gentleman who “does” the spirited lyric, the burden of which is “Reform your Tailors' Bills!” for Messrs. Doudney and Son, deserves no slight encomium: and there are three stanzas, omitted by some strange chance from the description of Donna Inez in the first Canto of Don Juan, in praise of Rowland's Macassar, Kalydor, and Odonto, whose genuineness is incontrovertibly attested by that free, easy, and captivating style which so peculiarly distinguishes their noble author. We have, moreover, a little bijou of a poem,—thrice happy Rowland! for thy Kalydor is again the theme!—by “the Lady E. S. W.” And didst thou fondly deem, fair votaress of the Nine, that thy name, honoured as it is by the whole sisterhood of educated ladies'-maids,—revered as it is in fashionable finishing schools,—worshiped, ay, worship-

ed as it is by all the lately "come-out" female aristocracy, could lie perdue beneath so slight a veil? Oh! Lady Emmeline, Lady Emmeline! grievous, yet doubtless gratifying, hath been thy error! Thou hast thought to "do good by stealth"; nay, deny it not! Even now, in our mind's eye we see thee; ay, in the inmost recesses of thy most holy bower of poesy, surrounded by flowerets of a thousand hues and perfumes of a million odours, tracing on the delicately-tinted page with thy more delicately-chiselled fingers, the thoughts which gush, bright as a stream of Paradise, from the overflowing well-spring of thy heart of hearts: even thus, even now as we write, with all the tumultuous agitation of feelings which is the glorious heritage of the child of song, do we see thee "blush to find it fame!" There is also——

A thought, a maddening thought, has struck us! We are perhaps at this very moment contributing unintentionally to the success of the wretches for whose discomfiture we pray every night and morning. We shall view, like the dying eagle, our own feather on the shaft that pierces us. (The simile is our own; we lent it long ago to Byron,—and he, like many others of his craft, never acknowledged the loan.) As to our paper, we'll throw it at once behind; no we won't; we'll walk upon it, and decide as we go along. Bring us our hat and cane! we shall be back punctually to lunch. We—"Oh, fool! we shall go mad!"

TO A LADY.

Oh! woo'd too long, and loved too well!
 Let other tongues thy praises tell;
 Let others vie thy chains to wear;
 I heed thee not, imperious fair.

Beauty's bright and peerless eyes
 Subdue the weak, torment the wise;
 But be she lovely as the morn,
 Shall man submit to woman's scorn?

No; the spell that still beguiles,
 Is the light of woman's smiles;
 But once contemn'd, our hearts are free:
 Farewell to tyranny and thee!

And fondly at thy feet I gave
 My captive heart, a willing slave;
 But when the mistress tyrant grew,
 My rebel heart bade love adieu.

ESSAY TOWARDS A BIOGRAPHY OF HORACE.

PERHAPS our readers may expect that we should begin our *opus*, according to approved custom, with an elaborate discussion on the rise and progress of poetry, or at least of satire, among the Romans. If so, we fear they will be disappointed, as such is, in no sort, our intention; and we claim exemption therefrom on the score, that the said *opus* is not a biography, but an 'essay towards a biography,' i. e. a biography wanting the tail or the head, as the case may be; whether such a discussion do constitute the head or the tail, the world

must decide, and with its decision we pledge ourselves to abide content. We therefore proceed at once to open our attack on the above-mentioned amiable personification of the public, commonly called the gentle reader.

The poet tells us that his father was a coactor (Serm. I. vi. 86.); but Suetonius, (whom from his cognomen, Tranquillus, one may call Steady for shortness,) or the gentleman who writes under his name, says "*natus patre exactionum coactore, at vero creditum est salsa-mentario,*" and quotes a nasty joke in proof of his assertion. Now no one, in the present day, would deny that Steady was much more likely to know the truth of the matter than Horace himself; and moreover, knowing, in the first place, the respect paid by the Romans to the *salinum*, (need we quote *vivitur parvo*, &c.?) and in the second, of the poet, how *sale multo Urbem defricuit*, i. e. "not only salted the town, but peppered it," we incline to the opinion that old Horace was a man of salt rather than of excise. Our poet was born on the land debateable betwixt Lucania and Apulia; whether indeed he lisped in numbers, we cannot safely depose; but as it is customary for incipient bards so to do, suppose that he followed the fashion in this respect. At any rate, papa thought a private school was not good enough for him; he would not leave his boy to blossom unseen amongst the sons of the tall serjeants, who sent them to take their quarter's Latin at the doubtless fashionable classical and commercial academy which owned Signor Flavio for its conductor; he would not stoop to sacrifice his son's rising genius on the shrine, in behalf of which the youthful aristocrats of the village,

"With slate and copy-book array'd,
Their monthly pennies duly paid."

He scorned the penny-a-month system, and boldly resolved to send his son to *a public school in town*, where, with the sons

“Of Parliament men of rank and station,
His boy might take his education.”

He was a sensible man that Governor Horace, a pattern to parents and guardians in the present age; he had no silly notions about “confined situations,” “town unhealthy,” &c., &c., but wisely determined to give his son the best education he could, and take his chance for the rest. The old gentleman too took lodgings in town, (it appears, hence, that they received day-scholars at this excellent school,) in order that he might himself watch over his son’s conduct. We hope the *omnes circum doctores aderat* does not mean that he was perpetually fidgeting about the masters; and indeed we are convinced that he was much too sensible to do anything of the kind.

Of the time between Horace’s school days and his first introduction to Mæcenas we have no certain account. Steady affirms that he served with Brutus at Philippi as tribune of a legion; in fact, Horace tells us, 1. that he did once fill the rank of tribune, and 2. that he served at Philippi; and therefore, combining the two facts, we must, in deference to the superior authority of the biographer over that of the poet, admit the account. With this admission we may remark, by the way, that it seems Roman patrons rewarded their poets much in the same way as he “of glorious and immortal memory” wished to reward his, when he offered him a captaincy of horse; for though it be not recorded that the poet mounted Pegasus, on this occasion, literally as well as metaphorically; yet it doth appear that he did

not only "wear weapons and serve in the wars," but when he found his office as a militaire becoming a sinecure, like a conscientious man resigned it; not, however, without leaving the said weapons on the field as proofs that he had not carried away anything which did not fairly belong to him. How he arrived at the scene of action we are not informed, nor whether he were a companion of those illustrious "patres conscripti," who, as the ancient legends tell, "took a boat and went to Philippi." Certain it is he was not of those who "drownderunt qui swim-away non potuerunt." Deeply is it to be lamented that on this interesting point it is difficult, nay, absolutely impossible to come to any certain conclusion! for even if we knew that our poet could swim, we should not be able to decide it; though it is true, that if we could ascertain for a certainty that he could *not* swim, the question would be brought within narrower limits, as it would then depend on the reading *qui* or *quia*. *Quia*, to be sure, according to our limited notions, will not scan, but it will construe, which is just as good (we appeal to the Shell and Third Form to confirm our assertion); but then it is said *went to Philippi*: if they were all drowned, as we must suppose was the case if we read *quia*, they clearly never *went* there, unless 'to' may be supposed to mean 'towards.' Of this usage we could produce abundant instances; but if critics should deny its admissibility, and at the same time *quia* be retained, then 'all' must be put for 'some' by enallage or hypallage, or something in 'age,' no matter what, just as in the "Lay of the Sliding Children" the poet hath it,

" Δίναις ἐπιπτον ὅα δὴ πίπτειν φιλεῖ
 "ΑΠΑΝΤΕΣ, εἴτ' ἰφενγον αἱ λελειμμένοι."

Vid. Class. Jour., No. V.

which in the vernacular is rendered,

"It so fell out they ALL fell in,
THE REST they ran away."

Yet even allowing this signification of 'all,' or the theory of 'to' for towards, we do not establish a certainty. The thrilling question, thrilling to every lover of classic lore, "Was Horace in the boat?" is still undecided. Dim mystery hangs her veil over the interesting subject. We must be content to abide in the darkness with which Time hath overshadowed us; and, bitter and humiliating as the acknowledgement is, acknowledge that we do not, alas! we fear cannot, know whether Horace could or could not swim; or if he could, whether he was or was not a partner in the toils and dangers of the adventurous and high-spirited voyagers to Philippi. Peace to the shades of the conscript fathers! Time may come when these things shall be brought to light, and we shall hail with joy the revelation of the mighty secret, haply even now abiding concealed in the jealous folds of an unrolled papyrus. * * * * * What passed between the periods of the race of Philippi, and the introduction of Horace to Mæcenas, we know not. Certain it is we have no remains of any work which we can suppose he wrote *for bread*; for if we may believe Bentley, his first book of "Sermons in Verse by a choice hand, Rome . . .," his earliest extant work, was written between the ages of 26 and 28; and in this he gives an account of his first acquaintance with his patron,—a period anterior by nearly eight years to the publication of his second book (II. vi. 40). As we said before, we know of nothing which our poet wrote *for bread*. We have no sonnets from a garret in Grub Street, no gentle hints to gentle readers touching the reduced state of the author's finances; but all his

extant writings betoken a well-fed, good-humoured, contented bard, who, as somebody says of Somerville, "writ like a gentleman for his amusement," not for subsistence. He was early a visitor at Mæcenas', or, to modernize our expressions, was invited to dine at Holland House, having been introduced by Virgil and Var, (Horatius, Horace, Virgilius, Virgil, why not Varius, Var or Vary?) told his tale, and after a nine months' dormancy was ushered into the world as the friend of the minister. He now for some time performed the part of double, and filled the second seat in his patron's chariot or buggy when he went to the parks, the opera, or the theatres, his chief duties being to fill gaps in conversation, which, it appears, usually turned, as it does now, on the "fashions and the weather," including, perhaps, "Shakspeare and the Musical Glasses." Take, for instance, *Threx est gallina Syro par*,—Who backs the cock of Norfolk against Young Dutch Sam? *Matutina parum cautos jam frigora mordent*,—Terrible weather this for East Indians and elderly gentlemen; *et hoc genus omne*. He is now looked up to by his old friends in the fish-line as a depository of state-secrets. "Well," asks one, "what may be the contents of the last despatches to the Foreign Office?" "Pray," insinuates another, "can you tell me what allotments old soldiers are to have in Van Diemen's Land or Canada?" &c., &c., and his silence makes him to be regarded as one of reserve in speech, but withal much trusted at court.

His mode of life in town we may safely assume to have been the same as that of most men who lived in good society, and we will therefore endeavour to give our readers a sample of it, referring them to Sat. I. vi. 110. We begin with the most important operation of the day, and indeed of life; for does not our well-being

in the Church or the Law depend on our education, and does not this depend on the University, and does not again our sojourn at the University or the Inn of Court depend on our having eaten the requisite number of dinners within the walls of Alma Mater or of the Temple? But to return. The *cæna* consisted, he tells us, of *porri et ciceris laganique catinum*; that is, when he dined alone, leeks, peas-pudding and pancake,—a very poetical *petit-souper* doubtless; perhaps the *cicer* was cut with an oniony knife—washed down with—let us see—a claret jug and couple of glasses appear as the recipients. But these are not all; we have, moreover, *vilis cum patera guttus*, a common tea-cup and bowl—*astat echino*, with an echinus. But what is the echinus? Commentators say a finger-glass: we think otherwise. We suspect the echinus to be a stout brown jar of good old Jamaica, the patera a punch-bowl, and the vilis guttus, either, as we have said, a tea-cup in lieu of a ladle, or a ladle itself in blue and white from Staffordshire, Campana supellex. How this *cæna* was disposed of, deponent sayeth not; what he says is, that he goes to bed with a light heart (may we suspect a light head also?) and sleeps till ten next morning. He gets up,—eats his breakfast? No;—takes a stroll; on his return does he feed? No!—he reads or writes alone, and then rings for his shampooer. Still no mention of breakfast! What can we infer? Either that, like the king in Bombastes, he “took a drop too much,”—*absit voci invidia*,—or, to which theory we most incline, that gentlemen about town usually, in those days, took their breakfast over night, and that, in fact, the *cæna* of which we have just heard was a sort of œconomical go-between of supper and breakfast. After the shampooing he plays at tennis; and when the sun waxes hot, goes to his bath,

dines moderately, and takes his siesta, cœna, &c., as before. How people managed to get on with this cœnoprandian distribution of meals we know not. Such certainly appears to have been the *mode*, and doubtless our poet is a good authority; for between the reader and ourselves, he was not altogether averse to a little gourmandise at times; but this is *sub rosa*. When the clique, consisting of the patron, our poet, and some more choice spirits, met at the country-house of the former, these said *petits soupers* seem to have given occasion to much innocent enjoyment, some *noctes Ambrosianæ* by anticipation, wherein the bottle did by no means "go round the board like a cripple," but each guest "discussed his tipples" without fear as to quality or quantity (Sat. II. vi. 68). And then the conversation—not the merits of Taglioni or Duvernay, not for how much George Robins is likely to sell the Crankerville estate; but real, downright solid conversation,—morals, philosophy, literature and legislation. We do not know whether the evening was wound up with a friendly rubber, but should think it more probable that if cards were introduced the game was a round one, as the tricliniary arrangement of the guests did not admit of a quadripartite division.

Such was the life of poets and patrons in the year one; and we very much question whether the annals of either patron or poet, in our own days, could furnish us with a more agreeable mode of passing time. No wonder that our 'sly bard' (Persius) always wrote in so good humour. A well-fed, not indigent writer, could not have done otherwise. We suspect, indeed, that the state of a man's outward circumstances, albeit it is said, "My mind to me a kingdom is," is a pretty sure key to the state of his inward man; or rather, to reverse the

The Carthusian.

BROOKE HALL.

May, —, MDCCCXXXIX.—*Thirty-five minutes past five o'clock.*

Present :—The Preacher, and Reader.

“ No one coming across the Terrace ? ” said the Preacher in rather an impatient tone, as he addressed the Reader, who was standing with his hands crossed behind him, his eyes intently occupied in counting the new-planted plane trees, which are to rival, if they have but time and water, the classic shades of Plato’s Academe.

“ No one coming across the Terrace ? ”

The Reader was too much absorbed in meditation,—probably upon Plato himself,—to deign a verbal answer. He only shook his head, and buried his hands deep in the bottom of his coat-tail pockets.

The Preacher resumed the perusal of the Morning Post. He had now read over for the third time this afternoon that “ Van Amburgh’s lions would give their last roar,” and that there was “ Steam twice a week to Dundee.” Of the truth of the first announcement he felt quite sure, for he had read it every day for the last three weeks; but as he had no immediate interest in the

latter, he sought to beguile the tedious minutes of dinner-waiting, by something more attractive in the next page, debating whether he should give a second reading to Lord John Russell's last speech, or the newest intelligence of the Hygeian System from the College of Health.

With the full contents of the double sheet spread before him, he sat himself down in his place at the head of the table, his lips from time to time parenthesizing certain little pellets of bread, which he adroitly jerked into his mouth, while his eye, like that of the Gorgons of old, performed its three-fold office, as it journeyed in turn from the newspaper to the dinner-table, from the dinner-table to the watch, and from the watch back to the newspaper.

For five minutes and more he continued thus engaged, occasionally interrupting himself and his companion with the same interrogatory with which this chapter opened.

The worthy gentleman who was acting the part of Sister Anne to his Mrs. Bluebeard, mildly answered,—for he, like thee, O excellent peruser of our pages, was a *gentle* Reader,—that there was “nobody coming.”

“Nobody coming? then we'll sit down without him. I wish the Schoolmaster would learn to be more punctual; I warrant he would not give his boys the same law.”

“Stop, stop! his Terrace door is opening. Yes, here he comes and his guest with him.”

In less than a minute the Schoolmaster entered Brooke Hall. The friend who accompanied him might be described, in the language of the reporters, as “a youth of interesting appearance and gentlemanly manners.” He was of a good figure, rather tall than otherwise, and

the moment that he spoke, there was a play of good-humour and intellect upon his features, that instantly revealed the mind within ; and a stranger would no more doubt trusting his sincerity, or vouching for his talent, than he would acknowledging that he saw before him one of the pleasantest faces his eye ever lit upon.

The Registrar and other officers had already dropped in, and besides the Preacher and the Reader, there were assembled a third, a fourth, and a fifth Master ; all new additions to the party since the last disclosure of the *Noctes Ambrosianæ* of Brooke Hall.

The guest seemed at once to be recognised by the Junior joints of the Schoolmaster's tail ; sundry hearty greetings had already taken place between them and the stranger, ere his host had time to introduce to the more "potent grave and reverend seigniors" at the head of the table, no less a personage than Mr. HARRY MOURAY.

Though the reception of the guest was as hearty as the jolliest Carthusian could desire, there was an evident movement of surprise among the whole conclave, when they heard the individual before them announced as the representative of that mysterious personage, on whose identity so many conflicting surmises had been offered.

The Preacher had expected to find him older, the Reader had never thought he was a Gown-boy. One was sure that he had just gone to Cambridge, another that he had but the other day taken his degree at Oxford. The Physician had heard that he had just been plucked. All but one of the Assistant-Masters, who had somehow or other been let into the secret, were surprised to find that the leader of the youthful Triumvirate who had mystified Charterhouse for the last year and a half,

turned out to be what he had all the while represented himself, a veritable school-boy.

That he was now so no longer, his presence within the sacred precincts of Brooke Hall sufficiently declared. But it was only within the last week that he could arrogate any other title. He had now come up to London for a few days, having been entered a Commoner of ——— Coll. Oxford, on Thursday last, and the Schoolmaster had kindly taken the earliest opportunity of affording him the privilege, so earnestly coveted by an emancipated Monitor, of an introduction to the hospitalities of the Officers' table.

Many were the taunts on his apparent knowledge of Brooke Hall proceedings, his espionage in acquiring it, and his treachery in giving it to the world. Many were the questions asked and answered respecting his fellow labourers, the allotted task of each, the authorship of the several articles, and on various other matters hitherto secret, but which according to his original promise the Head of the Triumvirate now explicitly detailed. It was but in two or three instances, where, to keep good faith with the writers, any reserve was made; and even in those instances some very shrewd guesses were made not very far from the mark. All seem to have recognised Buchanan and his works, and many happy compliments were paid on the adroit manner in which he had been thrown overboard; and among other confessions, it was acknowledged that Henry Bolton was altogether a fictitious character.

The same feeling which led us to consider it fair enough to report all the conversation we could pick up, when we were debarred admission into the assembly of our Lords and Masters, makes us hold it equally just,

that when once admitted,—and that with such friendship and frankness,—we should not betray the confidence so readily bestowed, by any further publication of the proceedings of that august body.

Hence we are under the necessity of referring our friends generally, who are interested in the disclosures of the CARTHUSIAN's secrets, to some member of that venerable board who was present at the *dénouement* of all its intricacies and mysteries. There is not one whom they will not find ready to afford them all the information in his power.

We have only to add, that amidst the hilarity and good fellowship which succeeded,—the bumpers which were given to the CARTHUSIAN, and the speeches which were made in reply,—the sound of the Chapel bell was drowned, and all ordinary rules forgotten.

Whether the Reader was equally oblivious as the rest could not be distinctly made out, but certain it is that it was past 8 o'clock before a very merry party were seen wending their way across the terrace, supposed to be bent on trying the excellence of the Schoolmaster's coffee.

RECOLLECTIONS OF MY FIRST JOURNEY TO OXFORD.

I SHALL never forget that pleasant evening of May, 183—, on which I set forth to commence my residence at Oxford. I believe few young men enter upon their University career without some secret feelings of increased importance, and vague expectations of novelty

and pleasure. In my case these feelings were more than ordinarily acute. Only the day before, and Charterhouse had received my final adieus. A wide gulph now separated me for ever from all the associations and, as I thought, all the mortifications of boyhood. The days of *homunculism* were over and gone; the *toga virilis* had suddenly descended upon my shoulders, and I felt a pleasant embarrassment as I surveyed its ample folds. Now, thought I, I am in a condition to demand satisfaction from my own sex, and to win the smiles of the other. For it must be confessed that the fair sex, mothers and sisters always excepted, have a malicious pleasure in opposing the pretensions of the young lords of the creation, your boy-men just trembling on the confines of youth and manhood. They have no reverence for the brevet rank, to which my young *masters* aspire. They do not love to be courted by a schoolboy, even in a long-tailed coat. If they condescend to notice the sucking lion, it is only to admire his fantastic tricks and awkward imitations of a more mature growth.

I think it is Sir William Temple who observes, that in old age we love to dwell upon the past, while in youth our thoughts are solely directed to the future. I am sure this was my case on that memorable evening, as I stood in front of the Gloucester coffee-house, equipped for travel and ruminating upon the pleasures of my new situation. The memory of my school-boy days excited nothing but pity and even disgust: before me, the land of promise seemed to extend illimitably, and the sky was without a cloud. As I look back through a vista of six long years and better, I can afford to smile at the insufficient grounds on which I then relied for happiness. Visions of tandems, wine parties, and hunters passed before my eyes in rapid and brilliant review; and

I thought with rapture what a fine thing it was to count money by pounds instead of shillings, to talk of terms and vacations instead of quarters and holidays—above all, to rank as an Oxford man instead of a Charterhouse boy. But just as I had drawn up my body to the height and stiffness proper to this new dignity, my eyes encountered the ruddy good-natured face of a country squire and neighbour of ours, who in a tone of voice loud enough to be heard by all the passengers, and what was worse, all the coachmen in the vicinity, exclaimed “Ah, *Master G*—, how do you do, and how is your *papa*?”

Master—Papa—detestable words ! I could have slain the utterer of them—“*Master*” indeed ! that *lucus a non lucendo*, master-no-master, the cast-off style of adults now applied in scornful irony to the rising generation : for whatever I might think in my heart of hearts as to my sterling pretensions to the honours of manhood, I felt sure, that as far as my exterior was concerned, there was nothing to justify this affront. Everything there, at least, was as manly and correct as possible. According to the modern fashion of fine young gentlemen on their travels, I had attired myself in such a manner as to betray a strong regard for that liberal art of which Jehu was a distinguished professor. My head was surmounted by a tile of the orthodox sporting shape, and my person enveloped in an ample great coat, very remarkable for extreme angularity and enormous buttons. If I failed to pass muster as a gentleman, I could not help being set down for a coachman ; and I believe I should have been flattered by the mistake ; for in order to make the illusion complete, I had placed a cigar in my mouth, my hands in my pockets, while my eyes were directed with a gaze of critical interest upon the

spicy team before me, as if I knew to a nicety the precise age and worth of every animal, together with the exact number of splents and spavins, curbs and wind-galls, which they might be supposed collectively to possess. And after all to be called "Master" by that thick-witted country gentleman!

It was the more provoking, as I had been for some time diligently preparing for the change in my position. —I had determined to come forth into the world so as not to disgrace my public-school breeding, and not after the fashion of private-school *snobs* or trembling neophytes fresh from the effeminate blandishments of parlour-boarding in some snug rectory. Already I had made stealthy expeditions into the promised land, had dwelt with the sons of Anak, and studied their manner and habits. By dint of much Macassar and tight boots I had reaped a scanty harvest of whiskers, and a plentiful one of corns. Already I had invested a small capital on the result of the Derby, and grown into a rapid taste for operatic music, of the German school more particularly. I had conquered natural antipathies, set at defiance discipline and sumptuary laws, and verily I had my reward. At the time of which I am speaking I was equal to the performance of two mild Havannahs in a masterly style; if any doubts existed as to my prowess, I could make shift to hawk and sputter through a third. Saturday afternoons and Sundays had long ceased to be Sabbaths to me. On these occasions I appeared upon the great stage of Regent-street, in the character of the "walking gentleman;" dramatic performances which cost me no small effort. Henceforth, let no one deride the laborious gentilities of holiday folk; they pay dearly for the gratification of their harmless vanity. Clothes like horses, if used but once a week, become

troublesome luxuries. Oh! the painful pleasures of these hebdomadal toilets, and the enormous obligations which they appeared to impose! With what reverence did I then draw forth from their hiding places the glossy unwrinkled coat, the polished boots, and trim feathery hat! What a pleasant embarrassment did I feel in their company, like a *parvenu* admitted to occasional glimpses of good society! The slipshod gait and unrestrained friskings of the "green" were instinctively exchanged for a starched and manly bearing. I seemed to be *taboo'd*, as it were, from every mean and puerile association. No longer did I linger on the outskirts of a punch-admiring crowd, no longer did the fascinations of print-shops tempt me from my decorum. Even the sweet charities of life were neglected; the street sweepers and beggars passed unnoticed; for what gentleman would carry coppers, and what schoolboy could afford a *bender**? 'Tis plain, I think, that my country gentleman did me much wrong.

But at the moment I had no leisure to brood over this affront, for presently a dozen mail carts added their rapid wheels and cheery horns to the whirl and din of Piccadilly. Horses pawed, porters packed and tugged, passengers ran over one another and everybody else, coachmen looked grave and collected, while policemen, propped against the neighbouring lamp-posts, regarded the scene with an abstracted air, half indolent, half envious. In the mean time your humble servant found himself snugly ensconced on the outside of the Worcester mail; and after receiving our due proportion of intelligence, amatory, religious, political, etc., together with

* The smallest silver coin as was afore them *cussed* "bits."—
PRINTER'S DEVIL.

a scurvy looking blunderbuss coeval with the race of highwaymen, a pair of ditto pistols, (the locks of all being securely strapped down, a laudable precaution on the part of the post-office armourer to save his own labour and the lives of the lieges,) and a florid gentleman in a red coat and painfully tight drab inexpressibles, half trowsers half pantaloons, away we rolled right merrily down Piccadilly past the park, now vomiting forth its gay population, doomed by the caprice of fashion or the ties of business to forego the fresh breezes and odours of the country at this most delightful season of the year. My blood bounded through my veins, my vexations were forgotten, my happiness was completed. Of all modes of conveyance commend me to the outside of a well-appointed mail coach in fine weather. I grieve to think that these gallant equipages are gradually yielding to the gigantic monopoly of steam; and the sagacious race of coachmen and guards, with their nicely graduated scale of attentions, and acute perceptions of the relative wealth and importance of their passengers, making way for the mechanical, unfeeling insolence of railway mercenaries, whose civilities, like their journeys, are conducted upon a dead level; peer or peasant, yeoman or squire, 'tis all the same to them—they have nothing to fear and nothing to gain from one or the other.

My fellow passenger was a gentleman-like young man, apparently my senior by some two or three years; a glimpse which I had caught of the address upon his luggage informed me that his destination was the same as my own. I determined to make the most of an acquaintance which promised to be pregnant with instruction. Accordingly, before we had cleared the suburbs, I had informed him who and what I was, whither I was going, and (blush for me, sagacious reader) my enthu-

siasm so far got the better of my propriety, that I wound up this important intelligence by demanding of him with the most charming self-complacency in the world, "whether Oxford was not a very jolly sort of place?" Indeed this unfortunate exclamation betrayed an ignorance of the world truly disgraceful: for, first of all, it seemed against the *nil admirari* principle which universally obtains among fine gentlemen, who are never known to commend anything—except themselves; besides it is a monstrous solecism in Oxford breeding, to speak to any stranger without the security of a third person who guarantees by his introduction that the parties are on an equality, not indeed as to brains, (for that is often a negative quantity in both cases,) but that they are equally well born, well bred, and well dressed, and in short, not likely to disgrace one another except by their mutual ignorance, which, as we all know, is a very venial and gentlemanly failing. For although without this caution one may chance to make an acquaintance whose manners are unexceptionable, and whose conversation is highly instructive and amusing, yet for all this it may become one's duty to give him the cut direct the next time we meet in High-street, a very unpleasant necessity to a feeling mind. But what is one to do with a man who turns out to be the son of a merchant, or perhaps a shopkeeper; or who belongs to — Hall; or who dresses with a tailor whom no one ever heard of except the neighbouring green-grocers or bakers with whom he deals on the principle of mutual accommodation? Besides, it is altogether a selfish and vulgar notion, that we are to select our friends, as we do our books, or our tutors,—for the benefit to be derived from their society; and I think that the ingenuous youths of the University

display a very proper spirit by proceeding for the most part upon quite an opposite principle*.

My companion however, being of an affable disposition, could make due allowance for the enthusiasm of the "freshman." He regarded me with an expression more of sorrow than of anger; it was the look of a sage long versed in the emptiness of youthful anticipations; perhaps the least possible sneer might have been mixed up with it, but betwixt my vanity and his good-breeding I did not notice it at the time. "I would not for the world," said he with great gravity, "damp your prospects. Oxford may be, and doubtless is, a nice place enough—for those who like it: I thought so myself for the first fortnight, but the experience of three years—" Here he stopped short, and proceeded to inhale with great vehemence the fumes of that useful weed which tends so materially to mitigate the ills of life.

I felt at once that I had committed myself by this insane question, or, to use the expressive words of a respectable contemporary, that I had evinced† a "healthy

* Whilst I am upon a kindred subject, I shall take leave to recommend to the public, and especially to young gentlemen about to commence the "business," my forthcoming work, intituled *An Apology for Tuft-hunters*, being, I assure them, replete with most exquisite humour and profound knowledge of the world,—the object whereof is to rescue that ingenious and persevering race of men from the imputations which they have long suffered, and to lay down certain rules for forming, and making permanently useful, (a thing not heretofore attempted) the acquaintance of all persons connected with the aristocracy, from the genuine English earl down to the sons of city knights, and German and Italian barons in their own rights.

† As the ingenuous youth of the Charterhouse are supposed to browse upon the dry and musty pasturage of the classics rather than the luxuriances of modern composition, the peculiar beauty of

viridity emblematic of extreme greenness." Not that in my heart of hearts my belief in the paradisiacal character of Oxford life was at all diminished, but I felt somehow or other certain that my genuine sentiments on this head ought to have been concealed. Accordingly I lost no time in descending from my pedestal of hope to the more sober level of my companion's experienced judgement. I gave him to understand that, indeed, from what I heard from some of our *fellows* who had a little preceded me to that seat of learning, tyranny and vexatious restraints were by no means confined to Charterhouse, and backed the remark with some very stringent observations as to the *animus* of all "pastors, masters, and governors" whatsoever, and a conviction that this planet was every day becoming less fit for the habitation of a gentleman.

Man is essentially a grumbling animal; but, for the full gratification of this instinct, the presence and comfort of a congenial spirit is necessary. Then, indeed, the ball of grievance is kept nimbly going; we lose ourselves at once in a delicious labyrinth of imaginary woe; our self-love increases rapidly; we become dearer to ourselves every moment, in the belief that all the world

this expression may not at once strike them. It is to be found in an early critique of the Carthusian in the Old Monthly Magazine, in which, under the assumed garb of severity, the Editor takes occasion to pay this publication the highest compliment which it has yet received. The writers, quoth he, "evinced a *healthy viridity emblematic of extreme greenness* in the world of letters." I' faith, 't is a most elegant expression, and most gratifying praise; for in the present state of our literature, "a healthy viridity," God knows, is rarely enough to be met with. But the disinterested and unenvious disposition of our venerable contemporary is beyond all praise; seldom, indeed, does age and decrepitude dwell with so much complacency upon the vigour and freshness of youth.

is our foe ; selfishness assumes the form of a duty ; we are encouraged " to keep our sympathies, like some curious vintage, under lock and key, for our own uses only." Accordingly, my friend was justly delighted with this reciprocity of sentiment, and evinced his gratitude after the most approved fashion*. " Allow me," said he, " to offer you a cigar." " I fear I shall rob you," I replied, feeling certain that our rapid locomotion would present an insuperable obstacle to my enjoyment of the proffered luxury. " Not at all," said he, producing from his pocket a leathern case about the size of a tidy bag-man's dressing apparatus, containing some score of these pleasant travelling companions. There was no alternative ; I felt that my reputation was at stake. Alas ! after narrowly escaping suffocation, and transferring every spark from my friend's cigar to my own coat, I was compelled to relinquish the experiment. " Never mind," said that gentleman, with inimitable coolness, " we shall change horses immediately."

And we did change horses, and I did light my cigar on a most improved principle of my friend's invention, and, under the same auspices, I contrived to swallow a rapid glass of " cold without," so that, when we resumed our journey, I felt myself considerably more than a match for all " Dons," tutors, or proctors whatsoever,—to say nothing of the marshal, bull-dogs, and new police,—and determined to assert the dignity of my young manhood against all comers. My friend seemed to be under

* With our modern youth a cigar is the most approved and universal symbol of friendship. Instead of the heroic fashion of shields or arms, we now reciprocate these compendious calumets. I have nothing to say against the custom, although I generally find myself the Glaucus of the friendly exchange, being somewhat nice and curious in the matter of tobacco.

a similar inspiration ; all his reserve gave way, and the weaknesses of wily proctors, pompous tutors, and the vexations which these gentlemen inflicted on defenceless under-graduates, were exposed in a very masterly manner ; the inevitable conclusion from the premises being, that Oxford was only a better sort of penitentiary to which the scapegrace cadets of the higher and middle classes might advantageously be sent, when other means of reformation had proved ineffectual.

My friend was decidedly of opinion that the University of Oxford had fallen upon "evil days." Men, he said, came up now to read, not to fight, hunt, and drink ; a change, to his mind, immeasurably for the worse. He only hoped that in the next war we might not have cause to repent the effeminate tone of manners which had accompanied this intellectual revival. How did my heart burn within me as he recurred to that golden age when town and gown rows, winked at by proctors and unrestrained by new police, afforded an ample field for the display of the physical energies of the urban and academic youth ; when a rump and dozen, shared with jovial and friendly examiners, took the place of tedious *paper work* and *viva voce* ; when "pluck" conveyed no notion of intellectual deficiencies, and "cramming" was anything but a mental process. Notwithstanding, my friend had great satisfaction in informing me that there were still a few choice spirits in the University who had not bowed the knee to this Baal of modern order and discipline ; men who set at defiance sumptuary laws, and scorned the pedantry of cap and gown ; who devoted their time and energies to the maintenance of the right of under-graduates against the increasing insolence of the mob on the one hand, and the oligarchs on the other ; now bearding the proctors, and now licking the

townsmen. In the enthusiasm of the moment I was informed how a lusty friend of his carried off the marshal pickaback-fashion from beneath the very nose of the proctor, much to the embarrassment of that minute official; how a party, fired with wine and the accounts of some *aristocratic* exploits in another quarter, proceeded one night to lay waste the country betwixt Oxford and Somerstown, demolishing gates, tearing down railings, pocketing padlocks, with other tricks of a like fantastic and ingenious character; how a placard appeared on the walls next morning beginning with "Whereas sundry miscreants," and ending with "£5. Reward"; how the aforesaid miscreants, to crown the joke, and evade suspicion, took horse, and, proceeding to the scene of ruin, administered much mock sympathy to the bewildered agriculturists, throwing out dark hints at the same time as to the propriety of examining those gentlemen of Edmund Hall who had "knocked in" late on the preceding night.

These, together with some striking legends connected with tandems and turnpike gates, hunters and stone walls, were poured into my delighted ears, so that I blessed the good fortune which had introduced me to an acquaintance at once so courteous and so valiant.

We had now arrived at that middle period of the night when, as the travelled reader will recollect to his sorrow, no friendly light from inn or pothouse gives agreeable intimation that creature comforts are to be obtained within. At the next change, nothing but sleepy clowns, seedy harness, and rough-coated horses were visible. The providence, however, of my friend, made ample amends for the selfish indolence of the road-side Boniface. He observed that a comfortable "nip" would enable us to pass the elevated region of Stokenchurch

with much greater advantage; and when I pointed disconsolately to the inhospitable "public," he drew forth, with an air of triumph, a flask, replenished, as he said, with a most rare and delicious *liqueur*. The fine foreign name which he bestowed upon it my readers will forgive me for forgetting; as to its merits, if I may be allowed to pass an opinion at this distance of time, I should say it was an ingenious but somewhat unwholesome compound of British brandy and New Cape; but on this occasion it passed for nectar with us both. "The worst of it is," said the owner, "it's infernally expensive, and very scarce; indeed, we have made P— promise not to let it go out of Christ-church. However, as you seem to like it, I think I can manage a small quantity for you." I bowed my grateful thanks, and was put down for a dozen bottles of this aristocratic beverage.

After this little episode, the conversation, by some means, slid into the subject of finance, which my friend discussed with his usual sagacity; but, as my faculties were, for obvious reasons, becoming every moment less acute, I regret that I can only record a few scattered observations, for the benefit of "Freshmen" yet to come. I stumbled the other day, however, upon a passage of "Rare Ben Jonson," which I think conveys the essence of the rules laid down by my friend; not that I accuse him of plagiarism from a writer belonging to a class too much neglected in the present day, even by professed readers, but because it shows how closely the ideas of shrewd and acute minds, in all ages, resemble one another.

This is the advice given to a would-be fine gentleman of the sixteenth century:—

"*Car*. O! look where you are indebted any great sum, your creditor observes you with no less regard, than if

he were bound to you for some huge benefit, and will quake to give you the least cause of offence, lest he lose his money. I assure you, in these times, no man has his servant more obsequious and pliant, than gentlemen their creditors : to whom, if at any time you pay but a moiety, or a fourth part, it comes more acceptably than if you gave them a New-Year's gift.

Sog. I perceive you, sir ; I will take up, and bring myself in credit sure.

Car. Marry this, always beware you commerce not with bankrupts, or poor needy Ludgathians ; they are impudent creatures, turbulent spirits, they care not what violent tragedies they stir, nor how they play fast and loose with a poor gentleman's fortunes to get their own. Marry, these rich fellows that have the world, or the better part of it, sleeping in their counting-houses, they are ten times more placable, they : either fear, hope, or modesty, restrains them from offering any outrages."—*Every Man out of his Humour.* act i. scene 1.

My Oxonian was quite of the same opinion. Nothing, he thought, was more conducive, or rather, essential to the character of a "fast man" than to get into debt, and nothing so likely to ensure the tranquil, protracted enjoyment of that happy state as to deal with men of substance, not needy pestering fellows, whose notions, like their purses, are ever on the most confined scale. He therefore undertook to introduce me to a few of his own mercantile clients, men, he assured me, of most exemplary patience and long-suffering, who gave unlimited *tick*, and never thought of sending in their bills—till they were swelled far beyond your means of discharging them.

"Let Gattie," said he, with an air of decision, "*suffer* for your cigars, and Latimer for your wine, if, indeed, you

do not prefer obtaining these necessaries from London, which I should rather advise. Of course you will not think of allowing an Oxford *fellow* to 'build' your coats, although I think I can point out to you a 'snip' here and there in the University who will 'do' your trowsers, &c. indifferently well. In case of temporary indisposition I should recommend you to apply to Tuckwell or Wingfield; and I think I may add," said he, with a little hesitation, "I think I may add, that it is considered 'correct' to pay your surgeon. There is a wide difference betwixt a fee and a bill, as you or I may have occasion to know some of these days. On this principle I never begrudge whatever I may be called to pay to professional men, whether parsons or lawyers, doctors or dragsmen. I have the pleasure of knowing excellent, jolly fellows in all these lines. But if ever I should have to choose amongst them, the 'box' for me!

* * * * *

"As to tavern bills, tandems, and other expenses forbidden by the University, you need not give yourself much uneasiness on these scores, as they dare not sue you in any other than the Vice-Chancellor's Court, which never fails to pare down their bloated items with a most retributive justice; and if you feel any reluctance to make use of this protection, I would have you regard yourself not so much as an individual, as a member of a body which, in the gross, affords these worthies ample pickings. You will find that you are charged about four times as much for those prohibited amusements at Oxford as elsewhere. If, therefore, you can afford to be generous as well as just, you pay your bill, and have the pleasure of thinking that you have saved the reputation as well as the purse of some two or three of your less fortunate brethren. If you are poor, you

have only to recollect some rich friend who has acted as scapegoat for you, and your conscience, believe me, will easily accept of the excuse." With such words of wisdom as these, and repeated applications to the contents of his invaluable flask, the time was whiled away until our vehicle rattled merrily over the stones of Magdalen-bridge.

Under happier auspices the beauty of the scene would have given me unmixed pleasure. A brilliant moonlight had not yet yielded to the dawn, and the learned city lay robed in that soft placid light which best becomes her peculiar beauties. As it was, the influence of the scene was not altogether lost upon me; I began to think I had sinned against the glorious genius of the place by associating scenes of dissipation and folly with its majestic buildings and tranquil groves. Perhaps the sickening fumes of half a dozen cigars and the flavour of that most rare and delicious *liqueur* had something to do with my repentance. Be that as it may, I was by no means so much enamoured of the society of my fast friend as at the commencement of my journey, and was very content to find my way to a dormitory at the Angel, to sleep away the effects, and, if possible, the recollection of the follies which I had enacted on that memorable journey.

THE BURIAL OF THE BRUCE'S HEART.

THE body of Robert Bruce was buried at Dunfermline. His heart, in accordance with his dying request, was borne by Lord James of Douglas to Spain, on its way to Palestine. Considering, however, that he should there, in the words of Froissart, "employ his time

and journey according to the late king's wishes," he took the field against the Saracens in company with Alphonso, king of Spain, and "fell while attempting to rescue Sir William St. Clair of Roslyn, who shared his fate. Robert and Walter Logan, both of them knights, were slain with Douglas. His few surviving companions found his body in the field, together with the casket, and reverently conveyed them to Scotland. The remains of Douglas were interred in the sepulchre of his fathers, in the church of Douglas, and the heart of Bruce was deposited at Melrose."—*Lord Hailes' Annals of Scotland*.

Onward to its resting-place,
Mournfully and slowly,
With sad eye and reverent pace,
Bear the relic holy !
As for a departed soul
Bid the mighty death-bell toll,
Startling from their wonted sleep
All old Melrose' echoes deep !
Once already, far away
In Dunfermline's cloisters gray,
Sadly hath the death-bell swung,
Sadly hath the death-chant rung,—
Raise it now again !
Low at first and softly stealing ;
Loudly now and loudly pealing,
Wake the solemn strain !
Through the dim aisle swelling free,—
" Miserere Domine " !

Now within its narrow cell,
Silently and weeping,
Give the heart that lov'd you well
To its final sleeping.

It hath travers'd many a land
Since its master wore it ;
It hath lost the gallant hand
Until death that bore it !
Oh ! it was a deadly strife
Ere the Douglas yielded !
That dear treasure with his life,
Gallant heart ! he shielded !
Many a lying Infidel
Bit the dust ere Douglas fell :—
Many a Moslem mother there
Curs'd the arm of bold St. Clair :—
Many a dark-eyed maid deplor'd
Logan's lance and Logan's sword !
Scarce more fearful was the fray
When, or ere the fall of day,
Low in death the Southron lay
Was so proud at morn :—
When above the carnage high
Peal'd the Bruce's battle-cry !
When the shout of Triumph woke
For the Despot's shiver'd yoke !
And the wounded Patriot lying
Ev'n in agony of dying,
Bless'd old Scotland's banner flying
Over Bannockburn !

Pile no marble's costly gloom
Where the relic sleepeth :—
Simple be the hallow'd tomb
As the heart it keepeth !
Blazon'd scroll and graven stone
Such bright spirit needeth none :—
Shrin'd in ev'ry Scottish heart,—
Link'd to Scottish story
By a chain no time can part,
Liveth Bruce's glory !

THE RAMBLER.

A REVELLER at a masquerade, bedecked with an all-unwonted nose, spectacles, whiskers, and moustache, is at liberty to perpetrate, either by word or deed, any extravagance which the passing moment may suggest, without being "written down an ass" in the opinions of his surrounding mummers: or even, should he be so deemed by the more cynical, he has yet the advantage of continuing, if he will, so impenetrably disguised, that no Diogenes among them can go forth and proclaim his "local habitation and his name" to the ears of the most folly-scolding, though most foolish, multitude. In a somewhat similar predicament are we of the craft, whose badge is, not a bloody hand, but an inky thumb, and whose weapon, "the gray goose wing," is employed in a warfare less bloody, though more universal, than when of old it guided the shafts of our archers to the hearts of the foes of England. Lashed, indeed, we may be, but it is our own fault if we betray "the raw." We can, if we will, defy discovery; we stand at pleasure a mere "*no-minis umbra*;" nay, with a tolerable quantity of brass, we can even join the cry against our very selves, and be the first to give tongue at the finding of our own errors. We take up our position in a beautiful "coign of vantage:" the sonorous "*We*," that never-sufficiently-to-be-estimated privilege of monarchs and authors, is to us "a tower of strength:" there is in us nothing tangible. Shadows are we, yet striking more terror to the soul than "the substance of ten thousand." We are like the voice of a skilful ventriloquist, coming whence we like, and saying what we please. Our words in the public ear are as the tones of a ghost, whose wondering

hearers look pale at one another, and ask, in vain, "who spoke?" "We have the receipt of fern-seed; we walk invisible." In all places, in all companies, we pass undiscovered and undiscoverable. From the shop of our publisher, our oracular cave, floweth forth, broad, strong, resistless, the stream of our thought, but "none may see its secret fountain." We can at pleasure soothe, praise, tickle, scourge, bully, or terrify the multitude: the sway of Mr. Van Amburgh over his lions sinks into utter insignificance when compared with the dominion we exercise over that "many-headed monster," the public. We can put forth our pet notions and opinions to the world, regardless of the sneer of the critic: and, oh! privilege most dear to our vanity! we can talk of ourselves to our hearts' content, without a soul being able to turn round upon us, and cry out against our abominable egotism.

Can talk of ourselves, said we? Ay, and we *will* too! It is the privilege of old age, and we don't see why it should not be that of old acquaintance. And we, gentle reader, have made some progress towards both. Many a chapter have we written for you; we will have one for ourselves before we part. We know not how *you* may pass *your* time, when not engaged in reading the Carthusian, but we will tell you how *we* pass *ours*. You *may*, we hope you *will*, sympathize with us. You may smile at us, or, worse still, you may sneer at us: but turn up your nose and curl up your lip as you will, we cannot help flattering ourselves, that you will, inwardly at any rate, acknowledge, ere we have done with you, that, "be it a weakness, it deserves some praise."

We are, to our shame be it spoken, villanously given to vagabondizing. We love to start forth, with our stick and our spaniel, (we have walked with far less enter-

taining companions in our time,) to start forth, we say ; why we know not, where we are as ignorant as the babe unborn ; roaming wherever the fancy of the passing moment may lead us, sure of finding at every twenty steps, some fresh and richly varied “ bit,” as a painter would say, of scenery, some breezy hill to climb, some furze-clad common to wander over, or some secluded bank or inviting stile on which to take our seat, twirl our stick, pat our doggie, and whistle the air of our favourite ballad. Whistle ? nay, break forth into absolute song, putting our very heart and soul into the tones of a voice naturally none of the most lulling, till perchance the sudden appearance of some casual roamer like ourselves brings an abrupt conclusion to our strain, and a more than usual redness to our cheeks, making us look as foolish as though we had been detected in paying clandestine attentions to our right-hand neighbour’s wife, or our left-hand neighbour’s poultry-yard. The

“ Often walking, not unseen,
By hedge-row elms, on hillocks green,”

is exactly to our taste, with the omission of the negative. Not that we entertain, or profess to entertain, any morbid, fiddle-faddle disgust to the companionship of our kind ; for we look upon “ the hum of human cities ” as anything but “ torture ; ” but it is an especial, and we hope not unpardonable, ingredient in our idiosyncrasy, (there’s a hard word for you, gentle reader !) that we love to walk alone, to ride alone, to read alone, to write alone : at all other times we care not of how large a circle we are the centre, provided only that we sustain no corporal pressure or inconvenience, for we are somewhat large and bulky of frame, and love plenty of room to stretch our legs. But we are digressing. *En avant,*

gentle reader! we have stopped in our walk too long. We do not care "to meet the sun upon the upland lawn," for, to tell the honest truth, we have a decided antipathy to early rising; and though "brushing with hasty steps the dew away" may be very poetical, we have an unshaken conviction that it is at the same time very unhealthy. We wait till the earth is dressed for the day, and presume not to interrupt her in her ablutions. But when we *do* start, most genuine, unadulterated saunterers are we. We are "michers, and eat blackberries;" and, truly, if we did not, we should very often well nigh starve, for we are sadly oblivious of domestic times and seasons, and manifold are the lectures which we endure from our justly-indignant better half on the irregularity of our habits, and equally manifold our own promises and vows of amendment. But alas! when we have once taken three steps from our hall-door, nipped off with our staff the head of some unoffending thistle or dandelion, and inflicted on Dash a sound stripe across his latter end for presuming to jump against our clean Russia-ducks, (for which he fulfils the somewhat ungallant proverb touching spaniels, walnut-trees, and the ladies, and loves us all the more,) then do we "annihilate both time and space," without calling in the gods to our assistance. Clocks and watches are to us as things that are not; and as we entertain a most devout hatred for a high road, we are seldom recalled to a consciousness on such matters by the unwelcome apparition of a monitory milestone.

Yet do we ever in our rambles preserve a vague and dreamy apprehension of the powers domestic whose ire we are gradually awakening, and seldom do we return unloaded with any placatory offering. Insensibly, as it were, do we wend our way by some well-known "bank

whereon the wild thyme grows," over "faint primrose beds," and along by the haunts of the "nodding violet." Many a time hath the churlish dog-rose torn our hapless fingers while wooing to our button-hole its fragrant blossoms; and not unfrequently have we been doomed to smart under the vengeance of the "yellow bee," as we plundered him of his much-loved honeysuckle. Cowslip and blue-bell, the wild convolvulus, the "light harebell," and the heath-flowers "of all hue" in their myriad varieties, well do we know where to find them, and how to employ them. Many is the frown which has, as we presented our sylvan offering, subsided into what would have been, but for very shame's sake, an approving smile: many the "cut and dried" rebuke, which has evaporated, at our approach laden with "sweets to the sweet," into a gently-expressed wonderment as to "how we possibly can be so forgetful!"

We do verily believe that there is not a square foot of land for ten miles round which is not as familiar to our eyes as the garden-plot before our parlour-window. We know the "whereabouts" of the wild strawberry-beds as well as of those which our own hands have planted; and we would back ourselves to find out the ripe nuts as soon as any squirrel in the forest. A very lynx-eye have we for a sloe-bush; and not a sour old crab-apple is there but serves us for a land-mark, though we have too much respect for the comfort of our inner man to cultivate a more intimate acquaintance with its produce. Each and all of them do we periodically visit, and at every such visit does our fondness for them augment; we are happy in their flourishing, and sorrowful in their decay: for a trampled bush we mourn for a week, and for a felled tree we "go about heavily" for a month.

With all our soul do we hate a fox-hunter! Much as

we love dogs and music, we would sooner walk ten miles the other way than hear the winding of his horn, or the yelping of his pack ! Verily the spirit of Samuel Johnson looketh down kindly upon us, for we hate our Nimrod well : and the sententious old lexicographer loved “ a good hater.” Little love hath he for that in which our soul delighteth ; little love, said we ? nay, rather much hate ; for wrongfully and despitefully doth he entreat our well-favoured old gossip Dame Nature ! Is it not he that, with his trampling brute, turneth the smooth, green forest-walk into a tract of foul, filthy, squashy, impenetrable muddiness ? Is it not he that curseth a high hedge, and blasphemeth on the bank of a broad stream ? When looketh he over a wide-spread plain but to rejoice in the hope it affordeth of an unchecked run ? Wherefore casteth he his regards upon dingle, copse, or bosky dell, save to calculate how many victims of future slaughter may therein have their lurking-place ? To him a flower garden is a waste and a wilderness, a thing “ scentless and dead ;” and a tod’s hole an Eden rife with Sabæan odours. Some slight kindly feeling, indeed, hath he for “ the last rose of summer,” but alas ! it is only because it marks the approach of his season of annual murder. Very bitterly doth he abhor that Kalydor of nature, a heavy dew : with evil eye doth he look upon the silver hairs of the old acquaintance of our boyhood, whom we are still wont to call familiarly and lovingly “ JackyFrost.” Lend us your ears, all ye whose gentler spirits are now holding commune with ours, all ye who take delight in sweet sounds and sweet sights, and sweet odours : lend us your ears, and hate him as we do, when we tell you, that the very pair of those organs which flank our own particular head have heard him gnashing his teeth, and bemoaning himself that the scent of his destined victim

was irremediably destroyed by the more powerful odour of "them damned stinking violets!"

And yet think not, O gentlest of all gentle readers, as perchance thou mightest be induced to think were we not to undeceive thee, that we are ever to be found daundering along the same green lane, reposing ourselves upon the same moss-cushioned bank, or singing the same song upon the same eternal stile: nay, we are restless in spirit as well as in body; we have in us a spice of the adventurous; and to us "fresh fields and pastures new" are a source of supreme delight. We love nothing better than to issue forth, with the world "all before us where to choose," on one of our miniature journeys of discovery. All the enterprising spirits of past time, the ploughers of the unknown deep, the wanderers of the unexplored desert, rise in bright array before our mental eye; and we envy not their triumphs, for ours, to *us*, are as glorious. Archimedes himself, when the solution of his problem flashed upon his soul, felt not more pleasure than we, when we have tracked some yet unvisited streamlet to its spring, some yet untrodden woodpath to its bower. Joyous are we as the old Sicilian; but *we*, O all-but-blushing reader, *we* are decent in our gladness. A stark-naked philosopher, dripping from his bath, running at the top of his speed down the fashionable street of the metropolis, and shouting at the top of his voice, may have been an exhibition tolerated in an early age and a sultry climate; but here, thank heaven! we are in no danger of such an *escapade*: with us the public eye is amply protected from such a scandalous spectacle; we, thrice happy we! have frosts, modesty, and the new police! But the indecent old villain has made us digress.

We love to be impartial in our wanderings, and some-

thing have we for all. A smile for the trees and the flowers and the brooks; and a chirrup and a crumb for the birds; and a laugh or a shout or a whistle or a song for the echo; and a kindly word or greeting for all we meet: right slender stock truly! yet ample for a Rambler like ourselves. The gold of Cræsus on the hill-side or in the forest's solitude would be a dead weight in our breeches' pocket; the founder of the family of the Alcmaeonidæ in the hour of his sudden wealth, would have been but a slow companion in a morning walk.

And what book, saidst thou, gentle reader, do we take with us to our favourite nooks and well-beloved corners? Not a volume we! Books for rainy days, and books for winter evenings, and books for the bed of sickness; but not for health and strength and fine weather! Nature for us, against all the libraries that ever were collected, burned, or sold! In this, our only manual, at every step do we turn a fresh page,—from every line we learn a fresh lesson,—at every lesson do we thirst for more, and, though we were to live to the age of Methuselah, we should die unsatisfied! Nature is our poet, our philosopher, our preacher: could she be our historian as well, we need never open book more, save one.

"Thank Heaven! that last grandiloquent sentence has wound up this rambling effusion." Sorry are we for that exclamation of yours, O weary reader, for much more could we have poured forth in praise of the stroller: but you are tired, and we are merciful. We will but sing you a verse or two of our stroller's song, and so bid you farewell. *Our* song, said we? nay, not ours, though we would give something to have written it. It came from the heart of the Shepherd of Ettrick, and he has called it "a boy's song;" but we take no shame to our-

selves to sing it, and it is now some time since we were a chicken. Listen to us but for one moment, as we troll forth

“ Where the pools are bright and deep,
Where the grey trout lies asleep,
Up the river and o’er the lea,—
That’s the way for Billy and me !

“ Where the blackbird sings the latest,
Where the hawthorn blooms the sweetest,
Where the nestlings chirp and flee,—
That’s the way for Billy and me !

“ Where the mowers mow the cleanest,
Where the hay lies thick and greenest,
There to trace the homeward bee,—
That’s the way for Billy and me !

“ Where the hazel bank is steepest,
Where the shadow falls the deepest,
Where the clustering nuts fall free,—
That’s the way for Billy and me !”

And now we will be off for our day’s ramble.

SOUND AND SENSE.*

“ The sound must seem an echo to the sense.”

Pope.

THE motto that I have adopted is one of universal applicability. True in criticism, it may be extended with equal propriety to the common affairs of life. Who that listens to the lisping drawl of Miss Julia Mawlish is not convinced that her tongue echoes the tone of her mind? Can any one hear from the further end of the parlour the prattle of little Kitty Beckett, or the bluster of Major O’Crashit, without feeling at once perfectly acquainted with the subject in debate, and the temper with which it is debated? Do I require to be told the character of the speaker’s judgment, when I hear from the extreme corner of the strangers’ gallery the measured periods of Robert Peel, or the impetuous declamation of Richard Lalor of Tipperary? Do I detect more of the spirit of Christian charity in the energetic anathemas of Mr. Ebenezer Wilks, or in the mild accents of my own dear pastor? And, oh most lovely, most musical Emily! do not the trills and gushings of thy melodious voice embody, as far as aught earthly can, the perfect harmony of thy inward spirit?

* I can only offer the accompanying paper as a hurried and imperfect amplification of some pages of my note-book, in which most of the examples will not be new to many of your readers. Not till I had almost finished my transcript, was a paper, with a similar title, in *Chambers’ Edinburgh Journal*, put before me by your indefatigable publisher. Though the title is the same, a reference to the paper (No. 222) will show that there is little treated of by us in common. The only singular coincidence is, that the writer adds just such a note as this, with reference to the same subject being similarly handled by Blair, and quotes also Wallis’s Grammar, the knowledge of which came to me from a totally different source.

How much of language is formed upon this principle, of the sense being echoed by the sound, though it would take a volume fully to illustrate, requires, from its general admission, but few words here.

There is scarce a Greek word expressing sound that is not imitative ; and though the Latin is less expressive on this point, the English and the German abound with examples. In a curious English Grammar, written many years ago, by Dr. Wallis, almost the whole language was attempted to be reduced to this one principle of imitation. Be that as it may, no one can doubt the origin of such words as *buzz*, *whirl*, *coo*, *mew*, *cuckoo*, and a thousand others of the same kind.

There can be little less doubt of the origin of other words, though not so directly imitative, as, *bubble*, *splash*, *patter*, *screw*, *hum* ; and perhaps also, *bustle*, *moan*, *soup* (from the noise in eating), &c.

That there is also a connexion of sense as well as of sound between large classes of words having the same double consonants or syllable in them, can hardly be questioned. It is of this fact that Wallis, in his Grammar, gives us so many examples.

Thus, words containing the syllable *WHI* seem to have a sort of relationship among themselves, *e.g.*, *whistle*, *whiz*, *whirl*, *whisper*, *whist!* *whine*, *whisk* ; through all which seems to run one and the same idea, though it may be hard to define what that idea exactly is.

Again, in words unconnected with sound, the same relation seems to exist. Take words beginning with *ST*, *stout*, *sturdy*, *steady*, *stately*, *stand*, *stable*, (*adj.*), *stanch*, *staid*, *stake*, *staff*, *stalk*, *stay*, *stem*, *stern*, *stiff*, *stubborn*, *stock*, &c., without mentioning their compounds. It can hardly be denied that there is a something firm and fixed,

something that can hardly indeed be expressed without a word beginning with *st*, that runs through them all*.

The same principle applied to the termination of words will account for the remarkable connexion which *rhymes* are found to have with one another. Of course this is not asserted as an universal rule, nor would it be generally expected to apply except where the letters correspond as well as the sound. Take for examples, *groan, moan*;—*brisk, frisk*;—*love, dove*;—*crash, gash, rash, flash, lash, slash, dash*;—*gush, rush, flush, brush, push*: there is surely some common idea of rapid motion in *USH*.

So that there might be something more than the critic dreamed of, to excuse the frequency of the recurrence of some common rhymes which Pope charges on the namby-pamby (an expressive word by the by) poets of his day. There might be some radical sympathy in the ideas,

“ While they ring round the same unvaried chimes,
With sure returns of still-expected rhymes;
Where’er you find the ‘cooling western breeze,’
In the next line ‘it whispers through the trees:’
If crystal streams ‘with pleasing murmurs creep,’
The reader’s threaten’d (not in vain) with ‘sleep.’”

We have seen the force of *WHI*; take now the radical *MP*, (no allusion to Mr. O’Connell) as in the words *jump, limp, gimp*, &c., there seems a common jerking idea pervading all.

* Additional instances may be given from a note in the paper in Chambers’ Journal before referred to; they are from Wallis’s Grammar, quoted by Blair.

WR, implying obliquity or distortion; as, *wry, wrest, wreath, wrestle, wring, wrong, wrangle, wrath, wrack*, &c.

SW, silent agitation or lateral motion; as, *sway, swing, swerve, sweep, swim, swagger*.

Instances might be multiplied further, but enough have been adduced to prove the theory not mere fancy.

Compound the two, WHI, MP, and you at once etymologically* support the theory of the Hudibrastic poet ;

“ —What ’s in a whimper,

But something ’ twixt a whine and simper ?”

or, printed philologically,

“ — What ’s in a WHI-MPer,

But something ’ twixt a WHIne and sIMPer ?”

The importance with which the discussion of words derivative of sound may be invested is instanced in a curious argument which occurs in a work on adult baptism, where the custom of dipping is strongly urged in opposition to that of sprinkling, from the force of the word βαπτίζω; the root βαπ, it is argued, being significant of the noise made by *plunging* a body in the water.

It is rather singular, that when the same principle has obviously been adopted by all nations, in a greater or less degree, in the formation of words expressive of sound, that so few should be found the same, or alike, in many different languages,—few, that is, like the word *cuckoo*, (so clearly imitative), κόκκυξ, *cucullus*, *coucou*, *cuccolo*, *Kukuk*; though there are many foreign words, the meaning of which on our hearing for the first time we immediately

* It seems as if some words were derived from the *form* of the letters of which they are composed; take for example the word *zigzag*, whose meaning is exactly represented by the twice-repeated Z. This, I believe, is the principle of the Chinese language, which we have certainly adopted in some measure of late; thus, no new work on Domestic Cookery now comes out without a receipt how to dress an H-bone of beef; it is ten to one that the Lord Mayor, himself in an SS-collar, sets the said dish before his guests on a T-table; and if an alderman, overgorged therewith, should unfortunately, on his way home, break down his carriage with his bodily weight, we shall probably read in the ‘Times’ next day the advertisement of a chariot to be sold, with the only disadvantage that it is slightly damaged in its C-springs. And this return to barbaric symbols in the age of the march of intellect! We must have, I fancy, a different theory to account for a P-jacket, and X-sheriff Parkins, and XXX ale.

recognise from their sound alone. The Scotch are remarkably well furnished with these expressive vocables, as any reader of Burns will know; and the lower orders are strikingly acute and ready in coining them off-hand. No one, though he knows neither Greek nor Gaelic, can doubt the meaning of the Highland lassie's remonstrance to her loutish and unmannerly "joe"—"How can ye be sae *ramgunshock* to mey, when I'se sa *kircudjeh* to yow?" a language that, which might be understood all the world over. It is as good as Gilbert Gurney's African dialect, composed on this very principle:

Swigglee mogow, Give me something to drink.

Swinkee sow, I am hot.

Mombro mullygrubow, I am ill.

Bumburirombleedow, thunder.

Fiz, lightning.

Coodleadoo, I love you.

Gitouto, go away.

Kisnicé, a lover.

The Americans—for the coinage of these imitative words proceeds either from a new or unrefined people, and the Americans are both—have lately threatened to adulterate their mother-tongue with an overwhelming issue of this Brummagem currency, though amongst much rubbish their mother-wit has struck out some most expressive images, for which I refer my readers to the pages of "Sam Slick."

This principle of imitation, applied to literary composition, suggested itself so naturally to the first great masters in poetry and prose, and was so soon observed upon by the earliest critics, that subsequent writers of either kind have done little but repeat the same instances and rules. Longinus, Dionysius of Halicarnassus, Quintilian, Boileau, and the French school; Dryden, Pope, Addison, down to the days of Blair and Campbell, (not

to mention hundreds of intermediate names of less authority,) have all descanted on this same theme, and have all exemplified their positions from the writings of "the blind old man of Scio's rocky isle."

We are not, however, to suppose for a moment that Homer wrote from rule; the rules were rather founded upon his practice. The principle at least was true to nature, and his works exhibited its best illustration.

Nothing indeed more clearly shows the exquisite structure of the Grecian ear, and the plastic nature of that language, than those passages of Homer, which, from the earliest times, have been marked out as examples of the sound representing the sense, and which succeeding writers have in vain attempted to rival.

To take the most celebrated passage, that of Sisyphus rolling up hill the stone, which instantly rebounded to the plain;—it will be curious to compare the acknowledged beauty of this description with the lame attempts of its imitators and admirers :

Καὶ μὴν Σίσυφον εἰσεῖδον, κρατέρ' ἄλγε' ἔχοντα,
 λαῶν βαστάζοντα πελώριον ἀμφοτέρῃσιν.
 ἦτοι ὁ μὲν, σκηριπτόμενος χερσὶν τε ποσὶν τε,
 λαῶν ἄνω ὤθεσκε ποτὶ λόφον· ἀλλ' ὅτε μέλλοι
 ἄκρον ὑπερβαλέειν, τότε' ἀπυστρέψασκε κραταιῆς
 αὐτῆς, ἔπειτα πέδονδε κυλίνδετο λαῶς ἀναιδής.

Odys., Lib. xi. l. 592.

The ear wholly unacquainted with the language in which it is written would at once recognise the difference between the laboured progress of its upward course, and the tripping rapidity of its descent.

This passage early had its imitators. To take but one, who clearly intended to produce the same effect as that of the great master :

"Hocce' est, adverso nixantem trudere monte
 Saxum : quod tamen a summo jam vortice rursum
 Volvitur, et plani raptim petit æquora campi."

Luc. iii. 1013.

Thus then Lucretius. Now for the awkward hobbling
 of Creech, his translator.

"What is it, but to roll a weighty stone
 Against the hill, which straight will tumble down ?
 Almost at top, it must return again,
 And with swift force roll through the humble plain."

The force of bathos could no further go ! We might
 naturally look for a more dashing spirit in Dryden.

"What is it, but, in reason's true account,
 To heave the stone against the rising mount ?
 Which urged, and laboured, and forc'd up with pain,
 Recoils, and rolls impetuous down, and smokes along
 the plain."

Pope evidently prided himself upon the effect of his
 translation, though his last line is but a copy of
 Dryden's.

"With many a weary step, and many a groan,
 Up the high hill he heaves a huge round stone ;
 The huge round stone, resulting with a bound,
 Thunders impetuous down and smokes along the ground."

How unmeasurably inferior to the original is every imi-
 tation here given ! The English translators more espe-
 cially fail, even where they acknowledge the principle,
 and attempt to carry it out : and this, from mistaking
 the genius of the English language. The effect of the
 Greek is produced from the rhythm and collocation rather
 than from the selection of words. In English, a similar
 result is to be achieved either by selecting or creating
 an expressive word, as Milman :

“ Heard you the arrow *hurtle** in the sky ? ”

or by a change in the metre or rhythm, as in Christabel:

“ The night is chill ; the forest bare ;
Is it the wind that moaneth bleak ?
There is not wind enough in the air
To move away the ringlet curl
From the lovely lady’s cheek—
There is not wind enough to twirl
The one red leaf, the last of its clan,
That dances as often as dance it can,
Hanging so light, and hanging so high,
On the topmost twig that looks up at the sky.”

Here it was that Pope failed ; he missed the first method, and the nature of the heroic verse did not admit the second. He found it easy enough to make his “ line labour, and his words move slow,” when he had a heavy subject on hand, as any of his brethren might likewise have done ; but he was altogether unsuccessful when he tried, by *onomatopœia*, to give grace to a light and airy subject. It was the Romantic school of poetry that first adapted this figure of speech to the genius of the English language. Heretofore, curious rules had been laid down by critics, and poets who wrote by art endeavoured to transmute them in their writings ; but, with the exception of Milton (than whom never man combined more exquisite mastery of art with genius of nature) and Shakspeare (an exception to all rules), these efforts wholly failed.

The untractable nature of the severer measures in

* Used also by Gray :

“ Iron sleet of arrowy shower
Hurtles in the darken’d air.”

and before him, by Shakspeare :

“ The noise of battle hurtled in the air.”

which they wrote, and their timidity in striking out new words for the occasion, completely debarred them from producing that effect which, when English poetry was let loose from the prison-house of critical pedantry, even the humblest poetasters achieved. As some set-off against the many extravagances necessarily arising from the liberty of speech which the Romantic school introduced, we may at least thank it for developing this resource of our language.

The translations from the German ballads, and the lyrics which sprung up in emulation of them, seized on the only directly imitative principles which the English language admits of. Many of their most striking passages derive their effect from the appropriate use and repetition of imitative words, and from the bold and rapid transitions in their varied and rambling metre. Scott was eminently successful in his happy adaptation of words symphonic with the sense. In one of his earliest ballads, he brings before our eyes, with great effect, the hurried pace of the dashing horseman :

“ Tramp, tramp, along the land he rode,
Splash, splash, across the sea.”

Simple as this usage seems, it had been heretofore little used in English poetry.

To test the merits of the ancient and the modern schools of English poetry, let us take an example of a similar description from each. The poets are both masters in their way. The archetype is Virgil's beautiful picture of Camilla :

“ *Illa vel intactæ segetis per summa volaret
Gramina, nec teneras cursu læsisset aristas ;
Vel mare per medium, fluctu suspensa tumentis,
Ferret iter, celeres nec tingeret æquora plantas.*”

These are very elegant verses, but it may be doubted

whether the poet either intended or produced any imitative effect.

The attempt of the English Classic poet is more ambitious; he gives the following lines as an unexceptionable specimen of the sound echoing the sense :

..... " when swift Camilla scours the plain,
Flies o'er the unbending corn, and skims along the main."

He uses, as has before been remarked, I think, by Blair, the same "needless Alexandrine" to express rapidity and lightness of motion, that before more truly represented the slow dragging course of a wounded snake.

Now take the parallel description from a poet of the Romantic school :

" A foot more light, a step more true,
Ne'er from the heath-flower dash'd the dew;
E'en the slight harebell raised its head,
Elastic from her airy tread."

In recognising these verses as a portion of Scott's beautiful portrait of the "Lady of the Lake," the reader will at once observe that it is the metre that gives the passage the advantage in airiness and grace over the more elaborated description of Pope.

How expressive, too, may a single word be made, as Burns's "*whimpling* burn," and Scott's (I quote from memory)—

" He heard against the prison wall
By fits the *plashing* rain-drop fall."

Having given separate examples of the versatility of lyric metre, and of the coinage of words, admitted by this style of poetry, in producing on the ear the same image which is offered to the mind, let me add the following specimen, as comprising both these means of imitation in a most striking degree :

“ Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o’er,
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking ;
 Dream of battled fields no more,
 Days of danger, nights of waking.
 In our isle’s enchanted hall,
 Hands unseen thy couch are strewing,
 Fairy strains of music fall,
 Every sense in slumber dewing.
 Soldier, rest ! thy warfare o’er,
 Dream of fighting fields no more :
 Sleep the sleep that knows not breaking,
 Morn of toil, nor night of waking.

“ No rude sound shall reach thine ear,
 Armour’s clang, or war-steed champing,
 Trump nor pibroch summon here
 Mustering clan, or squadron tramping.
 Yet the lark’s shrill fife may come
 At the day-break from the fallow,
 And the bittern sound his drum
 Booming from the sedgy shallow.
 Ruder sounds shall none be near,
 Guards nor warder summon here,
 Here ’s no war-steed’s neigh and champing,
 Shouting clans or squadrons stamping.”

Lady of the Lake, I. xxxi.

It would be a cruel dissection of the beauty of this passage, and be dispelling the illusion which the words must yet be creating in the ear, to point out those lines and words in which the harmony between the sound and sense is so perfectly preserved. Perhaps the whole range of poetry does not offer within the same compass a similar instance of such varied and melodious imitation, and so easy and natural too.

It would hardly be doing justice to the Classical school not to give the well-known passages from Milton, ad-

duced, if I mistake not, by Addison as proofs of true power in this grace of style.

The opening of the gates of Hell—

“ — on a sudden, open fly,
With impetuous recoil, and jarring sound,
The infernal doors ; and on their hinges grate
Harsh thunder.” *Par. L. Book 1.*

the gates of Heaven—

“ Heaven open'd wide
Her everlasting gates, harmonious sound,
On golden hinges turning.” *Book 11.*

Of course, in Shakspeare we find this figure used, as every other, with the most perfect effect. But Shakspeare is so above all schools and figures, that it is almost profanation to speak of his writings in reference to them. It is not therefore to bring in comparison with others him of whom “ none but himself can be his parallel,” that I gather these examples from his works, but rather to treat my readers with a feast of melody,—

Of music,—

“ That strain again !—it had a dying fall :
O, it came o'er my ear, like the sweet south,
That breathes upon a bank of violets,
Stealing, and giving odour ;”—

a horse-laugh—

“ The large Achilles, on his press'd bed lolling,
From his deep chest laughs out a loud applause.”

moral description—

“ Do not, as some ungracious pastors do,
Show me the steep and thorny way to heaven,
Whilst, like a puff'd and reckless libertine,
Himself the primrose path of dalliance treads,
And recks not his own read.”

But it were endless to go on selecting thus. In Shakespeare there is a moral melody that seems to reach the mind, besides that which strikes upon the ear, defying all rules, and distancing all imitation. Harmony follows upon every chord he touches; every subject is equally within his grasp; and therefore it is in his works alone that the echo comes to the ear as intelligible and clear from a moral as from a descriptive subject. The last of the three quotations will exemplify this.

In general this principle will apply only to such subjects as come within the bounds of strict imitation, either of sound or motion, if indeed the latter is not included in the former. It is a dangerous figure to be wielded by unskilful hands, and, except when under the guidance of a master-spirit, the charm may be powerful only to the destruction of the user. Perhaps, after all, in English, ludicrous poetry is its safest ground; and as I have not yet given a specimen of the power of imitation to produce laughter, I do not think I can conclude better than by selecting from the Rejected Addresses the following illustration of that very hard word and useful figure, the Greek *onomatopœia*, or, in plain English, of the sound imitating the sense—or nonsense, as it may be. Thus Yamen's tumble from the higher to the lower regions is described:

“ To earth by the laws of attraction he flew,
And he fell, and he fell
To the regions of hell;
Nine centuries bounced he from cavern to rock,
And his head, as he tumbled, went nickety-nock
Like a pebble in Carisbrook well!”

THE DAYS OF YORE.

I.

THEY were gallant days of old,
 When the minstrel struck his lyre,
 And the spirits of the bold
 Waxed bolder at his fire,
 As he swept the golden harp-strings along !
 And in woman's eye the light
 Flash'd more lovely and more bright,
 As she felt the kindling might
 Of his song !

II.

They were gentle days of yore,
 When, next to Heaven above,
 Man bent him to adore,
 At the shrine of woman's love,
 And the proudest of the land was her slave !
 And her chastening influence stole,
 With its still unfelt control,
 Like a charm upon the soul
 Of the brave !

III.

They were peaceful days of yore,
 When the peasant at his plough
 Had no murmur on his lip,
 And no gloom upon his brow,
 And content was the blessing of his home :—
 Ere the troubler's busy wile,
 And the traitor's tongue of guile,
 'Mongst the loyal of our isle
 Dared to come !

IV.

They were merry days of yore,
 When maids and swains were gay,
 And Toil his task gave o'er
 On each rustic holiday,

For the tabor, and the dance, and the song :
 And the proud of blood and birth
 Thought it robb'd not from his worth
 To grace the honest mirth
 Of the throng.

V.

They were noble days of yore,
 When, for king and father-land,
 If danger near'd our shore
 Forth flash'd the ready brand,
 And the terror-stricken foe fled away !
 When like her island-rock,
 Unmoved by tempest's shock,
 Britain's glory seem'd to mock
 At decay !

VI.

They were happy days of yore,
 Ere yet the scoffer came
 On our cherish'd faith to pour
 Contempt, and scorn, and shame,
 And to undermine our isle's surest trust !—
 When we dream'd not of the foe
 Whose foul and traitor-blow
 Would dash our altars low
 In the dust !

VII.

In a dark and evil day
 Our later lot is cast ;
 A happy rest have they
 Who slumber with the Past !
 We would not give their blessed souls the pain,—
 Could we yet arrest their doom,—
 To call them from the tomb
 To a time of tears and gloom
 Back again !

SOME PASSAGES IN THE LIFE OF A BOOK-CASE.

"PLUTEUM CÆDIT."—*Persius*.

DEAR MOWBRAY,

YOU will observe that this letter is written on loose square pieces of paper, on only one side. This will to your observing mind at once inform you that I am at last arrived at the region so distinguished for gyps and mathematics. I arrived here last evening, and found the rooms bearing evident signs of that attention for which bed-makers are remarkable; and after a cold ride the comforts of a blazing fire made me overlook all the inconveniences of my quarters. I could not, however, help observing that the furniture was in none of the best order, particularly an old bookcase which occupied a corner of the room, and, as far as appearances went, must have occupied it for the last twenty years; for its crazy condition indicated, as physicians say, that its state was too delicate to bear removal. I retired to bed about half-past ten. My bedroom is six feet square and twelve high. These proportions, you will observe, would render any apartment commodious enough, but would make it still more so, if the only window in the room were not a round hole (glazed, of course) looking into the top of a cloister; so that you require a candle at all hours of the day to see your hand. I had scarcely composed myself to rest, when I was awakened by a slight noise, and, to my horror and surprise, I beheld the bookcase above-mentioned gliding into my room with indescribable facility. As the bookcase was seven feet long, I will leave to your mathematical head to determine how it managed to introduce itself; and when

you have satisfied yourself on this point, to determine how it was enabled, in a creaking voice, to address to me the following tale :—

“However undeserving notice I may now appear, time was when I was selected as the most elegant article in the first upholsterer’s in Cambridge, by the Honourable Mr. Dilletant, who came up to the University with a reputation for an unrivalled taste in the *belles lettres*. I groan when I think what a figure I then cut. I was painted a most delicate and successful imitation of maple ; I was ornamented with glass doors, and pink silk lining ; but, oh, what was the delicacy of the lining to my contents ! Anacreon in the most elegant kid ; Moore’s Loves of the Angels, exquisitely bound, with a design of Cupids executed in gold ; Rogers’ poems on costly vellum, with the most highly-finished illustrations—and such margin ! What would the writer of the Orestes not have given for it ?—

‘ Summi plenâ jam margine libri
Scriptus et in tergo necdum finitus Orestes.’

No heavy folios to press me with their weight ; all light, light as their contents. The only prose works allowed were works of sentiment in post octavo. Those were high and palmy days indeed. But another state of existence was doomed for me. The Honourable Mr. Dilletant could not bless Cambridge for ever, and though he persevered till he was plucked four times, he at last left the University with honest indignation, and gave vent to his excited feelings in a pamphlet on the studies of the University ; wherein he stated that the standard of learning was not sufficiently high, nor the discipline sufficiently strict, and proposed dismissing Greek and Latin and introducing Arabic and Sanscrit

in their place, and substituting for the questions in Mathematics a very strict examination in Chinese Metaphysics. He also discovered that books were entirely unnecessary for the acquirement of learning, and supported his arguments by reference to the learned men who lived before the invention of printing,—for, said he conclusively, without printing there could be no books. As these were his opinions, I was more mortified than surprised when he took away all the rest of his furniture, parted with my contents, and retired and left his room “to darkness and to me.” But I was not long in the dark. A portly college don came to occupy the rooms of the Honourable Mr. Dilletant. Mr. Deapred was a scholar of the first water; he knew the names and editions of all the ponderous tomes ever printed, and possessed not a few of them, and was himself, sooth to say, as ponderous as his tomes. His first act was to dismiss my glass doors and pink silk as superfluous; his second, to alter the disposition of my shelves to suit his volumes; and as six shelves fitted for post octavo do not contain space enough for more than four of quarto, two shelves were also cashiered; so that I now lost great part of my identity. These changes were painful; but still, beyond the weight of my burden, I had little to complain of. The greatest care was taken of me, and I was regaled by the most choice society and most intellectual conversation, and had as much attention paid to me as before; but this attention was not quite so flattering, as my contents were now the attraction; whereas in my former state many times was I admired and praised, but I never heard a soul say a word of the books. This life of learning was suddenly interrupted by an occurrence which I ought long to have expected. For some time Mr. Deapred had neglected his usual

authors. I was never relieved, as of yore, of the weight of a Scapula or a Thucydides. One book, indeed, was never in its place, and this was Ovid *de Arte Amatoria*. I had also on sundry occasions been tormented by several visits from the female sex, from whom I never extracted the least particle of admiration after the loss of my pink lining. I ought, I said, to have expected the result; but alas, I was inexperienced, and the truth burst upon me with an awful shock. Mr. Deapred was married, and his books and bookcase were to be sold. 'Farewell, dear companions of the days of my vigour, when, like other beaux, sobered by the loss of my gloss and pink waistcoat, I betook myself to Contemplation, the 'sober-suited maid.' Farewell! and if in your various travels you meet with other friends like me, think of one who'

"This effusion was composed in the darkest corner of an upholsterer's garret, where I wasted my health and spirits in sad confinement for upwards of a year. Oh, with what joy did I hail the light, when I was brought forward to the inspection of a shovel-hatted old gentleman and his son, who had just come into residence. The old gentleman was satisfied with my appearance, and the son seemed perfectly indifferent about the matter. I was accordingly ticketed as sold, and in the course of the day established in the rooms of T. Rackett, Esquire. The first service upon which I was put was one by no means suited to my sober education. On one of my shelves were deposited a red hunting-coat and a whip of gigantic dimensions; boots of various descriptions occupied another, and the possession of a third was disputed by a jockey's cap and blue jacket, odd volumes of the Sporting Magazine, the Racing Calendar, an old Homer, and Wilberforce on Christianity, (the last

being a gift from a pious aunt to her well-disposed nephew). My cupboards, which had never before been occupied by anything but home-made wines from a particular friend, and raspberry vinegar, with sundry pots of jam from the fairy hands of the present Mrs. Deapred, were now crowded with bottles of champagne and porter, intermixed at random. If my constitution was worn away in the upholsterer's garret, in Mr. Rackett's rooms it was shattered to pieces. The very first night of my arrival a bottle of champagne was aimed too successfully at my unfortunate head, and would have been followed by another, if Mr. Rackett had not, to do him justice, expressed himself seriously offended at wine having been thrown over—his new jockey's jacket. To enumerate all the insults I endured in this stage of my existence, to repeat the outrages committed on me, would be a bitter task. Suffice it to say, that at the usual time Mr. Rackett was rusticated, and immediately left the college. In the course of the year I was with him, premature old age had come upon me; all my joints were loose, my complexion spoilt, and one of my feet gone; so that I realized the description in *Æschylus*—

τόθ' ὑπεργήρων, φυλλάδος ἤδη
κατακαρφομένης, τρίποδας μὲν ὁδοὺς
στέλχει

which for the benefit of English readers I will translate as follows: 'The old worn-out bookcase, the leaves of its books having been already burnt, goes on three feet.' I should at that moment have sunk into oblivion, if a bachelor had not seen in me capabilities of improvement. I was accordingly put into a state of thorough repair, and came forth, if not in splendour, at least in neatness, having received a coat of paint in imitation of rose-wood. I was now again enlisted in respectable service, and my

duty was to bear volumes of divinity, that being the peculiar study of resident bachelors. I cannot say that the books I contained were much disturbed, but I was a good deal surprised after a short time to find all my old friends dismissed, and their places occupied by others in stout calf and plain binding, among whom Warren on Law Studies was conspicuous. I afterwards understood it was this book which determined my master to change his study of divinity for that of law. For the first week Blackstone was scarcely ever on my shelves, and numberless were the authors taken down for reference; but in a fortnight the law books were as stationary as the divinity had been. In this stage of my existence I had various successions of occupants, historical, metaphysical, classical, French, Italian, German, books on architecture, geology, mineralogy, botany; but I observed that they shared the same fate as those which preceded them, always out of their place the first week and never after. The end of it was, that the bachelor left the University and entered into a brewery of which his uncle was the head, and has, I have heard since, become a very wealthy, plain, uninformed and unintellectual citizen. The next two years of my life were very unpleasant, the greater part being spent in the retirement of the garret. How often was I produced at sales, and as often rejected! I had thought my lot hard at Rackett's, but

‘*Quam vellem æthere in alto*

Nunc et pauperiem, et duros perferre labores!’

At last this dreadful monotony was broken by a sizar's purchasing me and having me conveyed to a garret where he lived. I should have mentioned that the life I had led at the upholsterer's had suited me much less in my present than in my former condition. My joints

soon became again loose, and my paint was soon rubbed off, so that when I reached this place I was no great prize. The books I was now doomed to contain were nearly all mathematical, and were, by consequence, the shabbiest set of wretches I ever saw ; and yet among that set were the divine speculations of Newton, the ingenious discoveries of Laplace, and the account of all the new inventions of the day. Every year, however, my shelves were enlivened by a row of shining volumes, neatly gilt, and decorated with the arms of the College, which seemed to show that the shabby books I contained were not wholly unproductive. At the end of three years I was again deserted, in consequence of the sizar being elected a fellow, and passing to better rooms and (ah, that I should say it !) a better bookcase. When his garret was dismantled, I was moved to these rooms as being on the same staircase, and I now await your decision. If you accept me you will find me still useful ; if you reject me, I must submit to the common lot of all, and must not repine if the order of things be reversed, and I am *laid on the shelf*."

These words spoken in a man's voice awoke me.

"Yes," answered the bedmaker to my gyp, "It is rather fresh ; here are the remains of last night's bread and butter carefully *laid on the shelf*."

I send you the account without a comment.

Yours, very truly,

FRESHLEIGH COOME.

Heinrich der Vogler.

Der Feind ist da ! Die Schlacht beginnt !
 Wohlauf zum Sieg herbey !
 Es führet uns der beste Mann
 Im ganzen Vaterland !

Heut fühlet er die Krankheit nicht,
 Dort tragen sie ihn her !
 Heil Heinrich ! heil dir, Held und Mann,
 Im eisernen Gefild !

Sein Antlitz glüht vor Ehrbegier,
 Und herrscht den Sieg herbey !
 Schon ist um ihn der edlen Helm
 Mit Feindesblut bespritzt.

Streu furchtbar Strahlen um dich her,
 Schwert in des Kaisers Hand,
 Daß alles tödtliche Geschosß
 Den Weg vorübergeh !

Willkommen Tod fürs Vaterland !
 Wenn unser sinkend Haupt
 Schon Blut bedeckt, dann sterben wir
 Mit Ruhm fürs Vaterland !

Wenn vor uns wird ein ofnes Feld
 Und wir nur Todte sehn
 Weit um uns her, dann siegen wir
 Mit Ruhm fürs Vaterland !

Dann treten wir mit hohem Schritt
 Auf Leichnamen daher !
 Dann jauchzen wir im Siegesgeschrey !
 Das geht durch Mark und Bein !

From the German of Klopstock.

HENRY THE FOWLER.

THE foe is met ! the fight begins !
Comrades ! to victory !
There leads us on the bravest one
Within the whole country !

Though sick, he feels not sick to-day ;
They bear his bed along
Our iron ranks, God save the Prince !
His warriors bold among.

Bravely he looks, and gives each man
Sure hope to win the day ;
Around him, stain'd with foemen's gore,
Chiefs crowd in steel array.

Now mayst thou, in that kingly hand,
O sword, shine bright afar,
That harmlessly may pass aside
The deadly shafts of war !

O welcome for our Fatherland
Is death ! but we will die
With foemen's blood besprinkled o'er,
And fall right gloriously !

Or, when with corpses of the slain
The field is cover'd wide,
To conquer for our Fatherland
Thus nobly be our pride !

Then proudly trampling on the dead,
We'll stalk across the plain !
And raise a shout of victory
Shall thrill through every vein !

Uns preist, mit frohem Ungesüm,
Der Bräutigam und die Braut;
Er sieht die hohen Fahnen wehn,
Und drückt ihr sanft die Hand.

Und spricht zu ihr, Da kommen sie,
Die Kriegesgötter her!
Sie stritten in der heißen Schlacht
Auch für uns beide mit.

Uns preist der Freudenthränen voll,
Die Mutter, und ihr Kind!
Sie drückt den Knaben an ihr Herz
Und sieht dem Kaiser nach.

Uns folgt ein Ruhm, der ewig bleibet,
Wenn wir gestorben sind,
Gestorben für das Vaterland
Den ehrenvollen Tod!

Welcome the bridegroom and the bride
Right heartily our band !
He sees the haughty banners fly,
And softly takes her hand,

And says to her, " Here come they on,
The heroes of the fight,
For us they've stoutly fought the field,
Ours and our country's right."

Welcome the mother and her child
Our band with tears of joy,
After the chief she gazes long,
And thankful clasps her boy.

And when we're dead and gone, our fame
Shall everlasting stand,
When we have died that glorious death—
Death for our Fatherland !

THE PUNS OF THE GREEK TRAGEDIANS.

"Just John Littlewit in Bartholomew Fair, who had a conceit in his misery; a miserable conceit."—*Dryden*.

It has been so much the fashion of late to defend the Greek Dramatists on those points in which the last age so senselessly attacked them, that I cannot but wonder that one of their most tenable positions should have hitherto wanted a champion to come forward in its defence.

Their long and isolated choruses, their somewhat prosy prologues, their meagre and often immoral plots, equally with all their inexpressible graces and proprieties, have been sturdily defended by the critics and editors of the present day against those of the past. There is not a profane argument of Æschylus, an elaborate truism of Sophocles, a metaphysical subtlety of Euripides, commented upon by the Bruncks and Barnes of days gone by, that has not met with a palliator and defender among their successors in the critical chair.

To this statement there is but one exception. Whenever the unlucky tragedians have attempted to play upon a word, especially a proper name, their indignant advocates have at once abandoned their cause, and given them over to the tender mercies and profound contempt of their learned predecessors. The heavy artillery of German Latin is allowed for once to open unmolested upon the unfortunate perpetrator of the pun, and "*perperam insulse*," "*væ, nugæ!*" "*ipsa nive frigidius*," of the old school, pass without one single word of reply from the moderns.

A most mistaken philosophy is this ! So far from being indefensible, from being a blot upon the classic page of Athenian tragedy, the *paronomasia*, as employed by the three great tragic authors, is but another evidence of their writings being a veritable transcript of nature.

The transition from one passion to its extreme opposite is infinitely more true to nature than the change from indifference to either. The sudden passing from hate to love, or from love to hate, offers one of the most fitting subjects for tragedy, and, indeed, has produced some of the most powerful scenes that the drama can boast of.

The change from the deepest misery to the lightest playfulness is to be defended on exactly the same grounds ; and nature and experience fully bear us out in the truth of the transition. The tragedian then will hardly neglect so effective a source of interest. His darkest scenes of misery may well be chequered with those flashing and momentary gleams of mirth which only tend to render the darkness more visible. As in the sweetest of our pleasures,—

“ medio de fonte leporum

Surgit amari aliquid,”

so in the bitterest of our griefs there is some redeeming drop which hovers on the brim, some fleeting bubble which the fancy delights to sport with,—though it often happens that, with worthy John Littlewit, a “conceit in our misery” is but a “miserable conceit.”

Walter Scott, who, in knowledge of human nature, is perhaps second only to Shakspeare, speaking of himself in his Diary, says, “Nature has given me a kind of buoyancy, I know not what to call it, that mingled even with my deepest afflictions and most gloomy hours. I have a secret pride,—I fancy it must be so most truly

termed,—which impels me to mix with my distresses strange snatches of mirth, which have no mirth in them.”

—*Lockhart's Life*, vol. vi. p. 329.

Exactly the same feeling is described by Byron :

“ Strange though it seem,—yet with extremest grief
Is link'd a mirth—it doth not bring relief—
That playfulness of sorrow ne'er beguiles,
And smiles in bitterness—but still it smiles,
And sometimes with the wisest and the best,
Till ev'n the scaffold echoes with the jest.”

Corsair, ii. 13.

He instances in the note, Sir Thomas More and Anne Boleyn ; and remarks that, during the French Revolution, it became so much the fashion to leave some *mot* as a legacy, that “ the quantity of facetious last words spoken during that period would form a melancholy jest-book of a considerable size.” This affectation of mirth, under approaching death, where indeed “ in laughter the heart is sorrowful,” is as perfectly true of all ages of the world as of the French Revolution ; and if the volume of such records be more ample at that period than at any other, it is not to be attributed to a larger share of wit, but to the greater number of executions.

It is not merely the scoffer and buffoon that have died with a jest upon their lips ; there is scarcely a state criminal of any high mark who has been brought to the scaffold, of whom some playful expression, on his way or at the place of execution, has not been preserved. But a marked line of difference is to be drawn between the death-bed ribaldry recorded of Vespasian and Rabelais,—who, though lingering through a natural illness, had never been brought to regard for a moment the new world on which they were entering,—and the mo-

mentary gleam of pleasantry that illumined the contented, serious, and hopeful spirits of Socrates and More,—brought to an untimely end by the judicial sentence of their country.

It might indeed furnish matter for a curious inquiry, why it is that the scaffold calls forth, in good and sober-minded men, a humour which their natural death-bed would not have admitted.

This minute difference did not escape the keen sense of Shakspeare, who, speaking of this mirth in misery, notices it as a peculiar trait of those who are about to suffer by a judicial or premature death.

“How oft when men are at the point of death
Have they been merry! which *their keepers* call
A lightning before death.”

Rom. and Jul. v. 3.

The case of Socrates, instanced by Cicero, need scarcely be more than referred to. Theramenes, when put to death by the Thirty Tyrants, drank off his poison “to the good health*” of Critias. Cicero, referring to him with admiration, says, “*lusit vir egregius extremo spiritu,*” *Tusc.* i. 40; and Xenophon on the same occasion adds this remark:

Καὶ τοῦτο μὲν οὐκ ἀγνοῶ, ὅτι ταῦτα ἀποφθέγματα οὐκ ἀξιόλογα, ἐκεῖνο δὲ κρίνω τοῦ ἀνδρὸς ἀγαπτὸν, τὸ τοῦ θανάτου παρεστηκότος, μήτε τὸ φρόνιμον, μήτε τὸ παιγνιώδες, ἀπολιπεῖν ἐκ τῆς ψυχῆς.—*Hel.* ii. 3. 56.

When on the scaffold, Anne Boleyn jested on her slim neck, Sir Thomas More on his ample beard. The facetiousness of Sir W. Raleigh is also well known, who, having poised the axe and felt its edge, said with a smile, “This is a sharp medicine, but it will cure all diseases.”

* Romeo and Juliet each do the same.

The more awful and serious the occasion, the more the mind seems, by this induced buoyancy, to struggle against the weight that oppresses it. It is known that Cromwell signed King Charles's death-warrant with a jest; and Jewel, in the same way, endeavoured to belie his heaviness of heart when he set his hand to the Popish articles.

The name of Jewel may also suggest some excuse for turning this playfulness upon the person's name. If the funeral sermons and epitaph ("*gemmæ gemmarum*") of a bishop did not disdain to trifle in this sort, we are hardly to find fault with Sophocles, who could urge the excitement of passion, and the very situation of impending death just referred to, as a justification for introducing Ajax upon the stage, just before he is about to throw himself on the "executioner sword," recurring to the coincidence of his name with his fortunes. The English translation does not admit the force of his expressive exclamation; but no one, surely, will read the original without admitting that there is both beauty and nature in the expression.

αἱ αἱ· ἴς ἄν ποτ' ᾗθ' ὦδ' ἐπ' ὠνυμον
τοῦ μὲν ξυνοίσειν ὄνομα τοῖς ἐμοῖς κακοῖς; Aj. 430.

This is a very different thing from the frigid conceit of Ovid on the hyacinth, the floral emblem of the death of Ajax:

"Nomen et 'ai ai'

Flos habet inscriptum;"

or from so sorry an attempt as that of Shakspeare:

"Admired Miranda!

"Indeed the top of admiration."

Still less is it to excuse so dreadful a perpetration as that of Barnes (*ad Eurip. Phœn.*), who in cold blood endea-

vours to foist in, as if in the same category with these expressions of the Greek tragedians, some wretched doggrel compliment to Charles II. on the coincidence of his name—Stuart, *αἰκόνομος*,—with his office.

Perhaps the invectives of Cicero on Verres' name are hardly to be reconciled with good taste, though here we may allege the language of passion as an excuse for such a figure of speech: but, be that as it may, we shall not certainly assent to the criticism of Quintilian, who, referring to the play on the name of Polynices, in the *Phœnissæ*, applies to it the epithet "*frigidum sane*."

Surely nothing is more natural for the indignant brother, revolving the strife and ruin which his brother's conduct had brought upon their home, than to taunt him as the man "of many strifes."

ἀληθῶς δ' ὄνομα Πολυνείκην πατήρ
ἔθετό σοι θεία πρόνοια νεικέων ἐπώνυμον.

Phæn. 645..

and see also *Phæn.* 1507*, &c.

To these examples of the two later tragedians may be added one from the father of the Drama, which will equally bear justification, as embodying the indignant outpourings of the Argive veterans against the source of all their country's woe:

τίς ποτ' ὠνόμαζεν ὦδ'
εἰς τὸ πᾶν ἐτητύμῳς
τὰν δορίγαμβρον ἀμφινεικῇ θ'
Ἔλεναν; ἐπεὶ πρεπόντως
ἐλέναυς, ἐλανδρος, ἐλέπολις. κ.τ.λ.

Æsch. Agam. 664.

* And many other similar passages, which I have purposely omitted, selecting only one principal passage from each of the Tragedians whereon to rest their common defence.

Thus imitated by Anstice, *Chor. Poet.* p. 39 :

HELEN ! who, in early youth,
 Named thee with too perfect truth ?
 HELEN, woo'd by warrior's spear,
 Widow's curse, and orphan's tear,
 Let thy name thy story tell :
 Thou, who, like a yawning HELL,
 In the abyss hast swallow'd down
 Fleet and phalanx, tower and town !

This elegant translator and admirable scholar appears hardly to have borne in mind the principle of this usage of the Greek tragedians ; he seems to have looked upon it rather as a display of the author's ingenuity than as language appropriate to the character and situation of the person, as he only remarks that " puns upon names were not considered by them inconsistent with the dignity of tragedy," and puts them upon the same level with the passage just quoted from the *Tempest*. He adds another instance from Massinger, perhaps more admissible than that of Shakspeare :

" Thy name is Angelo,
 And like that name thou art."

The quotation he gives from Chaucer is beside the point. Such trifling in mere serious narration can never be defended. It is passion alone that justifies it.

If the propriety of such allusions requires to be further strengthened, beyond the experience we have of those " strange snatches of mirth" that pass across the gloomiest hours even of the wisest and the best, we might show its truth to nature from an authority in which the secrets of the heart are laid bare, far beyond man's powers of development. How exactly parallel to the passage of Euripides quoted above is the sacred

text of Genesis xxvii. 36 : " Is not he rightly named Jacob ? for he hath supplanted me these two times."

Without entering into the whole question of the significant meaning of Hebrew names, which is quite another matter, the allusion to a person's name in reference to the matter in hand, as in the quotation from the Old Testament, so may be yet further illustrated from a passage in the New, where our Lord, on the solemn occasion of his committing to St. Peter the power of the keys, says $\Sigma\upsilon\ \epsilon\iota\ \Pi\epsilon\tau\rho\varsigma$, $\kappa\alpha\iota\ \epsilon\pi\iota\ \tau\alpha\upsilon\tau\eta\ \tau\eta\ \Pi\epsilon\tau\rho\alpha\iota$, &c.—*Matt.* xvi. 18.

I adduce this passage (I trust not irreverently), not as an exemplification of the general principle referred to by Scott, Byron, and Shakspeare, but as defensive of the assertion, that allusion to an individual's name is not only perfectly compatible with, but even tends strikingly to heighten, the solemnity of the most serious and awful occasions.

The positions I wish to establish are, that nothing can be more true to nature than bursts of playful, though forced mirth, in the midst of our deepest misfortunes, and especially preparatory to a predetermined death ; and that it is equally natural to seize on a proper name as the readiest and easiest subject on which to vent that playfulness of spirit.

This will not of course excuse the inanity of such conceits when uttered free from the impulse of passion ; but it will completely justify by far the greater part of the *paronomasia* of the Greek tragedians, who employed such language, not for the sake of indulging their own fancies in so obvious and vulgar a jest, but from a nice discrimination of the effects of excited feeling in the most desperate and solemn moments of a serious mind.

MY GREAT-UNCLE'S LOVE VERSES.

LOOKING, the other day, over the papers of a Great-Uncle of mine lately deceased, I chanced upon the following effusion, a trifle indeed, but just such a trifle as I should have guessed my worthy relative, in his youth, to have been guilty of. Within my recollection he was what is called a "gentleman of the old school," of a stately presence, and full of that formal chivalrous courtesy towards all, but especially the fair sex, which used to be the characteristic of high breeding. To the last he clung tenaciously to old fashions and habits of thinking. He had no sympathy with the slipshod, free-and-easy manners of the present day, its leveling propensities and utilitarian maxims. "'T is a vulgar, revolutionary age," he would observe, "and in nothing more so than the diminished respect which is paid to women." Waltzing, to his mind, was "a sign of the times ;" to seize a lady of reputation by the waist, and whirl with her round the room till both were dizzy, was an impertinence which he was certain no young fellow in his time would have dreamt of committing. Never was he so happy as, when in a select company of friends, he could persuade some coevous dame of his acquaintance to walk, or rather, hobble through a minuet with him ; an exploit which never failed to produce much suppressed merriment among the younger ladies especially, with whom, however, notwithstanding his whims, my great-uncle was a mighty favourite.

Indeed, the gallantry of this worthy old gentleman was of a kind which I am inclined to think is now quite out of date. It was founded upon a principle, not the whim or caprice of the moment ; it was a tribute paid

to the sex rather than the individual,—a homage with which broad lands, and even dimpled cheeks and beaming eyes, had nothing to do. Throughout his life he seems to have regarded the sex in this abstract point of view, for he died a bachelor at last. Perhaps he did not care to run the risk of diminishing, by nearer approach, the reverence with which his imagination had invested the sex; perhaps, after all, his Phyllis was carried off by some plainer-spoken suitor. Often, over his sixth and ultimate glass of wine, growing mellow and garrulous as old men are wont, he would pour forth long histories of his youthful exploits, the hearts he had won, and the beauties with whom he had been acquainted, far superior, he would add, to any which this degenerate age can produce; then waggishly shaking his head at “us youth,” he would emit a chuckle, half deprecatory, half applausive, as if to say, “’T is true I was a sad dog, but if the time were to come over again, I know not how it would be amended.” But I have observed that he generally concluded such narrations with a sigh, and would sit for a time silent and melancholy. Whether this was owing to the natural reaction of the spirits, at his time of life easily fatigued, or to some tender recollections of the heart, I cannot take upon me to determine; of this, however, I am certain, that Phyllis, or any other young lady, might have done worse than have married my great-uncle in his best days. These are his verses!

My soul is like a thirsty flower
That spreads its leaves to catch the shower;
And if the blessing be delay'd,
The flower and I alike must fade.
Too late may fall the dews of morn;
Phyllis, too late, repent her scorn;
And this her fruitless sorrow be—
He died, alas! for love of me.

Oh ! she is fair, and I am fond ;
And now I hope, and now despond ;
And, like a feeble, fluttering moth,
To leave the dazzling circle loth,
I tempt the flame that scorch'd before,
And each repulse inflames me more ;—
True madness of the loving swain,
To probe the wound that gives him pain.

Is it because my tongue is weak,
A specious tale of love to tell ?
Let faltering tongue and burning cheek
Proclaim I love her more than well.
Oh, do not, charming maid, believe
That flattering tongues cannot deceive ;
But let this full heart's silence be
The surest pledge of love for thee.

They do not love who woo the fair
With ready speech and forward air ;—
I would not have my mistress be
Deem'd less than a Divinity—
To whom I may myself address,
With modest prayer my suit to bless ;
But if she frown, or if she smile,
Paint her a goddess all the while.

Thus I my weakness have confest :
But, Oh ! if ever gentle breast
Did to Love's tender claims incline,
Such fate, methinks, must sure be mine.
But though she drive me to despair,
I still must love the charming fair,
And bear about, where'er I go,
This bitter-sweet and pleasant woe.

FRAGMENTS OF AN EPIC.

MESSIEURS EDITORS,

TIME, that unceasing plunderer, has so long since delivered me from all remains of a once powerful "*cacoethes scribendi*," that, much as I wished, and hope long to wish, the success of the Carthusian, I should probably never have attempted to enhance it by any labours of my own, had not circumstances put it into my power to occupy a page or two without any necessity for much mental exertion. It happened that an orphan nephew, whose sole guardian I was, (and whom, without a moment's hesitation, I sent to the same fountain at which I myself took my earliest draughts—would they had been deeper!—of classic lore,) was, owing to some family circumstances which it matters not now to mention, recalled from Charterhouse at a moment's notice—and, leaving all his books, papers, etc. in my hands, set off for a distant part of the country. Before, however, he reached his destination, he was seized by an illness of a most alarming character, and ere I could reach his side had ceased to exist. He was buried, in compliance with his own desire, in the churchyard of the place where he died, a quiet hamlet in a secluded part of one of our most northern counties.

The books and papers of a boy of fourteen or fifteen are seldom worth much examination in a literary point of view; and I put those of my young relative aside, intending to make them a half-hour's employment for some rainy morning, and when that came, postponing it to the next, and so on, till they were at last, in parliamentary phrase, "ordered to be read that day six

months," and became, according to the proverb, "out of sight, out of mind."

It was but four or five mornings ago, that, in clearing out an old library-table drawer, I lighted upon his long-neglected portfolio, and, somewhat smitten in conscience by the discovery, proceeded forthwith to an examination of the contents. They consisted chiefly of a few letters from juvenile correspondents, seven or eight copies of "longs and shorts," a selection of MS. conundrums, (most of them miserable attempts,) two or three caricatures of Carthusian "Pastors and Masters," and, lastly, about half a dozen sheets of foolscap tied together with a bit of blue silk, which proved, when opened, to be the only article of interest in the collection. They contained one or two fragments, apparently belonging to different parts of a projected poem, with a few stray hints, forming an outline to be filled up at pleasure. Ned ——— had been, while at Charterhouse, the most incorrigibly idle dog in his form, but at the same time had shown sparks of talent enough to gain him the character of being able to do anything, if he chose. His former propensity had, as may be imagined, subjected him, many a time and oft, to that cogent *a posteriori* argument so much employed by magisterial logicians in most public schools ;—and if it be true, as a great bard of modern days has asserted, that

———— " Most men
Are cradled into poetry from wrong :
They learn in suffering what they teach in song,"

it is probable that it was after some visitation of the kind above alluded to that the plan of the poem, of which the few following fragments form part, was conceived. It would seem from the commencement, that he had, in

spite of his idleness, got hold of some smattering of classical knowledge.

“ Not the long wanderings of that toil-worn chief,
The much enduring Ithacan,—nor He
Whose wrath to Hellas wrought unnumber'd woes,—
Nor that good son who from the flames of Troy
On pious shoulders bore his fainting sire,—
Nor that proud host which from the Infidel
Won back the Holy City,—nor the knight
Whose madness waken'd Ariosto's lyre,—
Nor Dante's dark, nor Milton's glorious theme,
Fires now the poet's spirit ! He disdains
The beaten track, and, confident in strength,
Bends his proud steps o'er paths untrod before !

I sing the Flogging-Block ! Ye sisters dire,
Alecto and Tisiphone, and thou,
Megæra, of the tangled locks,—if e'er
The shriek of tortured victim to your ear
Was pleasing, or the form that helpless writhed
Beneath your serpent-lash gave sweetest joy,—
Be present now, and aid the bold design !

Be present thou too, Goddess, who didst mark
With eye well pleased, when as the rapid year
Brought round thy festal morn, old Sparta's sons
In long procession to thine altars move.
One hand their offspring led,—the other rear'd
The pitiless scourge, too soon ordain'd to tear
The flesh of future warriors. But not them,
As fell the pious lash, or sound or cry
Escaped, or gesture aught betraying pain.
Thrice happy land ! what marvel that her men
Blench'd not at red Thermopylæ, when thus
So nobly firm her very infants bled !*
Nor be thy aid unask'd—”

* As the subject of the allusion in these lines, however intelligible to Carthusians of the present day, may have faded from the memory

Here there occurs the first hiatus in the MS.; and I am unable to form any conjecture as to the power whose assistance the young minstrel was about to supplicate. He seems, by the next fragment, to be fond of searching out the first beginnings of things; at least, if I am right in my surmise, that the lines which follow are intended to present us with the natural history of his subject, from the very earliest period of its material existence, to that of its final metamorphosis into the shape which gave occasion to his sufferings and his song :

“ Far from the haunts of man, in forest-glades
 Secluded, where the wild deer held as yet
 Dominion undisturb'd, and Philomel,
 Sad minstrel, at the soft gray eventide,
 Pour'd to no human ear her plaintive strain ;
 There stood a stately oak. In winter's gloom
 The strong old giant toss'd his branching arms
 Aloft to heaven, and bade the rudest blast
 Howl on in vain. The summer's softer hour
 Still clad him in the bright green garb of youth :
 The dun deer loved his shade ; and the wild bird
 On his tall top rock'd fearless, as in sport
 He shook his leafy locks to every breeze.”

Here, again, there is a break. From the prose hints before mentioned, I gather that we were to have had a full, true, and particular description of the felling of the said venerable tree; of the conversion of his trunk into the ribs of the “ oak leviathan ” which stems the tides, “ full charged with England's thunder,” and finally, of his root into the detestable and detested flogging-

of many of those of an earlier date, I think it right to state that I have after much inquiry and research discovered, that my young relative was thinking, when he wrote them, of a certain Spartan Festival called “ Diamastigosis,” at which little boys were whipped in the temples in honour of Diana Orthia.

block. My nephew's ideas appear to have expanded as he advanced, for he now seems to have meditated embracing a very wide field for his aspiring muse. I find here, in his handwriting, "Digression on the practice of Caning," "Cobbing," "The Knout," "The Ferash," "Cat-o'-nine-tails," &c. &c.; in short, he evidently contemplated a discussion in blank verse on flogging in all its branches. How far he was likely to have succeeded in so ambitious and unwonted an attempt, his readers must be left to form their own opinion.

The young poet now comes nearer home; he is standing on Carthusian ground; and he is speaking in a language that must touch an answering chord in all Carthusian bosoms. He is apostrophizing the hateful object, and enumerating the various causes which contribute to swell the list of its victims.

"Whether some hapless wight, of classic lore
 Unknowing, unadmiring, o'er the page
 Of Virgil smooth, or Tully eloquent,
 Hath blunder'd sore, and on thy hated step
 All trembling kneels, expectant of the lash:—
 Or whether for some riotous wild emprise
 Or lawless feat he pays the forfeit due
 With bellowings huge: or whether by the pen
 Of ruthless monitor in that black scroll
 Thrice noted, which on Saturday at noon
 Crushes aspiring hopes of holidays,
 And lays its 'veto' on each 'exeat':—
 Thee, sad Anticipation, torturing Fear,
 Sisters abhorr'd, attend; thou, thou alone
 Unmoved canst hear the Victim's plaintive cry,
 And for new stripes support his failing frame!
 Thee ruthless —— loves! o'er thee his arm,
 Full oft in wrath up-raised, severe descends,
 And shriek and moan attest the forceful blow!"

My nephew seems here to have intended to institute a comparison between the conditions of the factory-child and the school-boy, and to draw a parallel between the birch-rod and the billy-roller : and there is also evidence of an intention to ask old Dame Nature some very unceremonious questions as to her reasons for the creation of the tree of which the former instrument is composed.

He now seems about to draw towards a conclusion. He meditates a touching appeal to the mercy of all those who "teach the young idea how to shoot," and then, (after the most approved poetical fashion) a passionate Jeremiad on the utter inutility of such a proceeding. Towards the close he becomes prophetic, and indulges in visions of a bright and happy future,—winding up with the following burst of genuine feeling and philanthropy :

" Oh ! for the day,—and soon that day shall come !—
When mangled schoolboys shall assert their rights !
All sweeping intellect is on its march !
Long-exiled mercy mounts her throne once more !
And soon shall Flogging seek oblivion's gloom,
And blocks and birches be a sound unknown !"

Such, Messieurs Editors, was the design, and such is the partial accomplishment. Whether the public has gained or lost by the non-completion of my nephew's Epic, belongs to its readers to decide.

THE POETRY OF GARDENING.

“*Lilia mista rosis.*”—*School Exercise.*

“**GOD ALMIGHTY** first planted a garden, and indeed it is the purest of all human pleasures.” I love Lord Bacon for that saying more than for his being the author of the “*Novum Organon.*” Willingly I would give up his four folio volumes of philosophy for his one little book of Essays, and all these for his one little Essay on Gardening. It is indeed only by the study of “those fragments of his conceits,” as he calls them, that the full compass of that great man’s mind can be understood. He did not think it beneath his philosophy to descant on such toys as the ordering of a Masque and the dressing of a Garden. He discusses, with perfect love of the subject, how “the colours that show best by candlelight are white, carnation, and a kind of sea-water green”; and how that “onches or spangs, as they are of no great cost, so are they of most glory,” and recommends, with the very refinement of luxury, as “things of great pleasure and refreshment, some sweet odours suddenly coming forth” on the company, in the midst of the entertainment.

With a still greater love and adoption of his subject, he enters into the description of how royally he would order his garden. Dear old Evelyn himself never eyed with more complacency his four hundred feet of holly “blushing with its natural coral”, than Bacon does his phantastic vision of a “stately arched hedge,” and “over every arch a little turret, with belly enough to receive a cage of birds, and over every space between the arches some other little figure, with broad plates of round coloured glass for

the sun to play upon." I envy not that man's heart who can view with indifference the great philosopher indulging in his day-dreams of a spacious pleasaunce, where fruits, from the orange to the service tree, and flowers, from the stately hollyhock to the tuft of wild thyme, are to flourish, each in its proper place; "there should be the pale daffodil and the clove-gilliflower, and the almond and apple-tree in blossom, and roses of all kinds, 'some removed to come in late,' so that you may have '*ver perpetuum*' all the year through."

Lord Bacon has indeed left us little to wish in the Poetry of Gardening. His prince-like design of a demesne of thirty acres, containing "a green at the entrance, a heath or desert in the going forth, the main garden in the midst, besides alleys on both sides," combines the natural and artificial styles in their most perfect features; and if he realized in his retreat at Gorhambury but the outline of his splendid vision, the gardens of the Hesperides, or of Hafiz, could have no greater charm.

Of all the vain assumptions of these coxcomical times, that which arrogates the pre-eminence in the true science of gardening is the vainest. True, our conservatories are full of the choicest plants from every clime; we ripen the grape and the pine-apple with an art unknown before, and even the mango, the mangosteen, and the guava are made to yield their matured fruits; but the real beauty and poetry of a garden are lost in our efforts after rarity, and strangeness, and variety. To be the possessor of a unique pansy, the introducer of a new specimen of the *Orchidaceæ*, or the cultivator of 500 choice varieties of the dahlia, is now the only claim to gardening celebrity and Horticultural medals.

And then our lot has fallen in the evil days of System.

We are proud of our natural or English style; and scores of unmeaning flower-beds, disfiguring the lawn in the shapes of kidneys, and tadpoles, and sausages, and leeches, and commas, are the result. Landscape-gardening has encroached too much upon gardening-proper; and this has had the same effect upon our gardens that horticultural societies have had on our fruits,—to make us entertain the vulgar notion, that size is virtue.

The picturesquians have fortunately had their day, and wholesale manufacturers of by-lanes and dilapidated cottages are no longer in vogue in our parks; but they seem yet to linger about our parterres, though they have far less business here, and indeed should never for a moment have been allowed a footing,—for there are no greater extremes in art than a garden and a picture.

If we review the various styles that have prevailed in England, from the knotted gardens of Elizabeth, the pleach-work and intricate flower-borders of James I., the painted Dutch statues and canals of William and Mary, the winding gravel walks and lake-making of Brown, to poor Shenstone's sentimental farm and the landscape-fashion of the present day,—we shall have little reason to pride ourselves on the advance which national taste has made upon the earliest efforts in this department.

If I am to have a system at all, give me the good old system of terraces and angled walks, and clipt yew-hedges, against whose dark and rich verdure the bright old-fashioned flowers glittered in the sun. I love the topiary art, with its trimness and primness, and its open avowal of its artificial character. It repudiates at the first glance the sculking and cowardly "*celare artem*" principle, and, in its vegetable sculpture, is the properest transition from the architecture of the house to the natural beauties of the grove and paddock.

Who, to whom the elegance, and gentlemanliness, and poetry,—the Boccaccio-spirit—of a scene of Watteau is familiar, does not regret the devastation made by *tasty* innovators upon the grounds laid out in the times of the Jameses and Charleses? As for old Noll, I am certain, though I have not a jot of evidence, that he cared no more for a garden than for an anthem; he would as lief have sacrificed the verdant sculpture of a yew-peacock as the time-honoured tracery of a cathedral shrine; and his crop-eared soldiery would have had as great satisfaction in bivouacking in the parterres of a “royal pleasaunce” as in the presence-chamber of a royal palace. It were a sorrow beyond tears to dwell on the destruction of garden-stuff in those king-killing times. Thousands, doubtless, of broad-paced terraces and trim vegetable conceits sunk in the same ruin with their mansions and their masters: and alas! modern taste has followed in the footsteps of ancient fanaticism. How many old associations have been rooted up with the knotted stumps of yew and hornbeam! And Oxford too in the van of reform! Beautiful as are St. John’s gardens, who would not exchange them for the *very* walks and alleys along which Laud, in all the pardonable pride of collegiate lionizing, conducted his illustrious guests Charles and Henrietta? who does not grieve that we must now inquire in vain for the bowling-green in Christ Church, where Cranmer solaced the weariness of his last confinement? And who lately, in reading Scott’s life, but must have mourned in sympathy with the poet over the destruction of “the huge hill of leaves” and the yew and hornbeam hedges of the “Garden” at Kelso.

In those days of arbours and bowers, Gardening was an art, not a mystery; and such an art that the simplest maid could comprehend it. They who loved could

learn. The only initiation required was into the arcana of the herb-garden, and the concoction of simples. This was as necessary a part of education then, as to sing Italian now. All the rest was as easy and plain as Nature herself. There was no need to study Monogynia and Icosandria, to pore over the difference of Liliaceæ and Aristolochiæ; Linnæan and Jussieuan factions contorted not pretty mouths with crack-jaw words of Aristophanic length and difficulty; nor did blundering gardeners expose their ignorance and conceit by barbaric compounds and insufferable misnomers. They had no new plants introduced from Mexico with the euphonic and engaging designation of *Iztactepetzacuxochitl Icohueyo**, to be rechristened with some more scientific but scarcely less ponderous synonym.

In those days ladies were neither Botanists nor Florists, but simple Gardeners, and not Landscape-gardeners, with their fifty acres of shrubberies and a gardener to every acre; but they had their own little garden, where they knew every flower, because they were few; and every name, because they were simple. Their rose-bushes and their gilliflowers were dear to them, because themselves had pruned and watered and watched them,—had marked from day to day their opening buds, and removed their faded blossoms, and had cherished each choicest specimen for the posy to be worn on the christening of the squire's heir, or on my lord's birthday.

They could discourse without pedantry on the collection of simple and native flowers which composed their unstinted nosegay, and could quiz their partners in pure Saxon anthology, without having studied printed treatises on the Language of Flowers. No Arab girl

* *Vide* Bot. Reg. No. 13, and Harrison's Flor. Cab. for April 1838.

knew better how to open her heart by love tokens, than did they how to settle a coxcomb cockney with a bunch of "London-pride"; to roast a quizzical anti-benedict with a dressing of "batchelor's buttons", or to mystify some aspiring cornet with a "jackanapes-on-horseback." None better knew, as they flirted on the sunny terraces, or strolled, not unaccompanied, along the arched and shaded alleys,

" By all those token flowers, that tell
What words can never speak as well,"

to hint the speechless misery of a broken and deserted heart, as they culled a sprig of "love-lies-bleeding"; or to encourage the bashful passion of some ingenuous swain, who dared hardly breathe his youthful aspirations, till gifted with the soothing symbol of a bunch of "heartsease".

" Heureux l'aimable botaniste
Qui sait jouir de ces douceurs ! "

The "forget-me-not" is the only real flower of sentiment descended to these degenerate days, and even this is a wild flower, and has been so overwhelmed with the encomiums of Annual and Album poets, that its bright blue petals and tiny yellow eye have almost ceased to please beyond the precincts of the boarding-school.

And now that all our old-fashioned flowers and English names are eschewed for our modern exotics and Latin hendecasyllables, no one must dare to talk of a garden unless he is advertised of the last Orchideous arrival at Loddiges', and can master the 500 pages of the Hortus Britannicus. It was considered the summit of art in Shakspeare's days, as we learn from the Winter's Tale, to streak the gilliflower; and that garden was

accounted rich, that could boast a carnation. Rosemary and rue for the old,—hot lavender, mints, savory, marjoram, and marygolds for the middle-aged,—daffodils, dim violets, pale primroses, bold oxlips, the crown-imperial,

“lilies of all kinds,
The flower-de-lis being one,”

for the young;—these were flowers that had their place in the earliest associations of the gallants and their lady-loves, and their rank in the brightest page of the poet.

Unlike the untractable nomenclature of the present day, their familiar names entwined themselves in immortal verse with as easy and natural a grace as they clustered in their native beds, or wreathed themselves round the brow of beauty. The same flowers were at once the property of the poet and the belle; the “posie” was common to both; and maidens could cull their May garlands to the minstrel’s theme, as they sang

“When daisies pied, and violets blue,
And lady-smocks all silver white,
And cuckoo-buds of yellow hue,
Do paint the meadows with delight,
The cuckoo then, on every tree,
Mocks married men, for thus sings he,
Cuckoo, cuckoo !”

“The azured harebell”, the pale daffodil, the golden crocus, the crisped hyacinth, the columbine, the buglosse, the eglantine, and the primrose,

“Most musical, most melancholy,”

breathed poetry from their very birth, and needed not the foreign aid of ornament to attract the homage of the bard. But what poetaster will adventure to sing the glories of a modern ball-room bouquet? Who shall build

lofty verse with such materials as “*polypodium aspenifolium*”, “*mesembryanthemum pinnatifidum*”, and “*cardiospermum halicacabum*” and other graces of our gardens,

“*quas versu dicere non est?*”—

Even prose will hardly endure such intruders, and I know no author but Miss Mitford who has even attempted, with the least success, to render classic the names of our modern importations.

Nor is it in names only that much of the poetry of our garden has departed. In the flowers themselves we have too often made a change for the worse. What shall we say of the taste that has discarded the hollyhock—the only landscape-flower we possess? Do the gaudy hues of the stiff and formal dahlia recompence for the loss of its bold clusters of flowers breaking the horizon with an obelisk of colour? Why has the painter been so long in reclaiming his own? By far the finest effect that combined art and nature ever produced in gardening were those fine masses of many-coloured hollyhocks clustered round a weather-tinted vase, such as Sir Joshua delighted to place in the wings of his pictures. And what more magnificent than a long avenue of these floral giants, the double and the single, not too straightly tied, backed by a dark thick hedge of old fashioned yew? Yet how seldom, now-a-days, is either of these sights to be seen! The dahlia has banished the hollyhock, with its old friend the sunflower, into the cottage garden, where it still flanks the little walk that leads from the wicket to the porch,—not the only instance in which our national taste has been redeemed by the cottager against the vulgar pretensions of overgrown luxury and wealth.

We need not deny the dahlia his due, though he is a

bit of a coxcomb. Its rich velvety and chiseled petals, and the extraordinary variety and beauty of its colours, claim for it one of the highest ranks among florists' flowers; but, then, immediately a flower becomes a florist's flower it loses half its poetry. Who can endure the pedantry that prosés over the points of a polyanthus?

"The glorious flower which bore the prize away!"

And have not horticultural shows and prizes almost removed the dahlia out of our poetical sympathies? Above all, its odious distinctive names pall upon our senses. Who *can* care about the "Metropolitan Purple," "Diadem of perfection," or, the "Suffolk hero"?—who can wish to point out in his garden "Lord Lyndhurst" cheek by jowl with "the Quakeress,"—"Lord Durham" in rivalry with "Yellow Perfection,"—or "Lovely Anne" escorted by "Sir Isaac Newton"?—to say nothing of such classic designations as "Jim Crow,"—"Leonardy,"—"Summum Bonum,"—"O'Connell,"—"King Boy," and "Master Buller," and the thousand other &cs. with which the nurserymen's lists abound. Besides, one tires of disquisitions on its "showy habit" and "cupped petals," and "extra fine shape;" and all the nicely-regulated enthusiasm of the ultra-Florist,

"This, this! is beauty; cast, I pray, your eyes
On this my glory! see the grace! the size!
Was ever stem so tall, so stout, so strong,
Exact in breadth, in just proportion long!
These brilliant hues are all distinct and clean,
No kindred tint, no blending streaks between;
This is no shaded, run-off, pin-eyed thing,
A king of flowers, a flower for England's King!"

If you are to admire a flower only by rules and canons, you may as well not admire at all. I will willingly allow an artist or a connoisseur to point out to me the beauties of

a fine painting, because art alone can fully appreciate and explain art ; but a fine flower is given to me as much as to you ; you shall not dictate artificial laws by which to judge of Nature's beauty. If it speaks not to my heart at once, no learned lecture will ever make it beautiful to me. I will admire no statute-coloured tulips nor act-of-parliament polyanthuses.

I really liked hearts-ease till florists called them pansies—a pretty name though, and Shakspearian too—and put a thousand and one varieties in their catalogues, advertising flowers “ as big as a pennypiece ” ; and what, in the name of moderation, is one to do with “ four thousand new seedling, shrubby, calceolarias,—all named varieties,” beautiful as they doubtless all are ? If we are really called upon to get up this vocabulary, better return to the days when that little bright yellow globule, the first-introduced, and that rare and curious English flower, “ my lady's slipper,” were the only types of the tribe. When florists drive matters to such extremities as these, there is but one way out of it—we must wait awhile,—a reaction will take place,—the less showy sorts will gradually be disregarded, despite their solemn rules,—we shall select those only that generally please,—and nature will again recover her sway.

Woe unto the flower that becomes the fashion ! It is as sure to be spoilt as the belle of the season. How well I remember the coming out, the first introduction, of that brilliant little creature the scarlet verbenas ! It was engaged a hundred deep the moment it appeared ; the gardening world was utterly infatuated, and fifteen florists, balked in their possession of it, hanged themselves in their own potting-houses. Well, it figured at every horticultural show for the first five years, was petted, caressed, was fêted,—its admirers continued hourly to increase ; but now it has twenty rival sisters

and cousins of the same name and family ; each new debutante is sought after more eagerly than the last ; and the original, though still as beautiful and as lustrous as ever, stands comparatively unnoticed in its solitary pot—a regular wall-flower !

Even to go back, very, very far. In one respect the gardens of the Ancients surpassed our own. They did not think a beautiful-blossomed tree unfit for the pleasure-ground merely because it produced fruit. Whereas, with us, no sooner is a tree known to be a fruit-bearer than it is banished to the kitchen-garden. We cultivate, as an ornamental shrub, the barren almond, whose delicate pink flower,

“ That hangs on a leafless bough,”

is one of Spring’s earliest harbingers ; but how few care to admire the blushing bloom of the apple-tree ! and who ever planted some of the more handsome-growing sorts for their effect in the shrubbery, or on the lawn ? If it bore no fruit we should doubtless prize it more. Can anything be more elegant in its habit, its blossom, and its fruit, than a standard morella cherry ? and yet how few flower-gardens tolerate it.—Is anything bolder in the outline of its leaves and fruit than a standard medlar ? But then it is edible. The rich mulberry colour of the foliage of the pear-tree in September is by far the finest of autumnal tints ; but because we might also gather from it some rich juicy fruit, therefore no one dreams of planting it for its beauty.

Again, the scarlet runner, if it were not one of our best vegetables, would be ranked among our choicest creepers. The cottager alone knows how to turn this beautiful plant to its twofold purpose of use and orna-

ment. So a strawberry bed, if rightly managed, might be as grateful to the sight in spring, and to the smell in autumn, as it is to the taste in summer.

"The gadding vine" must, I fear, to become fruitful, still be trained to our brick walls, but what prevents its trailing also over our arbours and trellis-work, (the leaf of some of its varieties is peculiarly graceful,) but the fear of its utilitarian aspect? One may venture to prophesy, that ere long the "*Passiflora edulis*" and "*Musa Cavendishii*" will be transferred from the conservatory to the hothouse for no other reason than their fruitfulness; just as now the bitter orange is more often cultivated than the sweet one, though the same expense and attention might supply the household with the latter. This is really carrying matters to an absurd extreme. Flora forbend that the Utilitarians should ever seize upon our gardens and turn our lawns into kale-yards, (thank Heaven! flowers will remain a living argument against their system till the end of time,) but let us not be driven to the equal barbarism of the other extreme; let us not discard a beautiful tree, or shrub, or flower, the moment we know that it will produce fruit, and condemn it forthwith to the dull monotony and formal propriety of the kitchen-garden. Our fruit-trees may complain, with like justice, in the verses of Ovid's "Walnut"; if not pelted, they are at least snubbed.

"Nil ego peccavi : nisi si peccare videtur

Annua cultori poma referre suo,

Fructus obest : peperisse nocet : nocet esse feracem."

Away then with this vulgar and cockney dread of usefulness. It belongs not to the poetry, but to the mock sentimentalism of gardening. Are the gardens of the

Hesperides less beautiful because of their golden fruit ?
Did Ulysses less admire the gardens of Alcinous for
their pears, and pomegranates, their figs and olives ?

ὄγχναι καὶ ῥοιαί καὶ μηλέαι ἀγλαόκαρποι,
συκαὶ τε γλυκεραί, καὶ ἐλαῖαι τηλεθώσας.

Od. η. 115.

The "brilliant-fruited" trees were rightly reckoned the garden's greatest ornament.

In the description of the Corycian veteran's reclaimed plot of waste,—the most exquisite description of a humble garden that poet ever drew,—the first apple of autumn is as much his pride as the first rose of spring. Nor was his care of his hyacinths the less because his simple herbs offered him an unbought feast at nightfall. Of all the books that were *never* written,—I think D'IIsraeli has a paper on such a subject,—surely the one of all others most to be regretted is Virgil's "Garden". Though the fruit trees and esculent vegetables were doubtless among the Romans the main object of their gardening, yet it is a great mistake to suppose that flowers were not also cultivated solely for their own sake,—and these Virgil would not have forgotten.

"nec sera comantem

Narcissum, aut flexi tacuisssem vimen acanthi."

The Georgics were the poet's labour of love ; and when we see how in "wood and fell" he rises above the tame monotony of "arms and the man", we cannot but love to dream over the splendid passages which his "Garden" would have suggested, and picture to ourselves how gloriously his spirit would have revelled among "the rose-gardens of Pæstum".

It cannot be out of place here to insert part of that

description I have just alluded to, unsurpassed as it is by ancient or modern poetry.

“—— Sub Œbalix memini me turribus arcis,
 Qua niger humectat flaventia culta Galæsus,
 Corycium vidisse senem, cui pauca relictæ
 Jugera ruris erant : nec fertilis illa juvenis
 Nec pecori opportuna seges, nec commoda Baccho.
 Hic rarum tamen in dumis olus albaque circum
 Lilia verbenasque premens, vescumque papaver,
 Regum æquabat opes animis : seraque revertens
 Nocte domum dapibus mensas onerabat inemptis.
 Primus vere rosam, atque auctumno carpere poma ;
 Et, quum tristis hyems etiam nunc frigore saxa
 Rumperet, et glacie cursus frenaret aquarum,
 Ille comam mollis jam tondebat hyacinthi,
 Æstatem increpitans seram zephyrosque morantes.”

Georg. iv. 125.

Most writers on gardening have treated of the Grecian and Roman gardens as if they were simply orchards. They were in fact, what we may hope to restore, a mixture of fruit and flowers. That they loved flowers for their own sake might be witnessed by numberless passages from Aristophanes* and Ovid, both of whom

* *Passim*, and especially the choruses in the “Aves.” We learn too from him that there was a flower-market at Athens. For Ovid, see, among many others, the charming description of the nymphs “in the fair field of Enna gathering flowers.”

“Hæc implet lento calathos e vimine textos :
 Hæc gremium, laxos degravat illa sinus.
 Illa legit calthas : huic sunt violaria curæ :
 Illa papavereas subsecat ungue comas.
 Hæc, hyacinthe, tenes : illas, amaranthe, moraris :
 Pars thyma, pars casiam, pars melliloton amat.
 Plurima lecta rosa est, et sunt sine nomine flores :
 Ipsa crocos tenues liliaque alba legit.”

Let me add one other picture of a Flower-girl,—the matchless Murillo in the Dulwich gallery.

clearly show by their writings that they were votaries of Flora. The difficulty is in identifying the ancient names with modern specimens, and thus the "violet-crowned" Athenians become as great a mystery to us as the chaplet of "parsley" for the victor at the Olympic games. I am inclined to think that the Greeks understood the poetry of flowers better than the Romans, or how could the latter have endured the licentiousness of the Floralia, and made, oh shame! the obscene Priapus the protecting deity of their gardens? Perhaps no greater instance could be alleged of the depravity of human nature, when given up to the debasing influences of a god-multiplying superstition, than that "the purest of all human pleasures" was made the occasion of their most infamous rites, and that "the lilies of the field", the emblem of simplicity to man, were committed to the tutelage of the god of lust!

The formal style which the ancients adopted in their pleasure grounds—as Cicero at his Tusculan villa—was perhaps better suited to the introduction of fruit-trees than our more modern system. The very order of their vines, which Virgil compares to the rank and file of a Roman legion, and of their olives, which were under the eye of Morian Jove himself, while they afforded them avenues for shade, were also conducive to the best development of the virtues of the tree. So also, in the Elizabethan and Dutch styles, the espaliers harmonized better with the pleach-work of the rest of the garden than they could be made to do in the Natural style. But still, those who have seen the hanging orchards of Lanark,—

"Clydesdale's apple-bowers,"

—in the end of the merry month of May, or the tamer beauties of the cider counties of England, may well

regret the edict of modern taste, that banishes such beautiful nosegays from the spring, *because* of their almost equal beauties in autumn. Surely we might, with the best effect, recall from the slovenly orchard, and the four unpoetical walls of the kitchen-garden, some of those fruit-trees which graced the gardens of antiquity.

At least, about our farm-houses and our villas, the walnut and the mulberry would afford as good a shelter, and as pleasing an effect, as the everlasting plantations of firs and larches. I can fancy a fair lawn, mown by the scythe, or cropped by sheep, as the case may be, in which fruit-trees might be so grouped, with reference to their blossom and foliage, as to produce a beautiful garden-scene the whole year round; if cattle were excluded, there is no reason why honeysuckles and climbing roses should not twine around the stems; and who would wish for fairer pleasure-ground than this?

If indeed we would imitate the most perfect specimens of nature's gardening; if we would realize the most beautiful visions of the poets, (generally indeed alleged as the foreshadowers of the modern style;) if the fabled regions of the Hesperides and Adonis,—the Homeric picture of Calypso's grot, and the gardens of Alcinous and Laertes,—Petrarch's Vacluse, and Tasso's garden of Armida,—if Milton's Paradise,—if these, or any of them, are to be the types of our pleasure-grounds, we shall not fear to mix our fruits with our flowers; a new feature will be added to the English style,—the garden will be made to rejoice in an ornament that it knew not before:

“Mir. turque novos frondes et non sua poma.”

And I have been writing on, all this long and weary time, and never asked you, reader, “whether you were

fond of flowers?" Yet, if you have borne with me thus far, I may well presume that you love them. Indeed, I say of flowers, as the poet has said of music; he that hath no love of them in his soul,

" Let not that man be trusted."

Nor do I believe that I am singular in my opinion. I remember hearing the health of a very good friend of mine proposed at a public dinner, which was neither a Political nor a Horticultural one, in which, after some other remarks, his merits were summed up in these words,—“ he is an excellent Conservative, and fond of flowers.” The guests fully appreciated this philosophic eulogium, and may be said literally to have *stamped* their approbation by the enthusiasm of their applause.

If then a true brother of the trowel and rake,—if, in chubby childhood, you ever strung daisy necklaces, “ bonnie gems,” for your pet sister,—if you ever tested your brother’s taste for butter by the chin-applied king-cup,—and told nurse what hour it was by the dandelion-clock;—if you ever sowed your own or your sweetheart’s initials in mustard-and-cress,—frightened the baby with a snap-dragon,—mercilessly watered to death an often-potted primrose,—soaked your nankeens to the skin in fetching water for mama,—or watched with unavailing assiduity the expected crop of long-sown sugar-plums: if, in boyhood, you ever screamed for joy at the discovery of a bee-orchis, hunted the wortleberry and the pig-nut to their retreats, and returned home from the copsewood loaded with blue-bells and wild anemonies for the children’s garden: if afterwards, under

“ The lime at eve
Diffusing odours,”

you braided the white bind-weed and the glossy leaves

and berries of the bring-root in the hair of —— (shall I tell her name?): if now, grown sober and prosaic, you have yet life enough in you to rise and be stirring

“ When winking mary-buds begin
To ope their golden eyes,”

to be the first to view the long-expected blowing of some seedling rhododendron of your own, or some Bengal rose which your Indian brother has sent over 9000 miles of ocean—the seed gathered by his own hand in his own garden on the banks of Gunga’s stream:—if “the pink-eyed pimpernel” in the hedge-row is as dear to you as the choicest oncidium in the conservatory; and, while you honour “the fruit at once and flower” of the voluptuous orange-tree, you despise not my poor fern, a pilfered memorial from Kenilworth:—if all these “ifs” have not tired you to death, and you are not heartily bothered with my prosing, come, take a stroll with me, while I show you my garden as it is, or is to be.

My garden should lie to the south of the house; the ground gradually sloping for some short way till it falls abruptly into the dark and tangled shubberies that all but hide the winding brook below. A broad terrace, half as wide, at least, as the house is high, should run along the whole southern length of the building, extending to the western side also, whence, over the distant country, I may catch the last red light of the setting sun. I must have some musk and noisette roses, and jasmine, to run up the mullions of my oriel window, and honeysuckles and clematis, the white, the purple, and the blue, to cluster round the top. The upper terrace should be strictly architectural, and no plants are to be harboured there, save such as twine among the balustrades, or fix themselves in the mouldering crevices of the stone. I

can endure no plants in pots,—a plant in a pot is like a bird in a cage. The gourd alone throws out its vigorous tendrils, and displays its green and golden fruit from the vases that surmount the broad flight of stone steps that lead to the lower terrace; while a vase of larger dimensions and bolder sculpture at the western corner is backed by the heads of a mass of crimson, rose, and straw-coloured hollyhocks that spring up from the bank below. The lower terrace is twice the width of the one above, of the most velvety turf, laid out in an elaborate pattern of the Italian style. Here are collected the choicest flowers of the garden, the Dalmatic purple of the gentianella, the dazzling scarlet of the verbenas, the fulgent lobelia, the bright yellows and rich browns of the calceolarias here luxuriate in their trimly cut parterres, and with colours as brilliant as the mosaic of an old cathedral painted window,

—— “broider the ground
With rich inlay. *”

But you must leave this mass of gorgeous colouring and the two pretty fountains that play in their basins of native rock, while you descend the flight of steps, simpler than those of the upper terrace, and turn to the left hand, where a broad gravel walk will lead you to the kitchen-garden, through an avenue splendid in autumn with hollyhocks, dahlias, China asters, nasturtians, and African marigolds.

We will stop short of the walled garden to turn among the clipped hedges of box, and yew, and hornbeam which surround the bowling-green, and lead to a curiously formed labyrinth, in the centre of which, perched up on a triangular mound, is a fanciful old summer-

* “Tot fuerant illic, quot habet natura, colores :
Pictaque dissimili flore nitebat humus.”—Ov.

house, with a gilded roof, that commands the view of the whole surrounding country. Quaint devices of all kinds are found here. Here is a sun-dial of flowers, arranged according to the time of day at which they open and close. Here are peacocks and lions in livery of Lincoln green. Here are berceaux and arbours, and covered alleys, and inclosures containing the primest of the carnations and cloves in set order, and miniature canals that carry down a stream of pure water to the fish-ponds below. Further onwards, and up the south bank, verging towards the house, are espaliers and standards of the choicest fruit trees; here are strawberry beds raised so as to be easy for gathering; while the round gooseberry and currant bushes, and the arched raspberries continue the formal style up the walls of the enclosed garden, whose outer sides are clothed alternately with fruit and flowers, so that the "stranger within the house" may be satisfied, without being tantalized by the rich reserves within the gate of iron tracery of which the head gardener keeps the key.

Return to the steps of the lower terrace: what a fine slope of green pasture loses itself in the thorn, hazel, and holly thicket below, while the silver thread of the running brook here and there sparkles in the light; and how happily the miniature prospect, framed by the gnarled branches of those gigantic oaks, discloses the white spire of the village church in the middle distance! while in the back-ground the smoke, drifting athwart the base of the purple hill, gives evidence that the evening fires are just lit in the far-off town.

At the right hand corner of the lower terrace the ground falls more abruptly away, and the descent into the lawn, which is overlooked from the high western terrace, is, by two or three steps at a time, cut out in the native rock of red sandstone, which also forms the base of the

terrace itself. Rock plants of every description freely grow in the crevices of the rustic battlement which flanks the path on either side ; the irregularity of the structure increases as you descend, till on arriving on the lawn below, large rude masses lie scattered on the turf and along the foundation of the western terrace.

A profusion of the most exquisite climbing roses of endless variety here clamber up till they bloom over the very balustrades of the higher terrace, or creep over the rough stones at the foot of the descent. Here stretching to the south is the nosegay of the garden. *Mignonette* "the Frenchman's darling," and the musk-mimulus spring out of every fissure of the sandstone ; while beds of violets,

"That strew the green lap of the new-come spring,"

and lilies of the valley scent the air below. Beds of *heliotrope* flourish around the isolated blocks of sandstone ; the *fuchsia*, alone inodorous, claims a place from its elegance ; and *honeysuckles* and *clematis* of all kinds trail along the ground, or twine up the stands of rustic baskets, filled with the more choice odoriferous plants of the greenhouse. The scented heath, the *tuberose*, and the rarer *jasmynes* have each their place, while the sweet-briar and the wall-flower, and the clove and stock gilliflower are not too common to be neglected. To bask upon the dry sunny rock on a bright spring morning in the midst of this "wilderness of sweets", or on a dewy summer's eve to lean over the balustrade above, while every breath from beneath wafts up the perfumed air,

"stealing and giving odour,"

is one of the greatest luxuries I have in life.

A little further on the lawn are the trunks and stumps

of old pollards hollowed out ; and, from the cavities, filled with rich mould, climbers, creepers, trailers and twiners of every hue and habit form a singular and picturesque group. The lophospermum, the eccrymocarpos, the maurandria, the loasa, the rodokiton, verbenas, and petunias in all their varieties, festoon themselves over the rugged bark, and form the gayest and gracefulest bouquet imaginable ; while the simple and pretty wall-snap-dragon weeps over the side, till its tiny pink threads are tangled among the feathery ferns that fringe the base of the stump.

The lawn now stretches some distance westward, its green and velvet surface, uninterrupted by a single shrub, (what a space for trap-bat, or "les graces" !) till towards the verge of the shrubberies, into which it falls away, irregular clumps of evergreens and low shrubs break the boundary line of greensward. Here are no borders for flowers, but clusters of the larger and bolder kinds, as hollyhocks and peonies, rise from the turf itself ; here too, in spring, golden and purple crocuses, daffodils, aconites, snowdrops, bluebells, cyclamen, wood-anemonies, hepaticas, the pink and the blue, chequer the lawn in bold broad strips, the wilder sorts being more distant from the house, and losing themselves under the dark underwood of the adjoining coppice. The ground here becomes more varied and broken ; clumps of double-flowering gorze,

— " the vernal furze
With golden baskets hung,"

the evergreen barberry, the ilex in all its varieties, and hardy ferns, bordering the green drive which leads to the wilder part of the plantations. Here, in the words of Bacon, "Trees I would have none in it, but some

thicket made only of sweet-briar and honeysuckle, and some wild vine amongst; and the ground set with violets, strawberries, and primroses, for these are sweet, and prosper in the shade, and these are to be in the heath here and there, not in any order. I like also little heaps, in the nature of mole-hills (such as are in wild heaths,) to be set with wild thyme."

Another broad drive of greensward dips from the lawn into the darkest and most tangled part of the wood; here, through a long vista, you catch a glimpse of the American shrubbery below. Rhododendrons, azaleas, calmias, magnolias, andromedas, daphnes, heaths, and bog-plants of every species in their genial soil, form a mass of splendid colouring during the spring months, while, even in winter, their dark foliage forms an evergreen mass for the eye to rest upon. Returning again to the lawn, and inclining to the south, you come to an artificial shrubbery, not dotted about in single plants, but in large and bold clusters of the same species, so that the effect from a distance is as good as upon a nearer approach. Here, as elsewhere, not a sod of turf is broken; but, here and there, a bed of gay shrubby plants rises out of the smoothly-shorn grass, and in the background, amid masses of laburnum, lilac, and guelder-rose, fruit trees of every kind hang their bright garlands in spring, and their mellow produce in autumn. From thence winds a path, the *deliciæ* of the garden, planted with such herbs as yield their perfume when trodden upon and crushed,—burnet, wild thyme, and water-mints, according to Bacon's advice, who bids us "set whole alleys of them to have the pleasure when you walk or tread."

It were tedious to follow up the long shady path, not broad enough for more than two,—the "lover's walk,"

and the endless winding tracks in the natural wood, till you burst upon a wild common of

“Tooth’d briars, sharp furzes, prickly gorse, and thorns,”

glowing with heather bloom, and scented with the perfume of the furze, just such an English scene as Linnæus is said to have fallen down and worshipped the first time he beheld it.

The heavy dew upon the grass reminds me that we have taken too long a stroll, and though I could have wished to have shown you my Arboretum, my Thornery, and my Deodara pine, yet the light from the drawing-room windows, which I can see through the trees, calls us homeward, and bids us leave that pleasure for another day,—and hark!—the strain of music and “the voice of girls”! Listen! they sing

“I know a bank whereon the wild thyme blows,
Where ox-lips and the nodding violet grows,
Quite over-canopied with luscious woodbine,
With sweet musk-roses, and with eglantine.”

To enjoy our garden, however, we want no such expanse as I have just described. The Spitalfields weaver may derive more pleasure from his green box of smoked auriculas than the Duke of Devonshire from his two acres of conservatory at Chatsworth. Nor if we can tell a fox-glove and a corn-flower when we see them, need we be as wise as Solomon, who “spoke of plants from the cedar that is in Lebanon, to the hyssop that springeth out of the wall.” If we have a good rose-bush on our lawn we need not torture ourselves to discover that philosopher’s-stone of gardening,—a blue dahlia.

Some love for flowers, however, we should have, if Cicero, and Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Temple, and

Buffon, and Scott, be of any authority with us at all. Some care of these things we *must* have, for One far higher than all has bid us "behold the fig-tree and all the trees," and "consider the lilies of the field". A garden is inwoven in the noblest and most sacred feelings of man's heart. This world, in man's innocence, was a garden, and it was there that God walked and communed with his creatures. It was to a garden that in his agony our Lord retired. The very word Paradise is only another name for bliss; and it may be doubted whether it gains this signification, so much from our first parents dwelling there before sin and sorrow were known, as from the natural feelings of all nations and creeds to connect the happiness of a future state inseparably with that of a boundless expanse of trees, and fruits, and flowers. The shade of Achilles is described by Homer as retiring over a mead of asphodels

"κατ' ἀσφοδελὸν λειμῶνα."

and Virgil knew how to contrast the adamantine walls and iron-bound towers of the guilty, with the flowery lawns of the blessed :

"amœna vireta

Fortunatorum nemorum ;"

and Addison, in his Vision of Mirza, had no better way of describing the seats of bliss than as "islets floating in a sunny sea, covered with fruits and flowers".

What indeed were the Elysian fields, and the Happy isles, and the gardens of the Hesperides, but so many incorporations of the highest and loftiest flights of man's imaginations and desires,—the realizations of the intensest yearnings of the soul after a higher and more glorious state of existence,—and which always made a garden the scene of that better and more abiding happiness?

Of all the secondary occupations and pursuits of this life, the garden is the only one we can hope to follow out in the world which is to come. Simple and pure as any other of our enjoyments may be, the best of them are too artificial and too gross to give us the least hope of our ever meeting them again. Even our books, which we have loved as friends,—which we have pored over through the long summer days till twilight dimmed our eyes, or hugged in our arm-chairs over the huge winter fire—that we have viewed with such complacency glittering in their gay coats along our study wall,—they must moulder like their master,—doomed, like him, to be the sport of worms. The precious imprints of Aldus and the gorgeous tooling of Grolier are of the earth, earthy. Our prints, our pictures, and our statues, all our most laboured effigies of ideal beauty, will be as nothing, when the fleeting idea we have endeavoured to embody shall itself be realized, and when we shall cast away all our paltry imitations as “childish things”.

But our flowers, dear flowers, our trees, our gardens, shall remain. The new earth will be a second Eden, and Paradise and innocence shall be restored. Then shall the feathery palm-tree and lowly snow-drop flourish in the same clime. The wilderness will bloom with the rose of Sharon; the upas will forget its poison; the nettle will be stingless, and “without thorn the rose;” the mango and the guava will ripen under the same sky that will allow the eglantine to bind their branches. And this is no idle dream or heathen myth. What may be fancy to others, to the Christian will be faith. He alone can certainly look forward, in “the new heavens and the new earth,” to that time when “the mountains and hills shall break forth into singing, and all the trees of the field shall clap their hands. Instead of the thorn shall come up the

fir-tree, and instead of the brier shall come up the myrtle-tree ; the wilderness, and the solitary place shall be glad for them ; and the desert shall rejoice and blossom as the rose."

REMEMBRANCE.

REMEMBRANCE ! Oh the crowd of thoughts that word doth comprehend,
Thoughts manifold in origin, as limitless in end ;
Thoughts now o'ercharged with heaviness, now big with life and light,
Upborne on wings of ripened hopes, or laden with their blight ;
Now fresh in healthful glow,
Now withering as they grow ;—
Oh who shall paint REMEMBRANCE in its blended bliss and woe ?

REMEMBRANCE ! Blessed is it, when the retrospective glance
Lends but a brighter beam to days and years as they advance,
When present joys win richer zest from former doubts and fears,
And we reap a smiling harvest from a seed-time past of tears ;
Like lovers' healing kiss,
In semblance such as this
Thou art in sooth, REMEMBRANCE, but another name for bliss.

REMEMBRANCE ! Fearful is it, when its summonings but bring,
In startling freshness, thoughts of which no time can blunt the sting ;

Fond hopes all shipwrecked ; kindness wronged ; warm confidence betrayed ;

Affection scorned ; and friendship—but the shadow of a shade ;

Alas ! in such a dress,

Fit partner of distress,

Alas ! what can REMEMBRANCE be, but added wretchedness ?

REMEMBRANCE ! Of Youth's toils and sports recurs the varied round ;

The keen palaestral conflict—or of school—or cricket-ground ;

The loved preceptor's favouring nod ; the game's tumultuous cheer ;

The well-conned calendar, which told—the holidays were near ;

Home's old familiar ways ;

Our " first love's " smile of praise ;—

Oh the REMEMBRANCE of those guileless, happy, schoolboy days !

REMEMBRANCE ! Where's the mortal who unshrinking has withstood

Temptation of the Evil one, and held his course of good ;

Has spurned the crooked by-path, put aside the gilded sin,

Unswayed by other voices than the still small voice within ?

Arrayed in robes of light,

Him doth REMEMBRANCE bright

Visit in cheering thoughts by day, and placid dreams by night.

REMEMBRANCE ! Ask of him who yields up principle for place,

And barter's simple honour for magnificent disgrace ;

Ask her whose treachery dooms a trusting heart to pine to death ;

Ask him who love and service true requites—with empty breath ;

Can power, rank, wealth, appease

The conscious mind's disease ?

Ask what, in still reflection's hour, REMEMBRANCE says to these.

REMEMBRANCE! What is it to him, the slave of power's pretext,

The favourite of this hour's caprice, the victim of the next,
The hopeless exile—doomed in bitter listlessness to roam
Afar from home and friends and love, and all that *makes* it
home;

Oh say, to such as he

What can REMEMBRANCE be

But aggravated sentence of an inward misery?

REMEMBRANCE! Ay, to him who, borne in manhood's health-
ful pride

O'er Danube's wave, or Tiber's stream, or Ganges' swollen
tide,

From palace or from fort, from classic arch or trophied dome,
Looks through a lengthened vista to the well-known haunts of
home,

Nor feels the wish is vain

To tread them yet again;—

To him REMEMBRANCE comes a guest unheralded by pain.

REMEMBRANCE! Thou who readest, hast thou had what's
called a friend?

A smiling one, a summer one?—Hast seen the summer's end?
Hast marked, with Fortune's changing front, this friend's as
changing face,

His ready smile of former days transformed to mere grimace;

His hollow forced respect,

His real mean neglect;—

One needs not ask how *thou* dost feel REMEMBRANCE,
I suspect.

REMEMBRANCE!—Sinking worth upraised, unfriended merit
reared,

The wretched soothed, the orphan fed, the heart of widow
cheered;

The friend not coldly viewed because assisted from thy store,
But all life's gentle courtesies thence only shewn the more ;—

Whom thoughts like these attend,

To life's remotest end

REMEMBRANCE bears thee company, a comforter and friend.

REMEMBRANCE ! Fathom they who can, what thoughts his
bosom swell

Who mourns the changed affections of the one he loved so
well :

The beaming eye, the witching smile, the voice so rich so
kind ;

Looks, words, hopes, promises, all gone, all scattered to the
wind ;—

His cup is filled to th' brim ;

And on its murky rim

REMEMBRANCE sits—oh ask not what REMEMBRANCE is
to *him*.

REMEMBRANCE ! Compound strange of painful thoughts, and
blissful too,

As autumn skies now louring, now lit up with heavenly
blue ;

But this our consolation, that in stormy sky or fair,

In sunshine or in darkness, still a PROVIDENCE is there ;

That still, come cloud, come ray,

Come wind, “ come what come may,”

God and an honest heart will bring us through the roughest day.

T. G. A.

NOTES TO ACCOMPANY THE PLANS OF THE
CHARTERHOUSE.

It must be acknowledged, that whilst the Charterhouse is universally known as one of the most important Public Schools in the kingdom, few persons unconnected with it (antiquaries excepted) are acquainted either with its locality or its history; much less are they aware of its being not only a School, but a College, the officers of which live at a common table and are under the government of a Master; and also a Hospital, wherein eighty Poor Brothers, taken from all ranks and professions, are provided with apartments and wholly maintained.

Situate at the distance of a single half-mile in a direction nearly due north from the Cathedral church of St. Paul, and occupying a spot nearly midway between the eastern and western extremities of the metropolis north of the Thames, the Charterhouse, otherwise called Sutton's Hospital, stands aloof not less from the intercourse of commercial than of fashionable life; no part of it being visible to ordinary passengers except its garden wall, which, "so old as seeming only not to fall," overhangs the footway for a considerable space in Goswell Street, the thoroughfare leading from the General Post-Office to Islington. The whole site of the buildings and playgrounds occupies between twelve and thirteen acres, and it is probably the largest property in the whole metropolis, which has preserved its original character, being now as it was four centuries ago, the residence of a collegiate body, and being almost as entire as when the first founder of the monastery, Sir Walter de Manny, devoted in the year

1371 the "thirteen acres and one rod of land" which he had acquired, to the purposes of his foundation.

Such is the position of this extensive property which is inclosed on all sides with walls, and approached only through Charterhouse Square; and consequently the Charterhouse is very rarely entered but by those who come thither from motives of business, or friendship, or the desire to revisit places to which they are attached by early associations. If perchance one who was before a perfect stranger to the place is brought within its walls, he is struck by the collegiate character of the buildings, the ancient gates of the monastery, the porter's lodge, the quadrangular courts, the residences of the master and officers, the school, the dormitories, the pensioner's apartments, the hall, the chapel, the gardens, the playgrounds: in the very midst of the metropolis he finds a place devoted to retirement and to religion, free from the noise and bustle of the world, a Monastery without moroseness, a School situated in an open and healthy spot, possessing every advantage for the preservation of discipline, and a Collegiate body, cheered by the comforts of domestic life. The whole aspect of the place at once explains to him the causes of that deepfelt attachment to the Charterhouse, which persons educated there seldom fail in afterlife to express; and whilst he recognises in it one of the noblest structures devoted to the public education of youth, he pronounces those most blessed, who have found within its walls an asylum from the troubles of the world.

Such an introduction by way of preface to the following notes is rendered necessary, by the probability of the present publication falling into the hands of many, to whom the real nature of the foundation is but imperfectly known. The writer's object has been, not only to

give to his brother Carthusians the means of revisiting in imagination a spot rendered dear to them by the recollections of all the hopes and fears, the joys and sorrows which cross the path of boyhood and of youth, but also to perpetuate the knowledge of some facts illustrative of the history of the Charterhouse, interesting to the historian and the antiquary. Accordingly, while the Carthusian is requested to look with indulgence upon such parts of the present article as relate to antiquity, the Antiquarian must be prepared to forgive allusions to things and circumstances interesting only to those who have passed their boyhood together, and who have been united in the same pursuits. The plans here illustrated are four in number :

PLAN A. is a reduction from an original drawing contained on the last skin of a parchment roll preserved in the Registry of the Charterhouse, upon which is described the course of the pipes by which the water was brought to the Monastery from the White Conduit at Islington.

PLAN B. exhibits the ground-plan of the buildings as they stood a few years after the foundation of the present hospital by Thomas Sutton in 1611.

PLAN C. exhibits the upper or chamber story of the buildings at the same period.

PLAN D. is a general plan of the site of the Charterhouse, showing the play-grounds and buildings as they stood before the rebuilding of parts of the hospital was commenced in the year 1825. On the same plan is shown the site of the buildings which have been erected since that period.

Description of Plan A.

1. The plan may be best understood by the reader supposing himself to be standing at the present School-door, on the spot where the word "North" is written, and from which he will command a view of the "Green."

2. In the centre is seen the Conduit: the lower part is probably of stone; the upper part seems by its structure to be of wood.

3. The plan shows the course of the different pipes, by which the water was conveyed from the Conduit to the back of the cells, and through the little Cloister to the Buttery, and so forward, till it passed out of the Monastery, first supplying an inn called the Windmill, and probably spending itself in some watercourse which ran down to the River Fleet.

4. At the south-west corner stands the Little Cloister, denoted by the words "pm claustr." On the south side of this cloister is an opening through which the water-pipe passes, and where was probably the door, which served as the general entrance to the monastery, and which is alluded to in a letter addressed in 1535 by Jasper Fylott to the King's High Secretary, in which he says "These Charterhouse monks would be called solitary, but to the Cloister door there be twenty-four keys in the hands of twenty-four persons."

5. The Buttery was on the west side of the little cloister, as is shown by the words "botery cok." According to Jasper Fylott's account there were "twenty-two keys of the Buttery in the hands of twenty-two persons."

6. The situation of the Brewhouse is shown by a circular cistern adjoining to the Buttery.

7. Over the cell marked A. may be read the words

"the priors selle," and next to it is a building upon which is written the word "Freytor," a corruption of the word Refectory. We should expect to find the Refectory situated near to the Buttery as well as to the Prior's cell.

8. The double line, which forms an inner inclosure of the square in the centre of which the Conduit is placed, appears to describe the wall of the Great Cloister, in the sides of which the separate cells were built.

9. The east, north, and west sides contain seven cells each, marked with the letters of the alphabet; two other cells, with the Sacristan's cell in the front of the Chapel, make up the number twenty-four, which was probably the number of the monks.

10. It will be observed that each cell stands on a separate plot of ground; it was the peculiar practice of the Carthusian order, that each monk lived in a separate house. In the year 1378, the executors of Felicia de Thymelby gave to God, the Virgin Mary, and John Prior of the convent of Charterhouse and the convent there, two hundred and sixty marks of sterling money in perpetual frankalmoigne, to build a cell with a competent portion of cloister and garden-ground, and for the endowment of a monk, there to dwell for ever, to pray and celebrate the divine offices for the souls of Thomas Aubrey and the aforesaid Felicia, his wife, and of all the faithful deceased.

11. The doorway of a cell, probably that marked D., is the only one on the west side at present remaining; a few years since, when the schoolmaster's house was rebuilt, on the site of the cells F. and G. a similar doorway was discovered.

12. The embankment on which the School stands marks the course of the northern range of cells.

13. Of the eastern range of cells the doorways of two, apparently those marked S. and T., are still remaining.

14. The water evidently passes at the back of the cells; possibly in an open channel.

15. The cells on the south side had their supply of water from the cistern or tank, which is seen on the plan in front of the chapel, and which was under the cloister. The decorations of the tank seem to have an ecclesiastical character, and to show that from it the water was drawn for the service of the chapel.

16. The position of the laundry so near the chapel, and the description given to one of the water-services, "the sexton's cock in his washing place," show that the laundry was used, not merely for the personal use of the monks, but for the washing the sacred vestments which were under the Sacristan's care.

17. The Chapter-house is at the east end of the Chapel.

18. The ordinary entrance to the Chapel appears to have been by a narrow archway in the cloister at the west end of the Sacristan's cell. The small court between the Chapel and the little cloister probably afforded access by which strangers came to the Chapel on particular occasions, without being admitted within the Monastery.

19. Of the outlying buildings, that nearest to the Cloister appears to be a Gate-house; its position corresponds very nearly with that of the ancient archway at present remaining, and which meets the eye as we enter the gate of the Charterhouse from Charterhouse-square. It was probably connected with the other buildings of the monastery by a wall or fence.

20. The building in advance of the gate-house has two names in the original plan, "Egypte" and "the Flesh Kitchen." It was the practice of the monks of the Carthusian order to abstain entirely from flesh.

They would, therefore, have no use for a flesh kitchen, except it might be to dress victuals for occasional visitors, or for such of their domestics as were not subject to the rules of the order, or possibly to prepare food to be distributed in alms to the poor. The name of Egypt, as applicable to the flesh kitchen of the monks, was most probably suggested by the conduct of the Israelites, in Exod. xvi. 3, who exclaimed, "Would to God we had died by the hand of the Lord in the land of Egypt, when we sat by the flesh pots!"

21. The last building to which the supply of water was carried is described on the plan in letters nearly illegible; it is only by conjecture that we make out the word "windmill." In St. John-street an inn still exists called the "Windmill Inn;" but whether the windmill was in the demesne of the convent or not, has not been ascertained.

22. The plan thus described probably includes only that portion of the buildings which was supplied with water from the Conduit in the centre of "the green." The site of the convent included the whole of the present Charterhouse-square, which formed the churchyard of the convent, and was surrounded by a wall. The whole area of Charterhouse-square was included in the purchase made by Thomas Sutton, and was, till within a hundred or more years, only accessible through two Gate-houses, one of which, called the East Gate, stood in Carthusian-street; the other, called the West Gate, at the top of Charterhouse-lane. Charterhouse-street is a comparatively modern entrance.

Description of Plans B. and C.

1. The Charterhouse was known at the time when Thomas Sutton purchased it of the Earl of Suffolk by the name of Howard House. The plans B. and C. represent the lower and upper stories of the buildings. The designation of one portion of the building as the "Schoolhouse," and of other portions as "the enlargement of the Hall," and "the enlargement of the Chapel," show that the plan was taken soon after the establishment of Sutton's Foundation.

2. If these plans be viewed with reference to plan A, we may trace in the "under terrace" the site of the western cloister of the monastery, and in the building called the enlargement of the Chapel, that of the Sacristan's apartments. The Chapel, though probably reduced in length, appears to be on the site of that of the convent, whilst the "chapel court" corresponds with the small court in plan A. at the west end of the chapel.

3. The little cloister stood upon the site of the present hall, and though in plan A. no buildings are actually described west of the little cloister, there is reason to conjecture that the court named in plan B. "the kitchen court," was originally part of the monastery, and that it formed a complete square, as indicated by the dotted lines upon the plan B.

4. In the interval between the dissolution of the monastery and the purchase of Howard House by Thomas Sutton, the Charterhouse had been in the possession of several persons. It was first granted to John Bridges and Thomas Hale, the yeoman and groom of the king's hailes and tents, in consideration of their safe keeping the king's tents and pavilions which had been deposited there. The interest, however, which these persons had

in the property seems to have amounted to nothing more than the right of keeping there the king's store; for upon the king's granting the premises in 1545, to Sir Edward North, the Chancellor of the Court of Augmentations, Bridges and Hale received in compensation for the surrender of their privilege no larger sum than an annuity of 10*l*.

5. The monastery was surrendered to the king in 1537; but if we may place reliance upon the accuracy of the statement made in the "*Historia Martyrum Angliæ*," printed at Mayence, 1550, it was not until two years after the surrender that the monks were finally ejected. The following extract from that work gives a vivid description of the profanation of the monastery prior to its conversion into the mansion of Sir E. North. "Omnes
 " nos expulerunt a domo duxeruntque in Babylonem,
 " numero quidem duodecim professos monachos, tres
 " hospites, et sex conversos professos, Anno Domini
 " 1539, die decima quinta Novembris, die, inquam,
 " amara valde, qua hæreditas nostra versa est ad alienos,
 " domus nostra ad extraneos, factaque domus struthio-
 " num, lupanar, prostibulum, diversorium scortantium,
 " et frequentatus locus palæstrarum et lusorum. In
 " ecclesia autem regis tentoria et arma bellica repon-
 " bantur; imagines non solum sanctorum sed etiamsancti
 " crucifixi cultellis occiderunt, et pedibus conculca-
 " verunt; super altaria sancta saltantes, choreis luserunt
 " et aleis; ac alia plura detestabilia et nefanda in illo lo-
 " co sacro potius deflenda quam recitanda, commiserunt.
 " Anno tamen penultimo transacto, mundata est domus
 " nostra ab his spurcitiis et data cuidam militi, nomine
 " Edwardo Northe, qui inibi jam sibi construxit pala-
 " tium, de ecclesia triclinium suum fecit et propemodum
 " totum claustrum evertit."

6. Sir Edward North, as appears from the foregoing extract, converted the monastery into a private residence. We may safely ascribe the building of the middle court, with the hall and staircase, to the period of his occupancy; the size and character of the house may be estimated not only by Queen Elizabeth's being lodged in it on her way from Hatfield House to the Tower, upon her accession, in 1558, but also from her keeping her court for four days in the Charterhouse, in 1561.

7. In 1565, the Lord North, son of Sir Edward, sold the Charterhouse to the Duke of Norfolk for the sum of 2500*l*. The purchase, however, did not comprehend the whole of the original site, the residence of the Lord North, which extended from the east of the chapel probably into Goswell-street, being excepted out of it.

8. Upon the death and attainder of the Duke of Norfolk, in 1571, the Charterhouse escheated to the crown. It does not clearly appear in whose possession it remained in the interval between that event and the grant of the Charterhouse to Thomas Earl of Suffolk, the Duke's second son, upon the accession of James the First to the crown. The insertion in the ceiling of the great chamber of the arms of Fitz Alan, surmounted by an earl's coronet, and surrounded by a garter, seems to show that Henry Fitz Alan, Earl of Arundel, the father-in-law of the Duke of Norfolk, must have obtained a grant of the Charterhouse after his death, and that from him it must have passed to Philip Howard, Earl of Arundel, the Duke's eldest son, who was summoned to Parliament in 1580, and that upon his attainder it again reverted to the crown, before it was restored to the family of Howard in 1603.

9. The Earl of Suffolk remained possessed of the Charterhouse but a few years; the price at which he

sold it to Thomas Sutton in 1611, namely 13,000*l.* compared with the price paid for it to Lord North forty-six years before, which was only 2500*l.*, is a remarkable proof of rise in the value of property during that period.

10. The buildings, as described in plans B. and C. have undergone so little alteration, that though the plans are more than two centuries old, we cannot do better than take them for our guide, whilst in imagination we revisit Charterhouse, and trace the various spots which revive to us the incidents of many a former year.

11. Let us first visit the Chapel. In some old documents mention is made of the choir of the chapel, the building therefore probably extended further to the east. The pillars of the chapel are evidently of the architecture of James the First's time, and confirm the notice on the plan of the chapel being enlarged by the first Governors. At (*a*) is the Founder's Tomb; the plan C shews a window in the wall against which it was erected: the determination to place the tomb on that spot, and for which, considering the darkness of the corner, no reason can be assigned, except an unwillingness to place the founder's effigy in any other direction than with the face towards the east, caused, it may be supposed, a deviation from the original plan, and gave to the chapel but two windows on either side.

12. On the east wall adjoining the Founder's tomb are now placed the monuments of Lord Ellenborough, and of Mathew Raine, the schoolmaster, who died in 1811; the former is the work of Chantry, the latter of Flaxman. In the return of the wall and facing the Founder's tomb is a monument of Francis Beaumont, Esq., the fourth Master, whose name is ever brought anew to the recollection of Carthusians, when, according to ancient custom, the Rose-water is presented for their

use on Founder's Day, and on the days of the Governors' Assemblies, in the ewer and salver, given for their use by Master Beaumont, engraven with his arms; he was elected master 1617, and died 1624.

13. On the east wall of the chapel, over the preacher's pew, is a monumental tablet to the memory of William Currey, preacher, who was elected in 1811, and died 1823.

The south wall displays a half-length effigy of Thomas Law, executor of the Founder's will, who died in 1614, and also tablets to the memory of Thomas Ramsden, son of Dr. Ramsden, a former master; of Dr. Berdmore, the schoolmaster, who died 1802; of Henry Levett, a physician, who died 1725; of Dr. Pepusch, the organist, who died 1752.

14. In the south aisle, before the altar rails, are stones over the graves of Dr. Levett, the physician, and Samuel Patrick, preacher of the hospital; and in the same aisle the initials M. R. upon a single stone mark the burial place of Matthew Raine.

15. No other monuments adorn the chapel but those of Thomas Walker and Andrew Tooke, the former in the north aisle, the latter on the pier of the wall in the addition made to the chapel in 1824; and one small tablet besides which faces the boarders' seats, on which the late schoolmaster, Dr. Russell, has recorded in a purely classical style of inscription the privation he suffered in the loss of two sons, whose bodies are interred in the vault beneath, which is destined to be for years to come the last resting place of many an officer of the house.

16. In the vault just mentioned together with the children of Dr. Russell lie those of the Rev. Mr. Pritchett, and Rev. Mr. Penny, Readers in succession; the former now rector of Little Hallingbury, the latter of Great

Stambridge. A nephew of the present schoolmaster, the Rev. A. P. Saunders, also reposes there. Let us pause awhile to remember with affectionate regret two other names of persons who there lie side by side, Dr. Vetch and Thomas Gatty; the former, though not a Carthusian, was dear to the writer of these notes on many accounts, which it would be out of place here to mention. Of the latter it is but the truth to say that none could know him without feeling respect for him, that none could live with him as we did at our common table in Brooke Hall without every year valuing and loving him more. A lingering illness deprived us of Dr. Vetch in the year 1835; death almost sudden, though not unforeseen, took away from us Thomas Gatty, our Registrar, on the 9th April, 1838.

17. The ante-chapel is groined, and bears the date 1512; over it is the Evidence-room, with a roof similarly vaulted and groined; above the Evidence-room and in the front part of the tower are two chambers, the fireplaces of which are of an ancient character, and which were probably used in the time of the Duke of Norfolk as the chambers of his chaplain. The Evidence-house seems to have been a private oratory contiguous to the chaplain's chambers.

18. Adjoining to the chapel is the cloister, but in the plan B. much narrower than at present. The two rooms marked on plan C *b c* now form the well-known Brooke Hall, where the Master's table is at present spread every day for the comfort of the officers of Sutton's Hospital, and where in conformity with the spirit of ancient hospitality a brother Carthusian or a private friend is permitted to share the bounty of the Founder, and to join with them in grateful celebration of the merits of "domus."

19. Tradition reports, that Brooke Hall derives its name from being the residence of Robert Brooke, a schoolmaster, who was expelled in the time of the Commonwealth, because he whipped those of his senior scholars who presumed to take the oath to the solemn league and covenant, and who upon the Restoration made this chamber his abode. There is no reason to doubt the truth of the tradition, but the same reliance must not be placed upon the traditionary belief that the ancient picture in Brooke Hall is a portrait of Master Brooke ; for though the motto upon it,

“ And gladly would he learn and gladly teach,”

denotes the nature of his occupation, the date, 1626, and the character of the portrait utterly defeats its identity as a portrait of Brooke, who was but a young man when admitted as the usher in 1626. If it could be ascertained that Brooke's father was a schoolmaster, we might fairly conjecture the portrait to be one of an elder Brooke ; but until that can be proved, one is induced to believe either that the portrait is that of Nicholas Gréy, the first schoolmaster, who was born in 1590, was first a scholar of Westminster, then student of Christchurch, became schoolmaster of the Charterhouse in 1614, resigned his place in 1624, then became first schoolmaster of Merchant Taylors' School, afterwards schoolmaster of Eton, and died a fellow of that college after the restoration,—or of his brother Robert Grey, who ceased to be Master in 1626.

20. The building on the south side of the “ chapel-court ” may be recognised as the boarding-house, which was successively the residence of Berdmore, Raine, Steward, Watkinson, Chapman, and Penny: the rooms *abc* formed at one time the “ long room ; ” at *d* was the

entrance to Mr. George's study, at *e* the French room; by the stairs at *f* we ascended at night to bed; at *g* is the place of the door into the square.

21. The plan of "the middle court" is interesting, as pointing out the mode by which the apartments communicated with each other. Several alterations have been made to adapt them as the residences of the Master, Registrar, and other officers; but the general features of the building have remained undisturbed.

22. The room described in the plan C as "the great chamber" is known to Carthusians as the Governors' room. At the first meeting of the Governors, it was ordered that the great chamber, with the adjoining apartments, should be reserved for the use of the governors at their assemblies. The decorations of this chamber were of the most splendid kind. The ceiling is enriched with the armorial bearings of Thomas Duke of Norfolk, which formerly glowed in their full blazon. The chimney-piece, which is a splendid monument of art, being of wood, gilt and painted, was executed in the year 1626, by Rowland Buckett, a limner, who received 50*l.* for his work. The Governors' room had of late years fallen into a state of dilapidation: the tapestry which formerly adorned the walls lay upon the floor in a condition which prevented a single figure being distinguished, half the cornice of the room on three sides of it was lost, the ceiling bowed down as ready to fall, and the dirt of years had quite obscured the magnificent painting of the chimney-piece; but during the last year, 1838, a perfect restoration has taken place, the ceiling, which was falling down, has been screwed up, the cornice restored, the tapestry cleaned and rehung, and the chimney-piece once more displays its splendid decorations; in short, the Governors' room now forms one of

the most interesting monuments of Elizabethan and Stuart splendour.

23. The great hall was most probably built by Sir Edward North. The arms of the Protector, the Duke of Somerset, encircled by a garter, and surmounted by a ducal coronet, still remain painted on glass in the bay window, the existence of which, together with some fragments of a regal coat of arms containing the arms of Castile and Arragon, seems to denote that the building was begun and completed during the reigns of Edward the Sixth and of Philip and Mary. The gallery on the north side of the hall served as a means of communication between the other parts of the house, without passing through the great chamber; it is of a date coeval with the hall and staircase. But the music gallery, at the bottom of the hall, is of later date, having been erected by the Duke of Norfolk, as is shown by the initials T. N., and the date, 1571.

24. The court called the kitchen court, as has been before mentioned, was probably originally of larger dimensions. The extent of the kitchens shows the fitness of its name. The description, however, of one apartment, as the wash-house, accounts for the name of Wash-house Court, by which it was formerly known, and which, of late years, was superseded by the title of Poplar Court, a name derived from the poplars which, as tradition asserts, were planted by the late Mr. Ryder, but which, having become so great as to be injurious to the buildings, were a few years since cut down. On the west wall, the sign of a cross worked in the brickwork, and an I. H. S., denote the ecclesiastical character of the building, and favours the conjecture of its being a part of the ancient monastery.

25. The privy garden lies between the terrace and a

range of buildings the greater part of which has been pulled down ; on the west wall of the terrace there is a range of letters in iron, ANNO 1571. The last figure has been restored, to complete the date ; in accordance with a conjecture that the building of the wall, which is not without ornament, as well as the erection of the music gallery, formed part of the amusement wherewith the Duke of Norfolk beguiled his time when he lay confined in his own house as a prisoner in the year 1571, which preceded that of his execution. The garden, now in a great measure occupied by the new buildings, was doubtless known by various names among succeeding generations of Carthusians ; within the last half century it has been described as Wollaston's and Dixon's ; perhaps it is now without a name. In more ancient times it was used, under the direction of the physician, as a garden for the growth of herbs, for medicinal uses, with the avowed purpose of rendering the establishment less dependent upon the apothecary, and reducing the amount of his bills.

26. The plans are defective as respects the school-house and dormitories ; the one given on plan B is properly of the upper story. The four chambers at the south end are probably those designed for the use of the schoolmaster and usher. The chambers at the north end were formerly occupied by the preacher. The site of them is now occupied by the Schoolmaster's house.

27. The room between the four chambers and the apartments to the north was the ancient school-room. It is now divided into two ; upon the wall at the north end of it are the arms of James the First ; the ceiling contains eighteen compartments, adorned with coats of arms, some of which are much mutilated by repair ; but those which remain (being of the first governors,) prove that the decorations of the school-room are of a date certainly not later than the year 1616.

COATS OF ARMS ON THE CEILING OF THE OLD SCHOOL-ROOM.

NORTH END.

Archbishop Abbot. Canterbury impaling the coat of Abbot. Gules a chevron be- tween three pears Or.	The Lord Chancellor Egerton. Argent, a lion rampant Gules between three phaeons sable.	Thomas Sutton. Or, on a chevron be- tween three annulets gules, three crescents or.
John King, Bishop of London. London impaling, sable, a lion rampant, crown- ed or, between three crosslets fitchée or.	Earl of Northampton. The arms of Howard. Gules, a bend between six crosslets fitchée, argent.	Henry Thoresby. Argent, a chevron be- tween three lions ram- pant, sable.
Lancelot Andrews, Bishop of Ely. Ely impaling argent, on a bend engrailed and cotized sable, three mulletts, argent.	Uncertain.	Mr. Justice Forster ?
John Overall, Dean of St. Paul's. London, or impaling a cross patée between four annulets gules.	Uncertain.	Mr. Justice Dodridge ?
Earl of Salisbury ?	Sir James Altham. Paly of six ermine and azure, on a chief gules, a lion rampant, or.	Richard Sutton ?
John Law ?	The arms of Thomas Sutton.	Thomas Browne. Ermine on a fess, em- battled and counter- battled, sable, three escallops, argent.

Notes descriptive of Plan D.

N.B.—The numbers prefixed to the notes correspond to the figures on the plan.

1. Carthusian Street. By this street we enter Charterhouse Square from Aldersgate Street. Here formerly stood a Gate-house, belonging to the Charterhouse, described in some ancient documents as standing in the parish of St. Botolph Without Aldersgate.

2. Charterhouse Square. There is every reason to believe that the present area of the square forms the Burial-ground or Churchyard, in which, in the year 1349, 50,000 persons are said to have been interred during the raging of the plague.

3. Charterhouse Street. This approach to the square has been made within the last century and a half by the permission of the Governors.

4. Charterhouse Lane. At the top of Charterhouse Lane stood another Gate-house, belonging to the Monastery, described in the documents before mentioned as standing in the parish of St. Sepulchre. It appears to have been destroyed about a century ago, at a time when some great improvements were made in widening Charterhouse Lane.

5. The Physician's house; now occupied by H. C. Field, Esq., the resident medical officer. The House extends over the Gateway and the Porter's lodge. Dr. Levett, who was elected physician in 1713 and died in 1725, was at considerable expense in improving this residence. He lies buried in the chapel. The concluding sentences of his epitaph would show that, labouring for the good of others, it was his happiness not to lose his reward: "*Diversis hujusce vitæ officiis, quocunque ea in loco obtigerant, feliciter functus, omnium commodis*

inserviit, ab omnibus gratiam et sine invidia laudem consecutus est. Erat enim ingenio simplici, aperto, perhumano, antiquis moribus et fide, neque illo quisquam aut amici aut viri probri aut medici denique scientis et assidui partes cumulatus explevit."

6. The Gateway and Porter's lodge. The Gates are the ancient gates of the Monastery, being, as the detail of the workmanship proves, certainly as old as the latter part of the fifteenth century. Unfortunately their beauty has been diminished by loss of height, the ground having been raised; our ancestors found it a cheaper method to adapt the Gates to the use required of them, by cutting off two or three feet from the lower extremity, rather than to rebuild the Gateway, and so preserve to the gates their due proportion.

7. The house which for a very long period was occupied either by the Head Master or Usher as a Boarding-house. The communication with the Green was latterly through the passage shown on the plan as passing by the Chapel door. In former times the communication was by the chapel cloister, through the door at *a*. In the chapel court at the back of the house, the writer of these notes, whilst a boy, carved a WH on a paving stone, which after many vicissitudes at last found a permanent place in the wall of the chapel cloister.

8. The houses on the east of 7 are on the site of the property retained by the North family, when the Charterhouse was sold to the Duke of Norfolk. But though forming no part of the Charterhouse, the spot marked 8 must not be passed unnoticed as the site of the Boarding-house, held from time to time by various occupants. The communication with the Green was for many years by a subterraneous passage at the east end of the chapel.

9. Rutland Court as it anciently stood, but now rebuilt. At *b* is the site of the boarding-house, now occupied by the Rev. Mr. Walford.

10. The Chapel. In the year 1825 the addition towards the Green was made for the accommodation of the Boarders.

11. Brooke Hall ; over it are the apartments formerly occupied by Mr. Barbor, and which now form the residence of the Rev. Mr. Dicken, the present Reader.

12. The Great Staircase leading to the Terrace, the Governors' room, the Master's and the Reader's apartments.

13. The Master's Lodge.

14. The Offices of the Registrar and Receiver ; a part of which was formerly occupied by Ben Wall, a good-humoured old servant of Dr. Ramsden, who many a time enlivened our circle in the Green, by his two well-known songs, Duke William and the Leather Bottell.

15. The Registrar's apartments ; now occupied by Archibald Keightley, the friend and contemporary of the writer, the sharer with him in the same form, of the labour of making out the lesson together, and partner with him in danger, when in negotiating for the purchase of the first net placed on the five's-court wall, and being rather out of bounds, they encountered together a master's awful visage in Aldersgate Street.

16. The Reservoir.

17. The Apartments formerly occupied by the Reader, Mr. Pritchett, now by Mr. Tucker, the Manciple.

18. The Great Kitchen, with the Larder and Sculleries adjoining, which extends beneath the Manciple's apartments.

19. The Apartments of the Organist over the ante-hall, in which, whilst the late respected R. J. S. Stevens

held that office, the writer frequently found refuge from his labours as a "fag," and was delighted and instructed by the conversation of so kind a friend.

20. The great Hall.

21. The upper Hall, over which are the Governors' room and the Library, and formerly the Tailor's shop.

22. The Buttery, and stairs to Tailor's shop.

23. Dixon, the late Manciple's apartments, at the back of which lies the Garden, called Dixon's or Wollaston's Garden.

24. Rooms occupied by Pensioners and Servants.

25. The original Carpenter's shop.

26. Pensioners' apartments.

27. Ancient Stable-yard.

28. The position of the Horsepond !!

29. Original Burial-ground.

30. The Matron's house.

31. Hendry, the Gardener's house ; the place where the late Mr. George for some years abode.

32. The house formerly occupied by the Preacher, and afterwards by Dr. Russell.

33. Gown-boys.

34. Middle Briars—the etymology of which has defied research. In the days of driving four-in-hand, the Bell Inn had its sign on the wall of Middle Briars.

35. The apartments of the Usher, the late Mr. Wollaston.

36. The Pump.

37. The Crown Inn, on the *upper* walk, now levelled.

38. Cloaca max.

Note.—The buildings numbered on the plan, but not shaded, have been pulled down.

The New Buildings coloured Red.

- A. Pensioners' apartments.
- B. The Preacher's house.
- C. Stokoe, the Gown-boys' Butler's lodge.
- D. The Schoolmaster's house.
- E. The Matron's house.
- F. The Burial-ground.
- G. Servants' apartments.
- H. The Carpenter's workshops.
- I. The Stable-yard.

THE SAD SHEPHERD.

WITH sighs and smiles and such like wiles
 My heart did Phyllis win,
 Then mocked my pain, and cried, Good swain,
 Too hasty you have bin ;
 There's time enough to talk such stuff,
 I have no time to wed,
 Nor can divine what words of mine
 Have turned your silly head.
 Then down the glade this fickle maid
 Tripped like a pretty fawn,
 But me she left of hope bereft,
 A shepherd most forlorn.—
 Into the brook I've thrown my crook,
 My sheep at pleasure stray,
 And all alone, I mope and moan
 Through the long summer's day.
 No more for me the bonny lea
 Is decked with light and flowers ;
 The joy is dead, the grace is fled
 Which crowned those happy bowers,

Where oft at eve I did receive
 Fond hopes that bred despair
 From beaming eyes that, lover-wise,
 To mine upturned were.—
 Ye lusty swains that o'er these plains
 Attend your fleecy care,
 Take heed lest you be tempted too
 To court a cruel fair !
 The bliss so short is dearly bought
 With after-days of woe—
 As I can tell, who know full well
 What pains from love do flow.

ON VIEWING A SPLENDID PRIVATE MONUMENT.

WHY what avails now this sepulchral pomp
 Him that is rotting in the dust beneath it ?
 Sleeps he the sounder, for that o'er his head
 Is built up such a gaudy canopy ?
 No. He who lies hard by, with but a turf
 Thrown o'er him, sleeps as sound.—Why then 'tis vain !
 Vain all these pains bestowed to rear a pile
 For worms to fatten in ! 'Tis folly's work :
 The pageantry of idiots : raised perhaps
 To tell, a knave lies here ! These trophies too,
 These tinsel'd scutcheons, types appropriate
 Of worldly pride, will Sir Pomp bear them hence,
 And at Heaven's gate bid them make good his title ?
 —How pitiful such greatness ! But forsooth,
 So wills the world, the rich man, when he dies,
 Must moulder splendidly, and turn to dust
 Cased in a marble outside.—Weak defence !
 The Archangel's trump will burst its solid walls,
 And will the soul find more acceptance then,
 For that the body is so gaily housed ?
 Scripture says *not*, I think.

T. G. A.

A CARTHUSIAN LEGEND.

[WE had long wished that before we closed the pages of the Carthusian we might be enabled to present to our readers a contribution from the elder department of our venerable establishment. We are happy now at the last hour in the accomplishment of our wish. Few of us but can recognize in these verses the production of the octogenarian philo-cricketist, whose wild black eyes sparkling from under his grey shaggy eyebrows at the sight of a "Terracer," half charmed, half frightened our youthful imaginations. In vain we now seek him in his accustomed place. Since the last cricket-season the chapel bell has rung out his heavy dirge, and followed by his tottering brethren he has been carried to his nameless grave:

Requiescat in pace.

Eds.]

HONOURED GENTLEMEN,

I received the following lines from an old brother pensioner, lately deceased. There is a wildness about them which shows that the writer laboured under some strong excitement or agitation. As he was strictly temperate, I feel inclined to attribute the effusion to indigestion. He had been in his youth the hero of his village at bowling and batting, and when in his latter days he became a member of our Brotherhood, he loved to post himself in the Cloisters, secure from any stray hit, and watch the fortunes of the game with the eye of a practised cricketer. Sleep no doubt overtook him while thus engaged, and Fancy asserted her accustomed privilege of trampling upon probabilities and of giving

"to airy nothings
A local habitation and a name."

That he partially believed in the reality of what he wrote about, is evident from the confusion of ideas in the concluding lines. He is now dead, and I have therefore no scruple in offering his verses for your acceptance, as many old Carthusians were very fond of conversing with him, especially about his belief in ghosts.

I remain, honoured Gentlemen,
 Your humble servant,
 BROTHER TRENCHER.

I lay me down to sleep
 And dreamt in Middle Briers,
 Of monks of olden time
 And gray Carthusian friars ;
 Yet still my eyes were open,
 And I looked upon the green,
 But oh, how dread the sight,
 How changed the well-known scene !
 Instead of laughing groups
 Of boys around each wicket,
 Eleven monks and devils
 Played a fearful game of cricket ;
 And instead of cap and gown
 Was the long white robe and cowl,
 And each hoary head it glistened
 Like a polished silver bowl.
 And they played, and they played
 For the souls of those that lie
 In the bosom of the hill
 That rises up hard by ;
 And a little azure angel
 Stood umpire at the game,
 With his sword all gleaming bright,
 And wings of heavenly flame.
 The devils they were in,
 The monks were fagging out,

And Lucifer, the chief of all,
How he knocked the ball about !
How he laughed to see the weary friars
Running hard and fast
Beneath the burning sunbeams
And the fell sulphuric blast !
And louder still he laughed
When at length he got a run,
And he capered and he hopped
At the diabolic fun.
And again my eyes were opened,
And they pierced the solemn gloom,
Where lay the shivering souls
In fear of deadly doom.
And I saw the swollen bodies
In the cerements of the dead—
While the long slimy worms,
Oh, how merrily they fed
On the green putrid mass
Within the roomy grave,
And blessed the blessed plague
Which that feast of dainties gave !
But the prior boldly stood,
That man of holy deeds,—
He bowed his head in prayer
And quickly told his beads ;
And he prayed so long and loud
That the angel, who on high
Stood umpire at the game,
Looked down with partial eye
And flashed his beaming wings
With pleasure and delight
Before the demon's eyes,
That were dazzled by the sight.
With heavenly hope inspired,
The prior seized the ball,

Struck off the balanced bales
And broke the wickets all.
Then rose a fearful yell
Of anguish and despair
From that band of baffled fiends
As they vanished in the air.
The earth it shook with horror,
The monks they stood aghast,—
The dreadful conflict o'er,
The weary struggle past ;
And the hill it opened wide,
A cavern dark and deep,
Where a spirit o'er each body
Did a solemn vigil keep :
Unearthly music rang around
In gladness from on high,
As the ransom'd spirits rose aloft
And reached the parting sky ;
And the glory burst upon my eyes
With an all-resplendent beam,
And I woke and found that all had passed
Before me in a dream.
Yet now whene'er I walk along
The sad funereal hill,
I think upon the souls that lie
In dreadful durance still.
And no man who has ever been,
Or ever yet shall be,
Has dreamt the dream that I then dreamt,
Or seen that I did see.

in its virgin integrity; we will not deform its symmetry with any Opisthodomos of our own.

The time then has now arrived when it becomes us respectfully to make our bow and retire. To resume the metaphor with which we set out, we are nearing the earth, the grappling-irons of duty are steadying our movements, our trip into Cloudland is ended, we must throw aside the inflations of authorship and be content to walk the earth as common mortals again. But, after the fashion of other Ballooners, we must first return to the spot from whence we started, render an account of the voyage, and our thanks to the public, and then gratefully bid them farewell.

Whatever may have been the feelings of our readers, our course has been one of unmixed gratification to ourselves, and that not so much from any unmeasured praise or extraordinary success (for we claim neither), as from the opportunity it has given us of thoroughly observing and appreciating the heartfelt interest taken in everything connected with Charterhouse by so many among the worthiest of her sons.

It is with pride and truth that we say that we have been most warmly greeted in those quarters where encouragement and assistance was both most valuable and most valued, and have found it generally true that the heart and hand has there been readiest where the head was readiest also. Beyond the assistance of mere contemporaries, we have a still higher matter of congratulation to boast of, and in return for which any acknowledgement which we now may make must needs be most inadequate. We should be apt on the present occasion to dilate at length on this condescension, did we not know that by our silence we were best consulting the feelings of the authors of the "Charterhouse Song," of the

"Notes on Charterhouse," of the "Review of Lovelace's Poems"; three papers which of themselves, whatever may be the merit of our own lighter effusions, have from their intrinsic worth fixed a standard value upon our work, and from their Carthusian interest endeared it for ages to come in the eyes of every one who shall rejoice in being called a son of Sutton. Glad as we should be to specify one or two authors more,—yes, *one* in particular,—we will not venture upon the ungracious task of selection, convinced that each contribution may fairly stand upon its own merits, and recommend itself, if not to a severe public, at least to the partial eyes of too favourably judging schoolfellows.

One word as to the redemption of the pledges with which we started. We trust that we restore that part of the character of the school which for awhile rested on our shoulders, uninjured and unimpaired by our undertaking. Not a word calculated to offend, not a sentiment unworthy a public school, have we wilfully admitted into our pages. Our masters, our fathers, and our sisters may, we confidently hope, read us, if they deign to read us at all, without a frown, a sneer, or a blush. If we have to regret anything, it is the rather hasty insertion in a late number of some lines somewhat too personal to accord with the rest of our contributions; but we are sure that we shall meet with pardon from no quarter sooner than from that to which they immediately apply.

If we have to excuse ourselves for the uncertainty and delays in which our later numbers have been involved, we must offer as a set-off against this inconvenience the promise which we made at starting,—that these our amusements should in no way interfere with the more serious school-business we had in hand; and it is chiefly

from our unwillingness to break through this rule in our own or others' cases, that this want of punctuality has arisen.

A more pleasing proof we have that there has been no serious breach of this pledge, in the fact that at no time has there been a more successful struggle for university-scholarships and "honours" among our school-fellows than during the brief period of the existence of our miscellany.

In like manner we hope that we may flatter ourselves that any foreboding of the tendency of our publication to foster overweening ideas of authorship has not been realized. On the contrary, if quires of rejected articles are likely to check the preposterous notions of schoolboy authors, we may indeed have helped to suppress such ebullitions of "extreme viridity;" and we hope that in those articles which we deemed worthy of acceptance there is nothing which would lead our friends to suppose that the writers were not fully aware that they were but pursuing a temporary pastime, which youth and high spirits could alone excuse. They have too much good sense to suppose that pranks which may be played in boyhood, without giving offence, will be viewed with the like consideration and good-humour when they come to take their parts as men in the wide arena of the world.

To deprecate the severity of criticism is but too often the resource of the calculating prudence of a commonplace writer, or the affected modesty of a vain one; but surely from us it may claim to be regarded as the natural, sincere, and proper expression of youthful, unsophisticated, and diffident hearts. With one exception, elsewhere alluded to, and which we confess did not cut us to the quick, our enterprise has been regarded by the

public press with a tenderness we had a right, and with a favour which we had no right, to expect ; and in some instances we verily caught ourselves blushing as we smiled over the favourable review.

Among those who have borne with us patiently and kindly, let us at least, in this as in so many other respects bounden, mark our gratitude to our masters, and other dignitaries of the house, with whose official names—if rashly, we hope not impertinently—we have taken the liberty to disport. If we have done injustice to the mild wisdom and chastened merriment for which Brooke Hall stands renowned, we shall hope to find pardon in our modesty, which forbade us to tell all we knew, and in our position, which forbade us to know all. We fondly look forward to the day when our own eyes and our own ears may be permitted to behold and hear those pleasant sights and pithy sayings which we have heretofore been obliged to reach through circuitous and secret channels. Who knows but that before these pages reach the press, the door of Brooke Hall may have been opened to one at least of our Triumvirate ?

We refrain in this our last number from giving a long Notice to Correspondents of whose labours we have not been able to avail ourselves. Those who are accepted will see themselves in print, and we can no longer hold out hopes to the rejected. To those and all other friends we now bid a last farewell ; and we take our leave under happy omens. A fine summer is just bursting upon us, the examination is over, the holidays are at hand, the masters are getting married, we mean to beat the Old Carthusians in the return match this very day, and Charterhouse has at the present moment more boys than at any period during the last seven years. May happiness attend them in school, college, and after-life,

exactly commensurate with the heartiness with which they join us in crying

“FLOREAT ÆTERNUM CARTHUSIANA DOMUS!”

Signed, for the Ghost of the Triumvirate,

‘Tria juncta in uno,’

C. F. IVERLY.

A cry has just reached us that we have not “given ourselves up,” nor the names of our associates, as we promised. The developement has indeed been made in Brooke Hall, and we had intended to have added here a full list of authors, but we have been checked in our intention by the following notice being put into our hands:

“Shortly will be published, in 8vo., price to Subscribers 7s. 6d., to Non-Subscribers 10s.,

‘A KEY TO THE CARTHUSIAN,’

containing an accurate and complete account of the writers of the several articles that have appeared in ‘The Carthusian,’ together with some particulars of the formation of the Triumvirate, and biographical notices of its members. Also, a list of authors of the rejected articles.

An early application will be necessary, as the impression is limited.

LONDON, S. WALKER, 58, BARBICAN.”





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